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The College Message

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

The message will be published about the first of November and December, and the first of February, March, April and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion..

MARY BROOME, Business Manager.

"Memories."

Out in the garden borders I have watched the flowers unfold,
And now they stand on either hand, a waving line of gold.
Not Eldorado's fabled mines, could a richer treasure hold!
I catch a far sweet bird-note through the calm blue upper air,
And my baby plays beside me, with the sunlight on her hair.

But as the pale spring sunshine falls round us still and fair,
I stand silent, idly dreaming, my thoughts are otherwhere,.
These flowers once bloomed 'mid softer airs, 'neath brighter skies than these.
In a sweet old fashioned garden, the haunt of birds and bees.
A vision comes before me, from unforgotten years—
And I see the picture dimly, through a rainbow mist of tears,
For spring's immortal voice that calls these flowers from earth's dark mold
To write "Resurgam" on the fields and hills, in lines of gold

Speak to my heart—and at that voice, is memory's gate
unrolled.

I see a street o'er-arched with elms, like the dim aisle
Of some cathedral.
And a girl with dreamy eyes,
Beside a rose-wreathed gate, watches the red sunset
Shine through the swaying boughs like a vast altar fire
That dies into the ashes of a twilight sky,
Hears the deep chime of church bells call the world to prayer.
But to the girl their silver tones speak not of prayer nor
praise,
But prophecy of the dim unknown future,
And that girl's face that smiles at me from out the past
Seems like a dream itself.
It is, or was, my own—
Loved forms; faces, that I shall see no more,
Come back, and hands now pulseless dust clasp mine as in
Those days of yore.
Voices long silent speak again
My name, in the remembered accents of most precious love
But they are gone—those old familiar faces that
I loved, and could I walk again in those old ways,
I know they would not now be quite the same to me,
And I, perchance, would seem most sadly changed of all.

O! Eden of lost years where memory loves to dwell,
"The angel with the Flaming Sword" doth guard thy portals
well.
When for a moment we would turn from all life's mad uproar;
To walk with weary world-worn feet in those green paths of
yore,
With hand inexorable as Death, he bars this door,
And with stern lips and voice relentless says, "Thou canst
return no more."

Alston McDearman.

Man In the Air.

The airship is here. For a quarter of a century a group of men have worked, sometimes together, sometimes independently, to secure this end. Scientists, engineers, practical mechanics, and geniuses have combined their efforts to make the airship possible. The scientist has by experiment, analysis, and the classification of a mass of detailed facts formulated the laws of the dynamics of the air. Engineers and mechanics have used laws in their work. Geniuses have delved deep into their own brains to furnish new material for these practical workmen. But in spite of their combined work man's conquest of the air has been particularly difficult.

When the fabled Daedelus would escape from his island prison he frankly built for himself wings cemented with wax, and flew away over the sea. To him flying was simple, but to the latter day "sons of Daedelus" who in ever increasing numebrs are seeking the solution of aerial navigation, the problem has been more difficult and at times has seemed almost beyond solution. But success is now coming to them after years of labor, study, and experiment. True the whole solution is not yet ours, but the airship by its wonderful achievements, especially during the past year, has opened up enormous posibilities for its use in the future.

Man's first conquest of the air came with the invention of the balloon by the Montgolfier brothers of France. They had noticed the clouds suspended in the air, and it occurred to them that if they could enclose a vapor in the nature of a cloud in a bag it might rise and carry the bag into the air. Accordingly they raised the first balloon by inflating a bag with smoke from a fire built underneath its open mouth. The first aerial passengers—a sheep, a cock, and a duck—made an ascent September 19, 1783. Two months later two men made a flight of twenty-five minutes over Paris, crossing the Seine and descending to the city in safety.

These first balloons were the spherical, lighter-than-air balloons commonly seen now at fairs and circusses. There

has been little improvement made in them since that day, and as they have no motive power of their own their use is limited. The aeronaut in one has but little choice in the direction of his course. He must go where the wind wills. He may seek favorable air-currents near the earth by pumping in gas, or high in the air by dropping ballast, but his control is after all comparatively slight.

An advance over this kind of balloon is met with in the dirigible balloon, which is lifted by means of gas propelled and directed by a motor and rudders. The development of the latter type of aircraft has been remarkable since 1901 when Santos Dumont circled the Eiffel Tower in his dirigible.

In size they vary from the runabout of Santos Dumont in which he flies over Paris almost as easily as in his electric runabout on the earth to the giant craft of Count Zeppelin's war-balloon, which was unfortunately wrecked last summer.

The latter was unique not only in size, but in construction. The whole was admirably planned to secure the desired rigidity and buoyancy. The cylindrical framework was of aluminum, covered by linoleum. Inside were a number of smaller balloons inflated with gas. Beneath the body were hung aluminum cars, carrying the two engines and the four propellers. The cars were conected by a passageway from which ladders led into the body of the airship. It was designed to carry twenty-five persons, crew and passengers, and was equipped with berths for sleeping, toilet accessories,and had provisions for feeding its crew.

This veritable battleship of the air in its wonderful sky-voyage over the German-Swiss frontier last summer undoubtedly proved the practical utility of aerial navigation on a large scale. For twelve hours it sailed over mountains, valleys, and lakes, heading against winds and withstanding gusts. Its flight was watched by thousands of people, and for twelve hours as it sailed over town after town telegraph wire and ocean cables were kept busy sending messages of its progress.

Soon came the news of its wreck, and the sympathy of lovers of aeronautics all over the world went out to the aged Count in the loss of his great ship. While it was moored to

the ground a storm arose and buffeted the great monster about so that it was loosened from its moorings. One of the inner balloons exploded, and the entire structure was destroyed by fire.

The German people and the German government, with their usual patriotic zeal, rallied to the support of Count Zeppelin. Enough money was put into his hands to replace the wrecked dirigible—the fourth one built by the veteran inventor. The fifth one is now making a record for itself, having gone 6,000 feet into the air.

The history of aerial navigation has recorded the wreck of another dirigible balloon during a storm. It is interesting to note that both of these accidents occurred while the airships were on the ground. Unless they are under a good shelter airships are much safer up in the air during a storm than on the ground. The proximity of land in a storm is as dangerous to them as to a marine ship nearing the breakers. At the approach of the storm which destroyed the Zeppelin craft the engineer attempted to raise his ship into the air, and it is probable that if he had succeeded the accident might have been avoided.

The third type of airship is the aeroplane, the heavier-than-air machine to which people are now looking for the final solution of the problem of mechanical flight. It is entirely different from the spherical or the dirigible balloon. The various inventors have different designs, but so far the most successful machines have been built with two parallel planes, as are seen on the Wright, Farman and Delagrange aeroplanes. Other inventors base their hopes of success on a monoplane, but so far with little encouragement; for the monoplanes though they fly are unsteady and liable to turn over in flight. Some of them in process of trial are shaped like birds and insects. Another curious form is the helicopter, which is raised straight into the air by horizontal propellers.

The typical aeroplane of today has two long, parallel winglike planes made of light frame work of wood, covered by muslin or varnished silk. This structure is mounted across

a short chassis with bicycle wheels. On the chassis are the seats for passengers, the motors, and the shafts of the propeller, which whirl in the rear. In the front or rear of the chasis are rudders. Devices for making the aeroplanes rise or dip, lean when rounding turns, and coming to a level when the machine tips are worked by some kind of mechanism at the aviator's seat. The control of the motor is also under his hand When the engine is started, and the machine is thrust forward by the propellers, it runs on its wheels on the ground. When enough speed has been gained the planes gathering the wind rise, and the machine is off on its flight.

The aeroplane is an American invention in which Europe has aided somewhat. The late Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, and Mr. A. M. Herring, of New York, by their study of the dynamics of the air and their theories contributed an important part to the work. Otto Lilienthal, a German, by his experiments with his gliding kite, showed scientific aeroplane inventors how necessary it is to have a practical knowledge of balancing and actual flight before they proceeded on the work of building an aeroplane. He lost his life in the attempt to fly, and his work was taken up by Oliver Chanute. He later put his knowledge at the disposal of Wilbur and Orville Wright, bicycle makers of Dayton, Ohio, who gave up this work to take up that of building aeroplanes.

Some idea of the difficulties in the way, and of the persistent courage and perseverance of these talented brothers may be gained from the fact that, after three years of study and experiments, their first successful flight on December 17, 1903, lasted only twelve seconds. For five years more they worked before they showed the world what they had done. Last year both made public flights—Orville Wright in this country and Wilbur Wright in France.

The former at Fort Meyer last September made the world's first hour flight. Wilbur Wright by his success in France won the Michelin prize of $1,000, and effected the sale of his French patents for $100,000. His longest flights have been over two hours.

At Hammondsport, N. Y., an Aerial Experiment Associa-

tion has been formed under the enthusiastic leadership of the veteran inventor, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. The town has become an aeronautical centre, and is now as famous for its airships as it once was for its native wines. Here machines on the plans of each of its members are constructed and tried.

Although no new principles have been discovered since the trials at Fort Myer last summer, yet the science of flying advances. Inventors are putting out a variety of designs and from the quantity of machines and apparatus, the skill and finish shown in their construction, and the interest they excite, one may well imply that the manufacture of flying-machines is an established industry.

In cost of construction the flying-machine is cheaper than the automobile. A machine of the Wright type costs $4,000, but a German company is offering a cheaper device for $1,000. As soon as there is a great demand for the flyers a large number will be turned out and at a low price, so that the man of moderate means as well as his rich brother may enjoy flying.

The flying-machine will be developed first as an instrument of sport—and a splendid sport it will be according to the statements of those who have tried it. In a flyer the joys of ordinary ballooning will be joined with those of motoring to form a supreme combination. We on the earth get only a limited view of its beauties. Wilbur Wright compares the inadequacy of the ordinary traveler's view to that of an ant's crawling over a magnificient rug. To the man in a flying-machine the earth will be spread out in a beauty and richness of color and pattern never before imagined.

The question of danger is now practically settled. If the motor fails the aeroplane will not fall to the ground, but can coast five or six times its altitude. The driver may thus choose his landing place.

On first thought it would seem that the aviator's highway would be more regular than terrestial roads; but such is not the case—the great aerial ocean above is really filled with "humps, ridges, eddies and gusts." The winds passing over obstacles on the earth bound upward, just as a punching-bag bounds when struck. Mr. Herring says that at a height of

fifty feet he can detect the presence of trees, rocks, and fences, by the striking of the wind against the under side of the machine. One of the most important steps in the development of the aeroplane will be the invention of some kind of automatic control, which will enable the machine to correct the inequalities of the aerial road.

Though, as many think, the day of the airship as a safe and dependable mode of travel and as a freighter of the air may be far distant, it has already proved itself practical for use in war. Those who have studied the question say that the advent of the flying-machine will revolutionize the present methods of warfare. They will make the conflicts shorter and more destructive; but they will also lessen, it is thought, the number of wars by aiming first at those who have provoked them. Hitherto they have felt safe in the capitals with miles of country, troops and fortifications between them and the enemy. But the air cannot be fortified, and as soon as war is declared the airship will dash upon the capital to capture them. Though some conflicts are inevitable, the promoters of war will in the future think twice before they allow matters to come to an issue.

Both the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane will have important duties to perform. Floating high in the air the balloons will make observations and drop projectiles upon troops below. The aeroplane flying near the earth at night will scout.

It has been objected to that the flying-machines will be shot down before they proceed far over the enemy's lines. In view of this exhaustive experiments have been made to test the effectiveness of shot upon the machines to be used in war. Rifle shots do practically no injury to either the balloons or aeroplanes. Big guns are more effective, but require more careful aiming. The Krupps, of Germany, have made a gun which has been found effective against stationary balloons. Its effectiveness against machines in motion will depend on the markmanship of the gunner; and it has been found extremely difficult to find the range of a machine if it is moving and harder to hit it. At night the danger is comparatively slight,

for even on the moonlight night the airship is scarcely distinguishable from the sky. On misty days, too, the balloon at a little height cannot be seen, but the men in it can see every thing going on below. The noise of the propellers is heard at a considerable distance, but effective aiming by sound alone is almost impossible.

Some, too, argue that the dropping of explosive projectiles from balloons will not be possible. They say that the releasing of so much weight will send the gas bag flying up too rapidly. The French have made experiments in this, fastening to the interior ballonet of the balloon an attachment by which gas was pumped in and out when the projectiles were token in and dropped out. The results were surprisingly satisfactory.

The dirigible balloon will be used for coast defense, giving warning of the approach of hostile vessels and dropping torpedoes upon the ships. It is said that a 1,000 mile coast can be defended by ten airships, costing in all not over $1,000,000. From this it is seen that they are much cheaper than battleships, for the cost of a single large battleship amounts into the millions.

It is as a scouting craft that the aeroplane will perform its most important service. Locating the enemy, the positions of its reserves, and the movements of the troops will be among its duties. It will, in short, be the "eyes and ears" of the army.

Each power will have out its aerial picket, and tilts between them will be inevitable and of frequent occurrence. The work of the scout in the flying-machine will be daring, and skill and training will be necessary. Various tactics will probably be employed. For instance bodies of troops can be masked by covering them with brush, and their number apparently increased by dummies, arranged by the soldiers with their surplus accoutrements.

The airship will fit in well with our nearly perfected system of electric signaling. Our signal corps has reached such efficiency and organization that it can wire a battleship as fast as a horse can go, making of every soldier of the

corps a telegraph and telephone station. With the airship bringing in their reports to these stations, it seems that the acme of military strategy will be attained. The airships themselves may be equipped with wireless telegraphy so that they may send and receive messages without descending.

Whatever effect aerial navigation may have upon the art of war, it must be considered that the great powers of the world are busy providing themselves wih flying-machines as instruments of war, and that the United States should not be backward in the work.

It is estimated that France and Germany spend millions yearly in the development of aeronautics. France, especially, is thoroughly enthused with the subject, and is spending her best energy and talent to perfect the flying-machine, as she did the automobile. Wealthy citizens are lending the financial aid so important, as experiments in aerial navigation are expensive.

France has, like the other countries, worked secretly with her military airships so it is not known how expensive preparations have been made. She is known to have five large dirigible balloons and is building more.

In Germany aeronautical corps have been formed apart from the regular balloon and signal troops of the army, practice grounds established, and a number of balloons built.

England, too, has been studying the science of aerial navigation. An aeronautical corps from the English army came to this country to study out the strategy of the battlefields of the Civil War. Secret test grounds have also been established where balloons are tried.

Russia and Japan are building balloons. Sweden, Italy, Denmark, Spain, and even Greece have their officers at work and on the watch.

Interest in the subject has not been lacking in this country. Our army experts, awake to the seriousness of the airship as a military invention, have secured the purchase of one dirigible balloon and one aeroplane by the United States Government. But this is not enough—we have only made a beginning.

A bill asking for an appropriation of $500,000 for the purchase of balloons and aeroplanes for military purposes was rejected by Congress before the close of the last administration. The act was a deplorable one which dealt a severe blow to the development of military aeronautics in this country. In the event of a war with one of the powers which had built a large aerial fleet, the United States would be in a peculiar position. A lavish expenditure then would not remedy the matter, for the airships without men trained in their manipulation would be worthless. The art of military aeronautics is a particularly difficult one in which training and experience are essential—experience that can be gained only by constant practice.

It was especially desirable that the appropriation be granted before March 4, 1909. Now under our present system two years must elapse before he matter is again taken up. In the mean time the European powers will have gained a long lead over this country, and the United States may awake one day to find that it has lost its cherished rank among the nations of the world.

ESTELLE HAM

"Jimmie's Vengeance"

By Myrtle Bain

"Jimmie!"

"What!"

"Jimmie!"

"Ma'am!"

"Ain't you filled up my wood-box yet? You ain't? Well hurry up and then clean up the yard. This is Saturday, you know, so step around lively."

Jimmie must not have considered the command very urgent for he only yawned and turned over a page in that thrilling book which "nobody," meaning his father and mother, knew he had, and continued to read. He forgot the wood-pile in following the fearful trail of the lion with that great hunter "Daring Bill." Together they crossed the deserts and were lost in the thick jungles of Africa. They had tracked

the lion to her den. "With a leap and a terrible growl, which made the forests resound, the lion confronted Daring Bill. In her wake followed two others, both roaring and springing at their enemy. The hunter had only time to aim when—"

"Jimmie!"

"Ma'am!"

"'Well, I declare you ain't moved yet. I give you jist two minutes to mind and then if you ain't moved you'll know what's comin'."

With a jump Jimmie slung the book between the mattresses and was out at the window on his way to the wood-pile when his mother got to the door.

"I declare, I don't know what ails that boy. Jist here of late he stays in his room all the time when I ain't a drivin' him out. I'd think he was sick only he eats everything on the place. It must be jist pure, triflin' laziness, and that's one thing I jist can't abide." Mrs. Randle gave a vigorous jerk at the rug she was dusting and continued to meditate. "I'll have a talk with his Pa and we'll get to the bottom of this foolishness yet, and find a cure for it too. It's a good sound whippin' what he needs more 'an likely, but goodness knows I ain't time to be always a whippin' of him. In my day children didn't need to be whipped half as much as Jimmie does, and they minded a sight quicker, too. It's this here town bringin' up and I know 'tis."

Jimmie at the wood-pile was also thinking seriously of his "bringin' up." "I jist hate this here old wood-shed. If I ain't a comin' here to get wood, I'm a comin' to get a whippin.' I'm goin' to have vengeance too—see if I don't. This ain't no life for a boy like me to lead, no how. Jist wait 'till I'm a man and I'll show 'em what's what. I'll go west and there won't be nobody there to see if your face's not washed and nobody to be tellin' you what to do, so if you don't do it you'd git a whippin'."

Jimmie's whippings were rather a joke among the neighbors, but quite serious to Jimmie and his parents. He seemed to be continually on the wrong side of fortune. Once a circus had passed through the town en route to a near-by city.

When asked later if he had seen the parade Jimmie's Pa replied, "No, I was in the wood-shed at the time a whippin' of Jimmie and couldn't leave."

One night after Jimmie had gone to bed he thought of a brilliant plan. He would pretend to go west and when he returned his Pa and Ma would be so glad to see him that for evermore he could do as he pleased. For one summer when he went to see his uncle didn't his Ma cry when he came and not whip him for near a whole week?

The next day the plans were completed for his vengeance. He would disappear on Saturday because that day the baking was done and there would be pie and cake to take as a lunch. Then at night while his father and mother were sleeping he would slip out of bed, tip-toe into the pantry, fill a sack with things to eat and then—steal out into the woods? No! tip-toe back into his room and climb into the loft through an opening in the closet. His father and mother did not know that he could get into the loft, so would not think about looking for him there. There he would remain until Sunday night or perhaps until Monday morning after it was too late to go to school. It all depended upon how things "went off" he reasoned.

During the week Jimmie could hardly keep from telling his secret. Hints were dropped now and then which might as well not have been for all the attention they received. Only once when he casually remarked that "lots and lots of boys disappear these days and nobody ever hears tell of 'em again," did his mother reply.

"That's all newspaper talk," she said. "Don't tell me a boy's a goin' to leave home as long, as long, as long as he can git somebody to wait on him. And when he can't there ain't nobody to know whether he goes or not."

At last Saturday night came.

"Jimmie," his mother called as she saw him pass her door, "have you took your bath yet?"

'Yes, ma'am," he answered aloud, but to himself said, "That's the last time she'll ever say that to me."

"Well go right to bed before you take a cold."

Jimmie went, but sat up in bed for two whole hours, not daring to lie down for fear of going to sleep. Soon his father came home and there began a discussion about Jimmie's laziness, but at last even this topic was exhausted and all was still.

The clock struck eleven and this was the hour set to leave. Cautiously Jimmie got out of bed and felt his way from his room out into the kitchen pantry. There he made a little more noise than was intended by letting a plate fall from his hands and break upon the bare floor.

"O, thunderation," he muttered under his breath. They'll ketch me for sure now and I'll get a whippin'."

It did not seem as if his vengeance was going to end in disaster, for he heard his mother call, "Pa, there's a burglar in the kitchen."

After listening for a few minutes and hearing nothing further Pa answered that it was only the "wind a shakin' the blinds," so they went back to sleep.

The next morning when Mrs. Randle went into her kitchen and found the pantry robbed of most of its pie and cake she called to her husband, "Jist come here and see what's happened. I knowed there was burglars here last night. It's a blessed thing they didn't find my ham or we wouldn't have nothing 't'll to eat till morning."

Sunday was the only day in the whole week that Jimmie was allowed to sleep until breakfast time, but then he must get up "so as to git ready for Sunday school" before it was too late. On this morning of course, Jimmie did not answer when called. Breakfast was on the table and still he did not appear. His mother ran to his room calling as she went, "Jimmie, for the land's sake get up. It's late and you'll have to wash the dishes while I clean up the house or we'll be late to church."

The door was opened with violence and Mrs. Randle stood with astonishment upon the threshhold.

"Pa," she called, " when did Jimmie git up?"

"He ain't got up yit, leastways I ain't seed him," was the answer.

"Well, he's gone and here's a letter from him," she wailed. "Jist listen to this:"

"Dear Pa and Ma,

I am gone and you need not ever look for me. I am gone west. Your lovin' son,

JIMMIE."

Breakfast was forgotten and the parents gave way entirely to their grief, not once thinking of the short time that had elapsed since the boy's departure. A neighbor stopping on his way to church brought them back to their senses.

"What in the name of creation has happened," he demanded from the door-way.

"Jimmie's gone," was all the parents could answer.

"Well, that's nothin' to be cryin' 'bout—gracious me—where's he gone?"

"We don't know and if we'd a been good to him he'd never gone," said the mother between her sobs.

"Jist read this letter. It's the last thing he ever wrote and I'm a goin' to keep it for ever."

"There ain't a single train passed through here since yisterday at noon so he ain't got far yet. We'll hav him back in no time so jist rest easy," the man advised as he left.

This neighbor spread the news and soon the town was more wrought up than it had been since Jones' Store had burned down five years ago. Parties were sent out in all directions to search for the boy, but without any success. Each ended by stopping at the cottage to offer consolation and encouragement to the grief-stricken parents.

In the meantime Jimmie was quietly sitting in the loft, eating cake and enjoying the situation more than he had anything else in all his life. Never had he been so much discussed and had said about him so many different things. It was even rumored that unless he was found by the next day blood-hounds would be sent on the track!

"Don't you be a worrin' about that boy," said a philosophical father, "He'll come back when he gits good and hungry. I know, boys."

"No, no, my boy's too proud to ever come back. I'll

never hear from him again unless he gits rich and sends for his old Pa and Ma,'' responded his mother wiping her red and swollen eyes.

Towards evening things did not seem quite so funny to Jimmie as they did in the earlier part of the day. He had become stiff from his long stay in a cramped position. He longed for night to come so that the people would leave and he could go down to his mother and to bed.

By nine everyone had gone except the preacher. He continued to stay and pray and pray for the ''wandering boy far from home and in dangers we know not of,'' and for strength to enable the grief-stricken parents to go about their duties with brave and hopeful hearts.''

At last the preacher left and it was a tired and sleepy boy who crept from the loft and into the presence of his father and mother. With a cry of joy Jimmie's Ma sprang up and caught him in her arms. As she wept over him she was smoothing his hair and saying, ''You had to come back to your Pa and Ma, didn't you, Jimmie?? You didn't find nobody to take the place of your Ma, did you? I knowed all the time that you'd come home. Where did you go.''

For an answer Jimmie pointed to the loft.

''What!'' exclaimed his Pa and Ma in a single breath. When they had taken in the situation they completely collapsed.

At last his Pa summoned the strength to say in a feeble voice, ''Jimmie, come with me to the wood-shed.''

"How Music Wrought the Change"

By Lucy Hood

He looked sadly at the curly brown head that rested on his shoulder.

''Look at me, Dolly, and tell me you will trust me implicity, that you will rely on me. Don't sigh. It makes me almost desperate.''

''Dolly'' was the only daughter of an indulgent father, and the step-sister of Harvey Gregory. Mr. Jackson had loved

his first wife with all the fervor of his soul and when he found himself a widower with a two-year-old baby he was at a loss to know what to do. His sister cared for the child and lavished affection on her until one day she was told she had a new mama. Dorothy had always wanted a mama and unlike most children she was delighted with the idea. But how soon her feelings of rapture changed into despair! At first her step-mother was gentleness itself, but when one day her "darling boy" had to inconvenience himself for the "spoiled girl," she threw off her mask and became a tyrannical ruler. Harvey should and would have his way and tease Dorothy all he pleased. She would try to be let alone but impetuous boy that he was, he teased the more.

As years passed by and both were sent to college, Harvey gradually lost his rough ways and assumed a more loving attitude toward her. He knew he loved her as only he could love. She was ever in his noblest thoughts. But he also knew that she was too good, too pure for him. He had sown his wild oats, but it was she who always encouraged him and who had at last influenced him to leave his old habits and be a gentleman worthy of her respect.

All this time she was insensible to his love. She knew he loved her too, but not as her lover. Finally he told her, and received his sentence. She loved no man, but she would always love him as a brother. Harvey left home determined to conquer his passion.

Now he had come back to see Dorothy mourning over the death of her father, the only true friend she had. How he reproached himself for leaving her under his mother's care while her father was slowly dying! And how he resolved he would never forsake her again, but be a brother in need and in deed to her! How he would never let her know that he loved her other than a brother.

When Dorothy saw him so sympathetic and kind she flew to his embrace feeling sure that he was indeed her brother.

Again he repeated, "trust me." After she wept until she could weep no more, she then raised a sorrowful, tear-

stained face full of confiding love, her lips trembling—she could not speak.

He was repaid. That look was sufficient to convince him that she trusted him. But was that all it conveyed? He was ashamed that he was so weak as to be so easily deluded. He had sworn to be her brother—his honor bound him to his oath.

Dorothy bravely bore her grief until after she came home from her father's funeral. How could she go back—it would never be real home again! Instead of going in, she flew to the spring and lay on the grass and sobbed as though her heart would break. How long she lingered she knew not but it was dark when she entered the gate. There Harvey stood, bare-headed and pale. His face reproached her and she threw her arms about his neck and exclaimed, "Oh! forgive me for being so ungrateful. Indeed I don't think I am bereft of friends while I have you. You must not leave me now for I need you."

He replied, as calmly as he could, "Oh, Dolly, I will be faithful to my charge. It made me so sad to think you sought the spring in preference to me, but now I am satisfied. May the Lord punish me if ever I prove unworthy of such a trust."

Days passed slowly. Dorothy bore her grief patiently and suppressed her angry feelings toward her step-mother. It seemed more than she could bear to see her taking it so lightly.

Dorothy was a good musician and she had a few pupils for recreation. She took interest in them and their rapid progress repaid her. One of her pupils interested her particularly. She learned faster and had an adapted ear. One day as she was talking to Harvey she told him about this girl and said, that if she were only under more musical influence she would become a good musician. Harvey was her confidante and she had learned to be happy only with him. But still he remained her brother.

As days went by and her most advanced pupil learned so rapidly she began to wonder. She had told her that she was the only one in her family that for two generations had

cared at all for music, and yet she knew some things that astonished Dorothy. Finally she questioned her one day and learned that a friend had been aiding her. She thought no more about it and was happy in her work.

At length the day came for her recital. Her pupil did credit to her good teaching. When Rose played her final piece she was encored over and over. Her mother requested her and her friend to play a duet. To Dorothy's astonishment, Harvey walked on the stage with his violin and gallantly escorted Rose to the piano. In a few moments the music vibrated through the hall and thrilled every listener. Dorothy had heard him play beautifully before but not so perfectly and with such expression as then. And as they played piece after piece she began to watch his every movement. She thought she detected a love-like expression on his face as he smiled at Rose and she found herself dreaming. No wonder Rose improved! But why had he not let her know it? He had been unfair. She told him all. Could she be happy again knowing that he loved Rose? As she sat thus dreaming the object of her thoughts stood before her.

"Are you ready to go? Why Dorothy, you look tired out! I would have come to you sooner but the crowd detained me. Se we are the only ones left."

"Oh, yes, yes, I forgot. You know Harvey you played so delightfully that I wanted to sit here and dream." She laughed nervously. He pressed the hand she gave him and told her that he appreciated her praise more than that of the world, and would have said more, but he remembered his oath and kept silent.

In the stillness of her room she gave way to her feelings. They need not be analyzed. That night was the awakening of her love. Was she jealous of Rose? She scorned the thought, and yet, she had never before realized how essential to her happiness was Harvey, not until now when she was about to lose him. She could not bear to think of it. She exclaimed again and again, "Oh, why did I not tell him I loved him when I had the opportunity!" And then she rebuked herself for being so selfish. At last she fell asleep

and woke the next morning resigned to her fate.

Harvey was kindness itself. He would not allow her to do one thing, and fortunate for both, his mother went off to spend the day. Once while Dorothy started upstairs after some work, he very authoritatively told her to sit down and be quiet. Then he read to her until she closed her eyes.

Thinking she was asleep he threw something over her and murmured, "Poor darling! She has over-worked herself. Would that it were in my power to make her perfectly happy. I would be the most devoted husband and would protect her with my life! Would that I could awaken the love I would give anything to possess!"

He then started out into the garden to her favorite haunt. The spring was unusually pretty. The silvery spray dashed over the rocks as gladsome as though it expected something pleasant below. It reminded him of how happy and impatient he would be if he could hope for Dorothy's love. He was startled to see in the spring a reflection of himself and Dorothy. He turned and saw her deep brown eyes gazing into the water.

"Thought perhaps I might find you here. I got lonesome at the house and thought you never would come back. At first I thought—I—but no—I decided to come out and see if you were here."

He could scarcely control himself. He asked, "Where did you think I was? Tell me, dear, you know we always tell each other everything."

"No, no, we can't. You didn't tell me that you were helping Rose. You didn't tell me you loved her, and I thought at first you had gone to see her. There I have said it—you made me!"

"At last! Can I believe you? Look at me, Dolly, sweetest of all women! Look at me and tell me how you could think I loved her having once loved you?"

"But, but," she stammered as he was about to draw her to him, "You haven't explained why you took so much interest in Rose."

"It was for you. I wanted you to be proud of her and

have something to occupy your thoughts. You said she needed to be in a more musical atmosphere and it was all for you—for you. Believe me, I have never loved, never will love another but you.'' She believed him and then she kissed him—their first kiss of love.

A Pen Picture

By Maude Upchurch

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them. In the case of this young lady, whom I shall describe all three phases of this quotation are applicable. She was born great, has achieved greatness and has recently had greatness thrust upon her.

The place of honor and trust which she holds in our society verifies this last statement, and the love and confidence she has won since she has held this position shows that our trust has been well placed.

She is slender, neither short nor long, rather dark, as curly haired as Aunt Mat's baby. Lately she has even brought some curls which hang off the side of her head like a rooster's tail after a shower.

Her eyes are a beautiful brown, her nose the least bit pug-like, but when she raises that most exquisite of little chins, one is so struck with the perfectness of the contour of the whole face that it is hard to realize that it is the face of a real live girl and not that of a bisque doll.

She always speaks in a low and gentle tone and her smiling face encourages and makes happy many a home-sick girl. ''When she has passed it seems like the ceasing of exquisite music.'' She looks charming in that beautiful suit of old rose when she bedecks herself on Sunday to help make up the ''cloud of witnesses''—Mr. McLarty's congregation; but that hat is, oh! so large. We are told that she can't even get inside the street car with it on. She too looks grand in her negligee dress when, like the Arabs, she closes her door and as silently steals away from the keen bright eyes of the new history teacher.

Her "darling" this year happens to be her room-mate, and we think she must have it bad for we hear her continually humming an old ballad which contains the name of her beloved.

Last year she studied voice but seems to have given up the idea of being a prima donna and we think she is contemplating on being a school-marm, for she is at work on the course.

Miss Fisher has threatened to send her home if she mentions conflicts to her any more. She is very studious, loves her books. She loves Latin, "the farther off, the better." Another proof of her greatness is the fact that she holds an important office in the Y. W. C. A.

A Freshman, not knowing that she is an officer in the association, asked her if she danced. She told her "no," giving her reasons. The Freshman very calmly remarked that she did not see why being an officer in the Y. W. C. A. would keep one from dancing.

She is very popular . Her room is continually filled with girls. And we have reasons to believe that she is popular with the opposite sex also, for she wears a beautiful Kappa Sigma pin. Her room furnishes evidence of the devotion of a certain young gallant at Fishburn by the presents, sofa pillows, etc., scattered here and there, and no later than yesterday an admirer in the eastern part of the state sent her a box of nice grapes.

This young lady whom I have drawn is in our midst. We all know and love her. Can you guess who she is?

"The Rainbow of the East"

Grace York came into the library and threw herself wearily into a large arm chair, stretching her daintiy shod feet out to the bright grate fire.

Oh, I am so tired of it all," she murmured in a lifeless tone. "It's the same old routine every day; shopping, dining, calling, and dancing. I feel like a piece of machinery in a mill which does the same thing all the time, year in and year out,

only I am not half so useful. I wonder what I was sent into this world for anyway! But I don't believe I was sent at all, I just drifted in and I have drifted ever since until I am disgusted enough to drift out again."

"What's that?" asked her uncle Ned, looking up from a magazine. "A maid of twenty-one, wealthy, beautiful, accomplished, popular, in fact the belle of the town, with no less than twenty men on their knees to her, complains of being tired of life! What more can one want, fair damsel?"

"I don't know, Uncle, that is just what I am trying to find out."

"Why don't you fall in love?" suggested uncle Ned.

"Love!" she said scornfully. "That only exists in books. Besides, I detest men, they are so silly! All except fathers and uncles," she added, stooping to kiss him as she went out.

On entering her room Grace walked over to the dresser to remove her hat and coat and glancing down she noticed a small kodak picture tucked in one corner of the mirror. Picking it up she walked over to the window and sat down. The picture was that of a young man in riding suit and cap, standing beside a splendid black horse. Though the features were small one could see the square resolute chin and handsome dark eyes and hair. Just two years ago that day Grace had met the original while on a visit to a friend. During the two weeks she was there he had been very attentive to her and had made her believe that he cared for her very much. When her visit ended and she bade him good-by he begged permission to come to see her the next month. The month passed and still another but Grace neither saw nor heard of her friend, nor had she seen him since. In the year that followed she had been so engrossed in the society world into which she had just made her debut that she had almost forgotten him. Many times she had taken up the picture with the intention of casting it away, but each time something seemed to stay her, and today, the second anniversary of their meeting she looked at it with a strange longing for something, she knew not what.

"Grace are you ready for dinner?" called Mrs. York as

she passed on her way down stairs and Grace started up to find she had been sitting for an hour with the picture before her.

"Grace needs a change," said Uncle Ned at the dinner-table when Mrs. York complained of her daughter's lack of appetite. "Let me take her back to Arizona with me and I'll guarantee to send you a different girl in six months. All this society whirl is wearing the life out of her."

"Oh. father, please!" begged Grace eagerly her face lighting up with joy at the prospect, "Think of spending six months on Uncle's ranch out west where I can see the sun rise every morning straight up out of the ground instead of suddenly appearing over some high building and—."

"It won't be often that you'll see it rise," broke in Mr. York, laughingly.

"And," continued Grace, ignoring the laugh that went up at her expense, "Where I won't have to do one thing just because it is expected of me, but can do all the unexpected things I want to—"

"Such as breaking your neck trying to ride a wild pony," put in Mrs. York. "Grace, would you rather go there than to Boston to visit Aunt Alice as you had planned? She will be greatly disappointed."

"Oh, mother, I had rather go with Uncle Ned than any where else!"

"Let her go," urged Uncle Ned. "I will make a regular cow-boy out of her in no time and have her riding bucking broncoes and rounding up cattle with the other boys." Adding laughingly, "If she gets too wild, her Aunt Ruth can tame her down some before we send her home."

The result of this conversation was, that three weeks later Grace stepped off the train at a little station in far away Arizona, where the moon was shining brightly to guide them across the plains to Uncle Ned's big cattle ranch, three miles from the station.

Dear, motherly Aunt Ruth, was waiting for them with a nice warm supper, and afterwards tucked Grace in bed in a little white room.

When she awoke next morning the sun was just peeping up over the eastern horizon and out beyond the long, low cattle barns, as far as she could see, was the great level prairie which she had been longing to behold. Everything breathed peace and quiet, and Grace, stretching her arms with a sigh of happiness and content, murmured, "Rest, at last!"

For almost the first time in her life Grace rose with the sun and donning a simple blue linen dress, she ran down the stairs to find Mrs. Williams in the kitchen helping the cook with breakfast. She greeted her with a smile and told her she could go out to the garden and gather some flowers for the breakfast table.

With basket and scissors in hand, Grace was soon in the garden among the pretty blossoms. She had the basket almost full when, glancing up, she saw an Indian standing at some little distance gazing at her.

"Good morning!" she said, smiling at him.

His grim old face lighted up with admiration when he saw her face with the golden brown waves shading it.

"Oh, Little-Rain-bow-of-the-East!" he said. "It is you whom the chief brought with him last night."

"Yes," she replied, "But I did not know you gave people such pretty names out here. Have you another like that for yourself?"

"Pam Wagua, the Comanche," and he threw up his head proudly.

Here Uncle Ned called Grace, so with a 'good-by' to the Indian she ran into the house. At breakfast Aunt Ruth told her that Wagua had once been a great chief of the Comanche Indians and when his bride was sent to a reservation, Wagua planned a massacre and the escape of his people. The whites discovered his intentions and sentenced him to death, but Mr. Williams, who happened to be there, intervened and begged his life because the Indian had once saved him from death. Wagua was given his freedom and since then had lived with Mr. Williams, going with him from place to place.

In the days that followed he and Grace became great friends and he would follow her around like a faithful watch-

dog. It was he who taught "Rain-bow," as he persisted in calling her, how to ride the ponies on the ranch and how to shoot a pistol.

One day, after "Rain-bow" had been on the ranch two months, she came rushing into Aunt Ruth's room, her face aglow, and a large bundle under her arm.

"See what Wagua has made for me!" she cried, and held up a complete leather riding suit. There were the fringed leggings, a short skirt heavily fringed around the bottom and a loose fitting coat with a belt to fasten on the outside.

"I'm going to put it on this minute and go for a ride!" and she ran to her room where she proceeded to change herself into an Indian maid. When she had dressed and turned for a look in the mirror, the image there struck her as being strangely familiar. Where had she dressed that way before? Her eyes fell upon a kodak picture and it told her. On the last night of her visit, two years ago, they had gotten up a little play and Grace had been an Indian girl. It was in a costume similar to this that she had played her part and later that night had talked with Jack Randolph for the last time. Why had he never come? She questioned herself for the thousandth time as she looked at the little picture, then throwing it down, she ran out.

"Ah, you look like a young Indian now!" exclaimed Aunt Ruth as she kissed the lovely face under the cow-boy hat. "Come, I want to see Wagua's face when he looks at you."

And it was worth seeing when his eye lighted on Grace. His face changed like the clouds when the sun suddenly breaks through them.

"Good! the 'Rain-bow-of-the-East' is become the 'Rain-bow-of-the-Comanches'," he said, leading the pony around for her to mount.

"Come with me, Wagua, for a race across the plains."

Without a word Wagua ran to the corrals, saddled another pony and rode out of the yard with her.

"Ride up beside me and let's race," said Grace, as she saw him drop several paces behind like a servant.

Another moment and the two were tearing across the

prairie like a small hurricane.

"I'm glad she took the Indian with her," murmured Mrs. Williams to herself as she watched them become mere specks in the distance. "She is so reckless that I am in mortal terror all the time lest her neck is broken in one of these chases."

Meanwhile Grace and Wagua drew their ponies into a walk.

"Wagua, where did you get that quaint hunting knife? I don't remember seeing you carry it before."

"Ugh, this?" and he drew a curiously carved knife from his belt. "The young chief from Gold Hill Ranch give to me last week. He new, but not tenderfoot. No, he is a great brave—"

"Oh, is he the young man Uncle was speaking of last night? who, single-handed, captured those three cattle thieves a few days ago?" asked Grace eagerly.

"Yes, and if I mistake not he is riding over yonder," and he pointed to where a tiny speck had taken on the shape of horse and rider. "Let us ride! I have told him of the 'Rain-bow' and he wishes to see her. He is now coming as he promised."

"I'm with you," she said laughingly, as they put their ponies into a gallop. "I am dying for a glimpse of the young hero."

The rider was coming toward them and in a few moments they came together.

"Hello, big chief!" he called out cheerily, then, "Grace York!"

"Jack Randolph!" she exclaimed in the same breath, and they stopped their horses and sat staring at each other.

Then suddenly the light faded from Jack's eyes and his face grew pale and stern.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Montross. I forgot myself. I did not know you were—"

"Mrs. Montross?" exclaimed Grace, cutting him short. "What do you mean?"

"Aren't you the wife of Bernard Montross?" demanded Jack.

"I? Never!"

"Grace!" and Jack was standing by her side, both hands clasped in his. "Tell me, is it all a dream, the last two awful years, and is this only the last night of your visit to Belle? It is the same dress, the same girl, only the back-ground is different! Tell me that I only dreamed that Carl Morton came to me with the story of your marriage to Montross, two weeks after you left our town. What does it all mean and how?"

"It means that," said Grace, slowly, the situation becoming clear to her, "Carl Morton tried to carry out the threat he made me one day. It was my cousin whom Bernard married. But Jack, why didn't you come down and see for yourself if it were really true?"

"Little girl, I couldn't come. I was taken seriously ill immediately afterwards and before I was well enough to know myself I was sent to California where I have been until a month ago. I am now visiting my Uncle over here and Wagua and I have become fast friends. It is to him that I owe this meeting, for he talks of you all the time and asked me to come over today. How little did I guess it was you, whom I have been trying so hard to forget. But every breath, every pulse throb, every heart beat has been for you, dear. Come, little 'Rain-bow' and drive away the memories of those two awful years. Will you not?"

"I believe I will," she said, looking straight into his dark eyes.

The next moment his arms were around her and their lips met in a long kiss that told all the yearning of two years.

Wagua had ridden off a little distance and was sitting with his back to the two, when they happened to remember and called him to come and give them his blessing. Then hand in hand the two rode straight toward the great, glowing, golden west which seemed to them a page of their future which would always be golden because love was there.

Editorial

FRANK ROBBINS, - - - - - - Chief Editor
MAUDE UPCHURCH, - - - Assistant Editor

At the beginning of preparation for the next issue of our magazine, the whole country is on tip-toe of excitement as to which discovered the Pole first, Cook or Peary. Man's curiosity and ambition to subdue the whole earth have at last carried him to that interesting, icy point. The only dispute between these two men for the honor of getting there first will, we hope, be settled before this magazine comes out. The rivalry is very natural and human, but the truth is bigger and more important than the fame of either, as both of these men may feel confident that there are enough people in the scientific world, who love truth more than fame, for any one to settle the question impartially, between the two and let the world know beyond a doubt who is entitled to the honor of being the first to reach the Pole. We sincerely hope that these men and their respective friends will engage in no unseemly controversy over the question, but submit their proofs to disinterested arbitrators and then abide their decision in a manly and truth-loving spirit.

The City of New York is almost surrounded by the fleets of the Great Powers who have come to celebrate with us the Hudson-Fulton Celebration. England is represented by a small but powerful squadron led by Sir Edward Seymour's flagship. The German warships are three in number; the Italian two, while France is represented by three battleships, Justice, Verite and Liberte. Holland, which bears so intimate a relation to the celebration, is represented by three ships, the most important of which is the Half Moon. This has been reproduced by Dutch hands in the mother country

and is manned by Dutch officers dressed after the fashion of the seventeenth century. Our own navy has in the harbor fifty-three ships of different orders from the battleship to the colliers. The most interesting of these is the old 'Clermont,' which has been reproduced by the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission.

During the entire week the city will be brilliantly illuminated. Never before in the history of the metropolis has the city been given over to such merry-making. Commemorative meetings are being held in many places. The doors of New York, always a city of hospitality, are wide open to the world.

The fact that two Chicago women have been recently selected for positions of great responsibility shows that the public is changing its opinion in regard to the fitness of women for administrative duties.

At its annual meeting in June the National Conference of Charities and Corrections chose for its president, Miss Jane Addams. Last month the Chicago Board of Education named for Superintendent of the city school system, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. This is the first time that a woman has been made Superintendent of schools in any city.

The students in Economics will always find it interesting as well as helpful to read "The Progress of the World," in "The American Review of Reviews."

Round Table

ALICE BLANCHARD,
CLARA STAHL, } - - - - - Editors

"Truxton King, a Story of Graustark," speaks for itself. It is George Barr McCutcheon's newest addition to his list of popular novels, and is hailed with delight by all book lovers. The book is attractively gotten up with full page illustrations in colors by Harrison Fisher. The title and author's name alone bespeak the interest of us all.

A new novel, by Maurice Hewlett, is an event worthy of note. His latest, "Open Country," is a fine love story, and thrilling romance throughout. Jack Senhouse, the hero in "Half-way House," figures before us once more. This time he meets the heroine, a really live and charming girl in an unusual adventure. The recital of their experience makes a story full of wit and humor. We must all enjoy so much wholesome fun especially when we find delicate touches of poetry and feeling interspersed with the thrilling adventure and romance.

Other books of the autumn are, "Forty Minutes Late," by F. Hopkins Smith, "The Hungry Heart," by David Graham Philips, "They and I," by Jerome K. Jerome, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's, "Lady Merton," just appearing as a serial.

Eliza Calvert Hall has produced another distinctively American book in "The Land of Long Ago." She can portray Southern life and interests with a peculiar grace and charm. The book is full of a delightful humor, with a real appreciation of nature along with it. One must wish for more of its kind, and be sorry when the end comes.

All lovers of a bright and wholesome book, full of real humor and truth will be glad to know that the author of the "Lady of the Decoration," has a new book just out. "Frances Little," who really is said to be Mrs. Fanny Macauley, of Louisville, Kentucky, has just published "Little Snow Sister," the scene of which is also laid in Japan. If it proves anything like the author's first book, it has an enormous popularity before it, and a really warm place in the hearts of thousands, as well.

Just now when there seems to be so great an interest in the accomplishments of Robert Fulton, comes a book, written by one of his descendants, containing much new information. Alice Crary Sutcliffe has undertaken to give the world a complete history of the invention and first trip of the Clermont in "Robert Fulton and the Clermont." The interesting new material at hand proves him far in advance of his day in experiments with canals, torpedoes, etc. He is also represented as an artist and scholar.

Harold Bell Wright has published another very good book—"The Calling of Dan Matthews." It is very different in style and treatment from the author's earlier works. Most beautiful is the story and praiseworthy in literary merit. One of the characters especially touching is poor little crippled Denny, so sympathetic, loving every body and everything. This book is considered one of Mr. Wright's best books.

"The Silver Horde," by Rex Beach, is a very thrilling story. It is full of humor and sympathy from the first page to the last. It contains interesting events of a silvery romance. The hero is a young civil engineer, who goes out to seek a fortune in order to win the girl whom he loves.

Exchanges

ANNIE WOODLEY,
ESTELLE BROWN, } - - - - - - Editors

As we take up our new task we ask the readers of our department to bear with us in our mistakes until we have a better knowledge of duty as critics. We hope the coming year will see a great improvement in both quality and quantity of other college magazines as well as our own. To praise is easier than to condemn but we will do each to the best of our ability. We hope to be the recipients of many college magazines, encourage and assist in the production of high grade literary work.

We recognize "The Acorn," from the Baptist University as one of the best of our exchanges; from the first "slip sheets" we gain a better knowledge of the character of Hamlet. A deep study of the play is shown by the way in which the four characteristics of Hamlet are discussed. "When Indifference Journeys Amiss," is an interesting little story and contains a simple , well written plot. "The Last Days of Pompey" and "The Little White Stone," are clever stories, the former giving an account of the life of a little boy's pet; the latter an episode in the lives of two small playmates. "The Acorn" is especially interesting on account of the variety of its contents.

"The Winthrop College Journal's opening poem is good. "When the Locust Trees Bloom," is an appealing little story and goes straight to the heart. "The Wisdom and Humor of Chaucer," and the other pieces written about Chaucer's works show careful study and are very instructive. The two sketches, "Lights From My Window" and " An Old Farm

House,'' are so vividly described that one feels that a picture has passed before the eyes.

When we glance at the cover of ''The Concept,'' we feel that there is something interesting within. A few moments in which to read, and we have found poems, light stories, and some weightier matter. After reading these we find that the first impression was not false. The editorials are well worth reading, they show firm college spirit, and clear understanding of human nature.

We wish to acknowledge the following: ''The Messenger,'' ''The Ivey'' and ''The Athenian.''

Y. W. C. A. Notes

RUTH COLETRANE,
HELEN SPARGER, } - - - - - Editors

During the first weeks of school invitations were issued by the Y. W. C. A. for a "Gossip" on the following Saturday night.

When the appointed time arrived we all assembled on the porch which was beautifully decorated in Japanese lanterns and pot flowers. Rugs, pillow and cosey corners added much to the attractiveness of the surroundings.

We were all asked to be seated and were then given a card on which were written four topics; the first one being the discovery of the North Pole. These cards caused much curiosity, but soon our curiosity was satisfied by the information that we were to get a partner and for five minutes only, when the period of five minutes was over we chose another partner and discussed the next topic and so on until all the topics were exhausted. This furnished us a great deal of amusement and also taught us a great deal.

We were then invited to promenade with your "darling," or if you weren't fortunate enough to have a darling just go with anyone you like. This pleasure was soon brought to an end by the ringing of a bell, when we all gathered on the porch again. We had quite a surprise and also a treat—the privilege of hearing Miss Wright recite. It is useless to say that we enjoyed that.

Dainty refreshments were then served, after which we all went to our room declaring we had had just a lovely time.

The Cabinet of the Young Woman's Christian Association has started out the new year with a great deal of enthusiasm, and we feel that this is going to be the most success-

ful one since our organigation. One of the most encouraging features of the work so far has been the interest evidenced by the student body in the " good-night prayer-meetings," which are held for fifteen minutes every night at the close of study hour. The average attendance has been between fifty and sixty, and the members of the Devotional Committee are doing all in their power to keep up the splendid attendance.

A most attractive program was arranged for Sunday, September 26, by the Missionary Committee. The meeting was led by Miss Helen Sparger, chairman of the committee, who represented a missionary who had just returned from the foreign field. She spoke of the time when she was a "G. F. C. girl, twenty-five years ago," and expressed her pleasure at having the privilege of again being within the walls of her Alma Mater. After a brief talk she introduced some girls that she had brought home with her to finish their education. The first was Miss Amaya Otoya, of Japan, (Miss Lucile Umstead, who was dressed as a Japanese school girl) who told something of the school life of the Japanese girls, and related some of her experiences in "Kobe College, of which she was a graduate."

Then we were all interested in the story of D Juaquin d' Oliviesa, from Brazil, (Miss Linnie Mann, dressed as a girl from one of the aristocratic homes of South America) who told us how she hade been won over for Christ from a home in which the influences of the Roman Catholic priest predominated. She told how miserable and lonely her life had been up to the point when she heard the story of Christ, and how that after hearing it her whole life was changed, brightened and made happy.

Lastly Miss Robai, of Korea, (Miss Irene Boyles, dressed as a girl from the lower classes) gave us an account of her life as a Korean girl. She deeply moved her audience as she told them of the hardships of her life; how she had never had any childhood or girlhood, but had had to do a woman's work all her life; how she was married when just a child, widowed and then sold to a man who treated her very cruelly;

and how, later, she had heard of the religion that gives happiness and peace, and in order to hear more of it, had walked miles to the mission school; how, when her husband and master had found out about her trip to the school, he had beaten her until she fainted from the pain. Finally, however, he too came under the influence of this same religion, and they both found happiness in the light of His love.

She then showed that there were yet hundreds and hundreds of homes where the light of the Gospel had never yet pierced, and asked each one present to be willing to do her part in the great work of carrying peace and happiness into homes now filled with misery and sorrow.

Miss Sparger then told the girls about the mission study classes that were to be organized, and invited all who cared to know more about this great and ever widening work, to join.

Quite a number gave their names that night and we hope to bring that number up to one hundred and twenty-five by a personal canvass that is to be conducted by the Cabinet.

The Y. W. C. A. Glee Club has been organized and the girls are preparing to add greatly to the interest of the meetings by the splendid music they afford. The following officers were elected at their recent organization:

President—Annie Woodley.
Vice-President—Ruth Coltrane.
Secretary—Lucy Hood.
Treasurer—Ruth Adams.
Business Manager—Helen Sparger.

Sunday, October the third, we enjoyed very much a little visit from Miss Annie D. Casler, our state secretary. She led our service for us that night and told us of the needs and importance of the association. This was very interesting and we all enjoyed it so much. We hope she will come to see us more often.

Alumnae Department

BYRDE DAILEY,
ANNIE EDWARDS, - - - - - - Editors

Miss Nell Pender is attending the Eastern Carolina Teachers Training School at Greenville, N. C.

Miss Jennie Ormond, of Goldsboro, was a visitor in the College several weeks ago.

Miss Marrianne Smith, of '08, is teaching at Newton, N. C.

Miss Nan Walker is visiting relatives in Rocky Mount, N. C.

Misses Ruth Philipps, Mae Ayers and Julia Mays are at their homes in Washington, N. C.

Miss Sue Corbett is spending the winter at her home in Wilson, N. C.

Mrs. James T. Laton, formerly Miss Margaret Ormond, is living at Albemarle, N. C.

Miss Carita Wallace will begin teaching in November at North Harlowe, N. C.

Miss Susan Geddie is teaching music at James Sprunt Institute.

Miss Sadie Mills is stenographer for Hon. James A Lockhart, Wadesboro, N. C.

Miss Eleanor Vann is attending school at Washington, D. C.

Miss Mildred Connelly is at her home in Leesburg, N. C.

Mrs. E. J. Chambers, formerly Miss Ida Galloway, is at Fairmount, N. C.

Misses Mary and Sallie Reade are at their home at Timberlake, N. C.

Miss Glennie Yelverton is spending some time at Asheville, N. C.

One of our former students, Miss Susie Gwynn, now Mrs. Raymond Chatham, came up with her sister, Miss Nell Gwynn, at the opening of school.

Miss Lillian Gwynn is teaching at Elkin, N. C.

Local Department

JULIA CRUTCHFIELD,
SUSIE STOKES, } - - - - - Editors

Back once more, we are greeted by familiar scenes, and faces, many of which are new. We think that this state of affairs will not remain so long for we have alreday seen signs of the development of many desperate "cases" and the "rush" has begun, making it positively sickening to pass through the halls after nine-thirty, on account of the "darlings."

On the first Saturday evening after the opening of school,, the Y. W. C. A. entertained on the college porch in honor of the "new" girls. The form of entertainment was a "gossip." This was especially enjoyable on account of woman's well known fondness for gossiping, fortunately the subjects were very elevating as well as entertaining; one being "The College Girl's Appetite," a subject which we were unusually gifted in discussing.

Much valuable information has been voluntarily offered us by the new girls during the past few weeks, and we find that they have the following:

WANTS

Mabel—To know when the light bell "goes out."

Eva—To know the distinction between the fire alarm, the mail box, and the theme box.

Sophie—To know the difference between Sub, Fresh and Senior English.

Mary—To know why a megaphone and a field glass are not identical.

To know the new use of a chaperone. Some insist that they are to keep a certain new girl from being run over by the numerous street-cars, automobiles and carriages: perchance she should like to pause in the middle of the square, bewildered by the strange sights and sounds surrounding her.

Pearle—To know how it is the registers are lighted.

On Saturday evening, October 9th, the receptions were given by both the Irving and the Emerson Literary Societies to the new members. The following was the programme rendered at the Emerson:

Instrumental Solo ..... Ethel Binkley
Reading ..... Nannie Crowell
Pen Picture ..... Maude Upchurch
Reading ..... Cleo Adams
Vocal Solo ..... Huldah Hambrick
Address ..... Clara Stahl

After this the society adjourned to attend an auction sale of really live dolls. The bids grew larger and larger, and the excitement was intense.

The rendition of the following propramme took place at the Irving meeting:

Vocal Solo ..... Mr. Stahl
Piano Solo ..... Linnie Mann
Vocal Solo ..... Lucille Umstead
Reading ..... Susie Stokes
Quartette....Misses Hughes, Sparger, Gilliken and Woodley
Piano Duet.....Mildred Wallace and Rennie Griffin

Then we were delightfully entertained in a swapping party; at the close each guest showing her prize and reading the inscription thereon. Some of them were indeed funny and we all enjoyed it very much.

At he closing of the recitation of Chaucer, a supposed

member of the Junior English class addressed the teachers with the following valued information: "I have had all this. I'm a Sub-Freshman in English."

Will some one please tell Bertha when A. & M. changed their colors from red and white to blue and gold?

Mr. Kraft, feeling the need of some violent exercise, chased a mouse and sprained his hip.

Is it "Wright" for Mr. Starr to take walks on Sunday afternoon ? ? ?

Isa, (excitedly)—Oh, girls, Sam brought us down to the first floor on the radiator!

We are dreadfully sorry to have to give up Miss Davis and Miss Hardin, while we welcome their successors, Miss Clarke and Miss Wright. Now every one not only has the Wright, but is required to speak in economical terms when giving their reason for being out of their rooms after light bell.

A very enjoyable concert was given in the college auditorium by Reed Miller and Mme Nevada Van De Veer on Tuesday evening, October fifth.

The new girls are unusually fortunate this year in that they always know where to find an old student. For these "ancient creatures" are lined up in the library trying to obtain the "clearer sight."

The pride of G. F. College, Lucy Fannie Lee Armfield Caldwell, or in other words Aunt Matt's pickaninny, is growing more and more attractive every day.

Senior to Freshman: "Which are you going to take, Math or Algebra?"

Some one tell "Little Sis" why it is we can't have another "Centurian" this year.

Will anybody kindly warn Etta of the risks she runs when she climbs upon the bed to blow out the light? She might fall off ! ! !

We think it would be very beneficial to Miss Hughes and Mary Hutchison if they would look in their geographies and find that the sun sets in the west instead of the east, as they are inclined to believe.

On Saturday evening, September 25, 1909, the Emerson Literary Society held its meeting in the hall. The following program was rendered:

Instrumental Solo ..... Amanda Baxter
Reading ..... Lina Covington
Vocal Solo ..... Nannie Crowell
Instrumental Solo ..... Flossie Howell
Reading ..... Mary Lane
Current Events ..... Flossie Howell
Instrumental Solo ..... Miss Blalock

The society was then addressed by Miss Clara Stahl. Afterwards they were entertained by a display of artistic skill.

On the same evening the Irving Literary Society held its second meeting for the new girls, in the hall. The form of entertainment was the presentation of "A Night With the Poets," by the Irlsoc Company, and to say the least, it was enjoyed to the utmost by every one present. Mr. Starr read selections from twelve poets, and after each reading a tableau was shown. This tableau represented the character and was gracefully posed for by a member of the society; each one showing taste and skill in the presentation thereof. After the last one had been shown, the society was asked to vote on the one best represented, and "The Barefoot Boy," (as posed by Miss Annie Fay Delaney) received the most votes.

The following is the program:

1. Helen of Troy ..... Homer
   Posed by Miss Elizabeth Tomlinson

2. Mary, Queen of Scots ..... Burns
   Posed by Miss Willie Griffin

3. Madame Butterfly ..... Long
   Posed by Miss Linnie Mann

4. Ophelia ..... Shakespeare
   Posed by Miss Ruth Adams

5. Minnehaha ..... Longfellow
   Posed by Miss Lucy Hood

6. Barefoot Boy ..... Whittier
   Posed by Miss Annie Fay Delaney

7. Priscilla ..... Longfellow
   Posed by Miss Alice Blanchard

8. Carmen ..... Merrimee
   Posed by Miss Annie Woodley

9. Little Boy Blue ..... Field
   Posed by Miss Isa Sills

10. Lady Teazle ..... Sheridan
    Posed by Miss Helen Sparger

11. Maude Muller ..... Whittier
    Posed by Miss Maude Gillikin

12. Cleopatra ..... Tennyson
    Posed by Miss Eula McRae

Slave Girl, Miss Winnie Bruton

THE OLD FAIR AT FARMINGTON

A dispatch from Farmington, Davie county, says: "Some sixty years ago the people of Davie county held an annual fair at Farmington, which is well remembered and highly spoken of by some of her older citizens. It is said that the people of the county came here in great numbers to exhibit their farm products, horses, cattle, etc.

The old fair ground is now owned by Dr. Ernest M. Griffin and Mr. Mit Ward. The last named lives in a rebuilt house, a part of which contains the original house built for the ladies in which to exhibit the products of their hand, such as bed quilts, fancy work, drawings and nice preparations for the table. Hanging in the parlor of Mrs. C. F. Bahnson is a beautiful drawing which took a premium at this fair. The picture presents a "Feudal Castle of the Rhine," and was begun by Mrs. C. F. Bahnson when she attended the Greensboro Female College more than fifty years ago, and finished by her teacher, a Frenchman. It shows the touch of the master.—Ex.

College Directory.

COLLEGE MESSAGE.

MARY BROOME ..... Business Manager.
WINNIE BRUTON ..... Assistant Business Manager.
FRANK ROBBINS ..... Chief Editor.
MAUDE UPCHURCH ..... Assstant Editor.

Assistant Editors.

ALICE BLANCHARD, CLARA STAHL . . .. Round Table.
BYRDE DAILEY . . , ANNIE EDWARDS . ..... Alumnae Department.
JULIA CRUTCHFIELD, SUSIE STOKES . . .. Local Department.
ANNIE WOODLEY . , ESTELLE BROWN . ..... Exchange Department.
RUTH COLTRANE . , HELEN SPARGER . ..... Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Emerson Literary Society.

President . . . . . Ruth Coltrane.
Vice President . . Estelle Brown.
Secretary . . . . . Ethel Brinkley.
Treasurer . . . . Julia Crutchfield.
Critic . . . . . Clara Suit.
Censor . . . . . Hulda Hambrick.

Y. W. C. A.

President . . . . . Byrde Dailey.
Vice-President . . Ruth Coltrane.
Secretary . . , . . . Mary Broome.
Treasurer . . . . . Willie Griffin.

Irving Literary Society.

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Vice-President Annie Woodley.
Secretary . . . . . Rennie Griffin.
Treasurer . . . . Lucile Umstead.
Critic . . . . . Byrde Dailey.
Censor . . . . . Linnie Mann.

Senior Class.

President . . . . . Frank Robbins.
Secretary . . . . . Annie Edwards.

Junior Class.

President. . . . . Julia Crutchfield.
Secretary . . . Hulda Hambrick.

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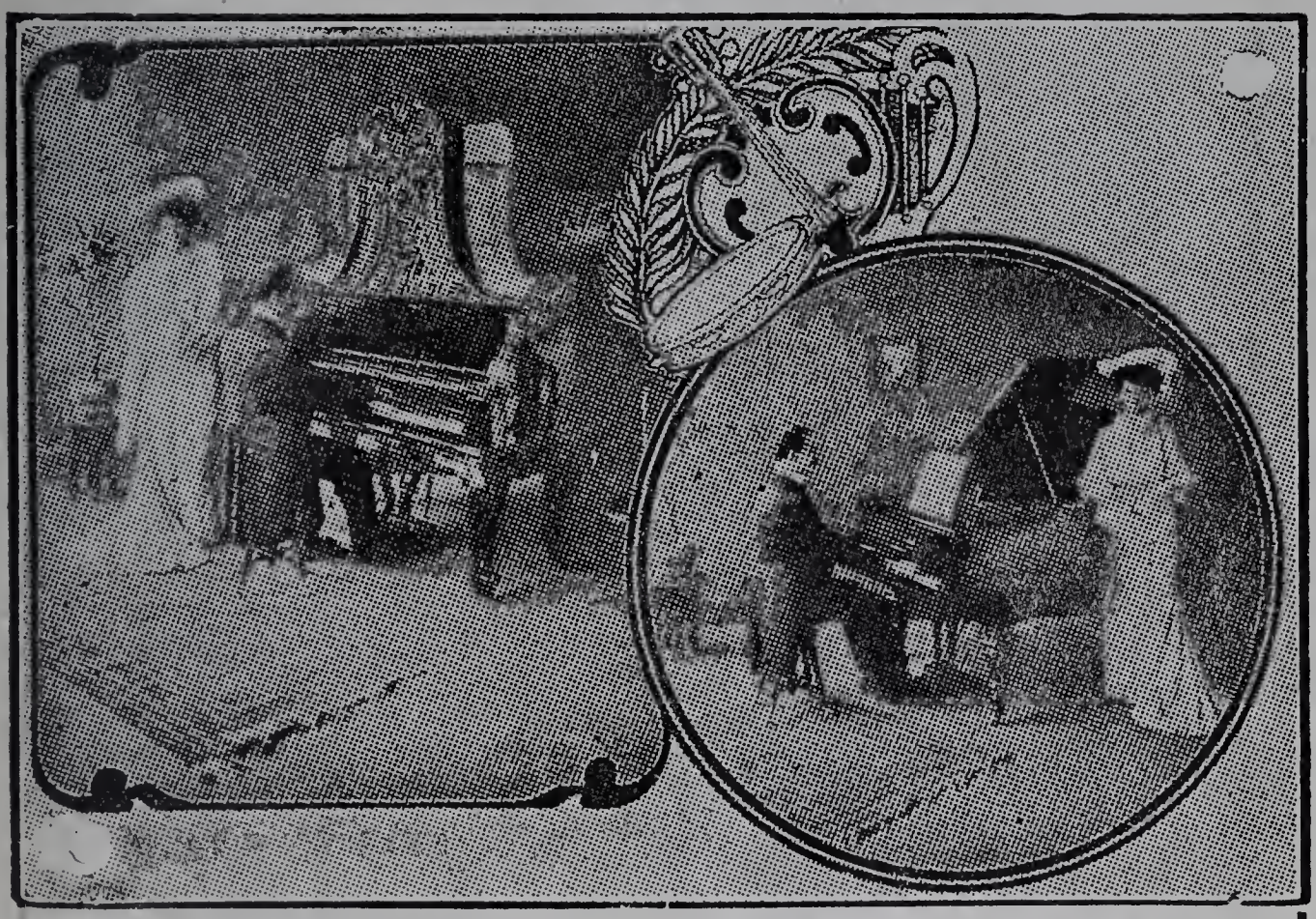

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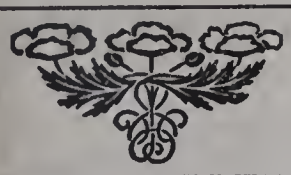

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The College Message

VOL. XVIII. GREENSBORO, N. C., MARCH, 1910 No. 4

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

The message will be published about the first of November and December, and the first of February, March, April and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion..

MARY BROOME, Business Manager.

MARCH

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
  When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
  Such whispering to and fro;
And, "Are you ready?" the snowdrop asked,
  " 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the lily replied;
  "I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
  Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
  Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the crocus said,
  "When I hear the blue birds sing."
And straight thereafter, narcissus cried,
  "My silver and gold I'll bring."

"And are they dulled," another spoke,
"The hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! thro' the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart tho' the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground,
Yes, millions—beginning to grow.

GERMAN FOLK-LORE

E. H. M.

Let us imagine ourselves back several centuries before the Christian era, and laying aside all cynicism, knowledge and freedom from superstition, gained by those who live in the twentieth century, revel awhile with the abandon and credulity of little children in the German folk-lore of long ago. In order to appreciate many of their myths, a glance at the people will be necessary. Living among the solitudes of vast forests, a desire and romantic longing for the distant and unknown was fostered in their breasts. Temples to their gods were erected in secluded spots, and many trees, notably the ash, which is emblematic of the whole earth, were held sacred.

Nor has the generation entirely passed away. The men were gigantic in stature, most of them being seven feet high, knowing no fear, rather courting instead of evading death, since a hero's death entitled them to sure entrance into Walhalla—heaven. As an existence devoid of strength and beauty was worthless, and according to their religion, excluded them from Walhalla, we can palliate their seeming cruelty in destroying weak or deformed children, and understand why their old would commit suicide. Indeed, the sick were, by their own request, pierced with a lance so that the wound, not disease, could terminate their lives. Bravery and virtue were two of their most marked characteristics. Indeed, they even slept in armor, and presented to their wives weapons as marriage gifts; hence arose the race of Amazons, and the beautiful legend of Brinhild, the sleeping beauty.

Their superabundance of health and strength brought on, among the men, frequently a disease unknown to other nations, called serkerworth, or lupomania. When so attacked they spared neither friend nor foe; hence arose the legend of the Were wolf, or of men who were at certain hours changed into wolves.

They thought some women had inspiration by which they could penetrate into unknown, see into remote places, foretell approaching events, so they were considered sacred, had the gift of prophecy, and were inspired by the gods. These prophetesses were divided into two classes. First, Wollens, those who caused evil, and by their songs and incantations, raised storms and plagues, and by their drugs gave love potions to forlorn damsels. Second, Walkaren, or celestial maidens, who hovered over battlefields and chose the expiring heroes as their companions in the eternal joys of Walhalla.

So the Germans looked on death as a nuptial feast in the skies. This poetical relation between the pagan warrior and his celestial bride changed in course of time to that between the Christian knight and his lady love.

Conspicuous among the gods was Odin, who, like the Greek god Jupiter, was god of the Universe. His memory we perpetuate in our Wednesday. He was the founder of kingly

races, and the originator of most of the customs, manners, warlike habits, arts and letters of the Germans. His wisdom, according to the legend, was dearly bought by the sacrifice of one of his eyes. Hence arose the ancients' belief that this eye was emblematical of the sun, while the other was the moon, shining with lesser light from the bottom of Mimir's fountain.

While Odin belonged to the world of light, he figured also as the demon huntsman, the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and the husband of Frigga, who was goddess of the earth. In the superstition of Christian times she was Frau Holle (hell) or Bertha. In the latter, her amiable character, she was prophetess of the household; in the former, her fearful one, the leader of the night chase. One of the most beautiful of her many names was Ostara—Easter, so appropriate and suggestive of nature's resurrection after the long death of winter, that Christians still retain the name. As the White Lady, her presence is ominous, portending death always to some of the royal family. Even as late as 1884 the German newspapers contained an official report of her appearance as seen by a sentinel. Below the earth was another world—Hela, whose palace was Misery; table, Hunger; servant, Delay; threshold, Ruin; whose bed was Sorrow; whose color was Decay.

Between the middle world and Walhalla was still another world, inhabited by the Walkaren, the elves, fairies, the wood and water nymphs, while between earth and Hela was the home of the Kobalds, black elves who guarded the treasures in the hollows of the mountains and watched over the souls of the dead, said souls assuming the shapes of mice. Based on this, we have the legends of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the story of Bishop Hatto, the famous Rhinegold and Tannhauser, who dwelt with the beautiful mountain queen, Frau Venus, in Vennsburg, having been lured there by this enchantress, who steeped his soul in sensual pleasure, but who was pardoned by the pope after having shown true repentance.

Perhaps no custom was so universally observed among this people as the Yule feast, which began on the longest night

in the year and was a time of feasting and rejoicing. As the sun was supposed at this time to resemble a wheel revolving in the sky, the Germans would, until lately, assemble on a mountain, set fire to a huge wooden wheel lined with straw and send it rolling down the mountain and let it plunge with a hiss into the water, so counteracting any malign influence that would follow from this phenomenon. At this time was burned the Yule-tide log, the cherished remains being carefully treasured to set fire to the log for the next year. In these occasions the boar's head was served as the crowning dish of the occasion. This dish would be carved only by a man of unblemished character and tried courage.

Frey's blessings, as god of gladness, were invoked by married couples wishing to live in harmony. Those who succeeded for a certain length of time were publicly given a piece of boar's flesh. We still honor him in our Friday.

No one can really enjoy a trip down the Rhine who has not cultivated a taste for the marvelous, for this is enshrined in a series of beautiful legends and myths from its very source, combining them with its deep, green, rushing waters, precipitous mountains, on which are perched countless castles and ruins, gray with age, but bathed in a romantic halo of history, poetry and saga. Time forbids more than a passing glance at some of the most legendary towns along its banks. The central point of many of the legends is Worms. This was the home of Kriemhild, Gunter and Hagen, and here Siegfried came wooing from Xanten. Noted also is the Mouse Tower near Bingen, which was the refuge of the miserly Bishop Hatto. Around the Lorelei cluster many fabulous stories; not only was the Niebelungen hoard hidden beneath the rock of the Lorelei at the bottom of the Rhine, but here dwelt the beautiful Rhine maidens, at whose magical music many poor sailors have listened, to their sorrow.

Nymwegen has been made most sacred, as it is associated with the Frau Knight, Lohengrin, who was also guardian of the Holy Grail, and whom Wagner has immortalized in his exquisite opera. Indeed, it would be tedious to enumerate all places in this region which could lay claim to distinction from

a legendary point, for every castle and every ruin has its legend and tale of horror, every rocky cliff is the home of some druid or fay, and every eddying whirlpool is the entrance to the cave of a demon.

Before concluding our paper, it will be well to see what place folk-lore has in literature. We have to admit that the early legends are not statements of facts, yet they are of great value to the world, as they illustrate the spirit, customs, manners, religious beliefs, and general characteristics of the race with whom they originated. While the student finds them told over and over again in poetry, and sees them in painting and sculpture, there are also great lessons of truth; they never deal lightly with lapses from virtue, and are full of admonition. Besides, folk-lore consists not only of complete legends and songs, but we find them in our family proverbs, adages and mottoes, a simple mention of which is sufficient without relating the story. To children it is the realm of untold beauty and grandeur where the imagination is given full play and nothing is too marvelous to be true.

"ZIP"

CARRIE YOUNG, '08

A man in hunting coat and leggings emerged from a clump of undergrowth and leveled his gun just as the rabbit sped across the road and into an open field. The next moment he gave an exclamation of surprise and anger, for Bob King prided himself on never missing a good shot and the bullet had gone wide of its mark. He had been so sure of his game that for an instant he was surprised into forgetfulness to his elbow. He wheeled around and his hand went to his cap as he found himself face to face with a laughing girl, seated on a small pony, a smoking pistol held carelessly in her hand.

"Pardon, Sir Huntsman," she said, her face becoming grave, but her voice still full of amusement, "but it was so

easy, I could not resist. You will find the rabbit over there by the stump. And please forgive me for taking your shot." And with a low, mocking laugh she was gone around a bend in the mountain road.

"Well, by jove!" ejaculated King, staring in the direction she had gone. "I didn't know they grew such as that in these old hills. Lord, what eyes and teeth! And what a pose, as she sat there laughing at me! A regular Diana of the chase, though I never heard that Diana rode a horse."

He walked slowly across the field to the stump and picked up the rabbit, which had a bullet through its skull.

"Old boy, she did a neat job of it, didn't she? Killed by a woman! What an ending!" he went on addressing the rabbit. "Never mind, my friend, we will find out who she is and have our revenge. She killed you and laughed at me. I don't know which is the worse fate."

"You belong to her by rights, but as I don't know who she is, nor where she lives, I cannot very well send you to her. Besides, I hardly suppose Diana lives on such ordinary fool as we poor mortals, so you will go home with me for dinner."

He hurried on to the hunting lodge, to find his companions just sitting down to the table and joking each other about their ill luck of the morning.

"I didn't even see anything that looked like game, except a ground hog," one was complaining, as our friend opened the door, "and he saw his shadow just as I spied him—but here's Bob! What luck, old partner? Oh, ye gods! There's a bunny and a pocketful of birds. Roll out of that chair, Fatty, and let Esau have the seat of honor!"

"By the way, Mr. Rockford, have we any neighbors in these woods?" asked King, indifferently, toward the end of dinner.

"Yes, I believe so," answered the host. "When I built this lodge, five years ago, there was not a family within eight miles, but I hear a gentleman from the eastern part of the State has bought several hundred acres of land and brought his family here to live."

"He must be sore with the world," remarked Long Tom, holding out his glass to the servant.

"No tall timbers for me while there is a Broadway still on top!" chimed in Dutchy.

"Are there any girls in the family?" asked King.

"Yes, a girl and two small boys."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Fatty. "Esau wants to go courting."

King flushed and changed the subject. But he had found out what he wanted to know, except the name, and that could come later.

Meanwhile the object of King's thoughts had ridden slowly toward home, musing in what she had seen and done, half ashamed of the latter.

"I deserve to be spanked like a naughty child," she thought. "I guess he thinks I am the sauciest kid he has seen yet. But," shaking off the feeling and forcing a laugh, "I must do something disgraceful now and then or die of loneliness up here in these mountains. 'Be good and you will be lonesome' is certainly a true saying.

"My, how angry he was when he missed that rabbit! I held my breath, expecting to feel the mountain tremble, but he didn't say it. He must be an awfully good shot or awfully conceited to have been so surprised at missing the mark. Everybody makes a miss now and then.

"He was handsome too, Zip," she went on, patting the pony on the neck. "Broad shoulders, fully six feet tall, black hair and eyes, square chin, all the qualities that we like, because they are exactly opposite to our five feet three, yellow hair that is always flying from under combs and a chin that could never look firm because of the dimples that lurk around. Zip, it is terrible to have to be an undersized girl with troublesome curls and hateful dimples, instead of a big, strong man who can wrinkle up his brow into a frown that would make old Baldtop Mountain quake. When I frown people laugh and I hate to be laughed at, so I don't frown often. I wonder if he was angry when I laughed at him? He looked like he had seen a ghost when he turned around to us, and his cap came off like it was burning his head.

"Well, here we are at home again, and I am as hungry as a bear," she ended, sliding to the ground and removing the saddle.

As she passed the dining room door her father was saying:

"Those Northern hunters are over at the lodge for a week or ten days, and you little boys must mind not to wander too far from home or a stray shot may catch you. I hear they are pretty reckless, any way. One of the party, a young fellow named King, is said to be one of the best marksmen in New York."

"King," repeated Pat to herself as she passed on. "That name just suits my friend of the chase. I am going to apply it, anyhow."

The next day King lingered around the old stump and hunted near the road, hoping to see "Diana of the chase," as he still called her, but in vain.

Pat stayed in all that day and the next, but on the third day she declared to herself that even if all the hunters in New York were on the mountains she was not going to give up her rides. Zip was saddled and away she galloped up the mountain road. She had gone perhaps three miles when Zip stopped at a mountain stream to drink, and as Pat looked idly around she gave a sudden start.

Not a dozen yards away stood King with his gun to his shoulder. She followed the direction he was pointing and saw a bird in a tree on the other side of the valley, so far away it could hardly be seen.

"Crazy," thought Pat, "he can't see to get aim at it, besides the wind is blowing that branch so he could never hit it if he was near enough."

But even as she looked, a finger pressed the trigger and, as the branch swayed downward, the bird toppled over and fell to earth.

"Splendid!" cried Pat, before she could restrain herself. Then horrified to find that she had again called his attention to her, she would have fled had not King blocked the way, as he came toward her with a glad smile on his lips.

"Where have you been for the last three days, riding the clouds? I have scoured these old mountains over, looking for you and was beginning to despair, when here you come, riding out of the mountain side. I want to thank you for saving my reputation the other time we met. I was so bewildered then, I forgot my manners until you had gone."

Pat's first impulse was to ride around him, but she knew she was at fault, having brought his attention to her by her own forwardness, so she changed her mind and held out a friendly hand.

"And I want to beg your pardon for laughing; it was awfully rude. But you have had your revenge today—that was the neatest shot I ever saw."

"It is easy to excell when one has so lovely a judge," he answered gallantly. "Besides, I have been wanting to make you repent that scornful laugh. It has haunted my dreams ever since."

"Then you knew I was looking?" asked Pat wonderingly.

"Of course," he replied. "I have been hunting game with one eye and you with the other since we first met. And now that I have found you, you will let me accompany you home, will you not?"

Pat instinctively drew herself up and looked him over coolly. His dark eyes were pleading but—"Sir, I can hardly take a man home with me whom I have never met and whose name I do not even know." And she wheeled her pony around and rode away.

"What an ass I am!" exclaimed King, in disgust. "I didn't know I could be such a cad. Up North I would never have dreamed of doing such a thing, but this free mountain air makes a fellow take leave of his senses. Confound it! I have spoiled any chance of meeting her in a conventional way by my impertinence. She wouldn't even look at me now."

The following day Pat's father became ill and she had to become nurse, so that for a week she missed her rides. But in the meantime she received a humble note of apology from King. At the end of the week news was brought that the

hunters had returned to the North and for some unaccountable reason Pat found herself with a bad case of the blues.

Late in the afternoon she saddled Zip, and rode away over the mountains, going on and on until she suddenly realized that clouds had gathered and night was almost upon her. Frightened at finding herself alone in the mountains at such an hour, she urged Zip into a sharp pace and began retracing her steps. Remembering that a nearer way lay by the hunting lodge, she turned her horse that way. But she had gone scarcely a mile beyond the low buildings when she heard a noise that caused her to pull Zip to a sudden stop and feel for her pistol.

The place alone was enough to make one's blood run cold on a dark day. The narrow, unused road wound like a serpent along the edge of a deep stream and was flanked on either side by the steep, forbidding sides of mountains. The tops of these mountains were so high and so close together that the sun shone here for only a few minutes in the middle of the day and left it dark and gloomy. On a narrow ledge of rock jutting out above the road stood a log cabin that might have done duty in the days when Daniel Boone crossed these mountains, the door had fallen from its fastenings and was lying across the threshold. And the north winds had rushed and whistled down the valley with such force that the lonely cabin seemed to have tried to go with it and was leaning far toward the south. The greenish gray roof had decayed and partly fallen in, while under the eaves, in the wide cracks, birds had built their nests, and the lonely owl had often perched there to send his mournful, haunting cry far down the valley. The stream below flowed by so noiselessly that it seemed uncanny, and the wind in the tall pines on the other side sounded like a lost child crying for its mother.

But the sound that stopped Pat was not that of the wind nor the owl, but a low moan that could come from none but human lips. As she sat alert, listening, it came again, this time from somewhere beyond the cabin. Dropping the rein

on Zip's neck, Pat slipped to the ground and hurried through the brush in the direction of the sound.

She had gone scarcely ten yards when she gave a low cry, and the pistol slipped from her hand as she sank on the ground beside the still form of a tall man. Blood was flowing from a cut in the side of his head and one arm was doubled under him in a way that proved it was broken.

Pat tore a sleeve out of her blouse and running to the stream she dipped it in and began washing the blood from his face. The cold water revived the sufferer, and when he opened his eyes, Pat recognized her hunter friend. His lips moved, and she leaned over to hear him mummur:

"Brandy in hip pocket," then he dropped into a stupor again.

A hasty search brought the flask to view and Pat forced some between his set teeth. She then unknotted the silk kerchief from his neck and bound it tightly around his head. Then exerting all her strength, she raised him far enough to gently slip the broken arm from beneath him, back into its right position. By this time the brandy had revived King, and, in spite of the fearful pain in his head and the broken arm, he was able to smile weakly at his good Samaritan.

"Tried to climb up to.....cabin and lost..... footing," he explained with difficulty. "Everybody gone from lodge.....except me; stayed behind to find.... Diana." He was going again, but Pat held the flask to his lips and forced him to drink all the contents, after which, with her help, he was able to rise to a sitting posture.

"Do you think you could manage to ride my pony over home," she asked anxiously, "or shall I leave you here while I go for help? But that would take too long. Come, I'll help you mount and keep you from falling."

She jerked off her belt and made a sling for the broken arm, then bringing Zip to his side, she made him kneel camel-like while she helped King to mount. Then fastening the rein across the saddle she took her place beside the pony, King's hand lying heavily on her shoulder, and the slow, tortuous journey home began.

With every step of the pony King suffered agonies and would have lost consciousness again, but his strong will power prevented it. After what seemed hours of riding, though it was only about thirty minutes, the lights could be seen in Pat's home, and as she guided the pony up to the door she gave a shout for help. When Mr. Arden reached them King was swaying in the saddle, and at a word from Pat he caught him in his strong arms and almost carried him into the house. Pat followed, weak and trembling. But her father's first words put strength and courage into her again.

"He must have medical aid at once," Mr. Arden was saying. "That cut is in a very dangerous place and he has bled almost to death."

Before he finished speaking Pat was out in the hall buttoning on a coat and fastening spurs to her shoes.

"Father, I am going to Bolton for Dr. Martin," she said, stopping at the door.

King was lying white and motionless on the bed, unconscious of everything.

"Stop, daughter, let the colored man go; it is too far—" but Pat was already in the saddle and urging Zip into a gallop.

"Old boy, we've got to make Bolton in thirty minutes. You know it is fifteen miles away, but we can do it if we have to die for it afterwards. It is to save our prince, so what does the cost matter?"

It was now eight o'clock and inky black everywhere, a drizzling rain having set in, but Pat knew every inch of the narrow mountain road and she could trust Zip to do his best.

On and on they flew down the mountain, around bends, and through streams, never slacking for anything. The cold rain was coming faster now and beating in Pat's face so she could hardly keep her eyes open, but she only buttoned her coat closer around her neck and leaning forward, whispered in Zip's ear—

"Go it, Zip! Rain can't stop us." And the horse, seeming to understand the pleading voice, leaped forward, his nose outstretched as though scenting the way. In the distance

the sound of roaring water could be heard, and Pat knew they were almost to the half-way bridge which spanned the Snake river.

"If Zip can only hold out the rest of the way," thought Pat. But what was the matter? The pony had stopped short at the edge of the bridge and refused to go further. Pat strained her eyes in the darkness and what she saw there caused her heart to stop beating for a minute. The long bridge was gone! The heavy rains over the mountains had swollen the river until it had carried the bridge from its fastenings.

For one long minute Pat sat thinking. There were two things they could do. One was to retrace their steps four miles and take the valley road, which was three miles longer than this. That meant a distance of nineteen miles to be covered before reaching Bolton. Straight ahead lay Bolton, eight miles away. The other—"Zip, we've got to swim that flood!"

The horse raised his head and snorted. "That means 'Yes,' I suppose," and she guided him down to where the river could be forded during the dry season.

The pony understood what was expected of him and plunged into the yellow, rolling flood. For a few steps he kept his footing, then the mad, dashing waters lifted him up and he struck out, swimming bravely for the opposite side. But it seemed to Pat that all the water east of the Mississippi was in that one river, sweeping down in a mighty rush upon them. She could not even see the opposite bank. Everywhere the great yellow flood dashed and roared.

Suddenly, as they neared the middle of the stream, another rush of water, greater than before, came down upon them and horse and rider went under. When they came to the surface again the flood was bearing them on and Pat had a sudden vision of the falls, a quarter of a mile away, where they would be dashed to death—if not drowned before. Then as she was about to resign herself to the inevitable, she saw again King's white, death-like face.

"Zip!" she cried frantically, "He can't give up! He is waiting for us. Try just once more, old partner!"

At the sound of the girl's voice, the pony seemed to regain consciousness and courage and began pawing the water. As the flood had lost a little of its fury, he came up in a few seconds on the bank.

Pat slid from the saddle and clasping both arms around the panting pony's neck sobbed out her relief in his dripping mane.

As soon as he had gotten his breath they were off again like the wind, making up the five precious minutes they had been in the water. The rain had ceased now and Zip's feet fairly flew over the ground. But it seemed to Pat that they had been hours on the road. She petted, coaxed and begged the pony to go a little faster, until she was hoarse. A little hut by the wayside told her they had made two miles more. Six more still—could he make it?

He was panting now from the hard struggle in the river. But he kept bravely on; "To do or die" his mistress had said, and he would not fail. Three more miles, then another, and another. And the distant lights of the town gleamed against the black sky.

As the swift beat of the pony's hoofs rang out on the night air people rushed to the doors, only to see a flying figure on horseback now far down the street.

Pat headed straight for the drug store where she was sure of finding Dr. Martin, and never slacked speed until she stopped in front of the door. A dozen men, alarmed at the sound, had come out from adjoining stores and now turned to her.

"Is Dr. Martin here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Why, Pat Arden!" exclaimed that gentleman himself, "What has happened? Is—"

"Oh, Doctor," she cried seizing his hand. "Come quick! There's a man at our house dying. One of the Northern hunters. He fell—"

"Tell me about it while I pack my medicine and other things," he said, leading her into his office, where he seated her in his big chair and sent next door for a hot stimulant.

"Child, you are drenched!" exclaimed the doctor, as she finished her story. "Come, I will take you in the machine and drop you at my home where you can be properly cared for until tomorrow."

"No, no! I am going back with you. But oh, my poor little horse! I must go back and have him cared for," and she rose to leave the office, but was restrained by a warning hand.

"I had him looked after when I went out a moment ago, and he is all safe for tonight," explained the doctor.

He could not tell her that the faithful little animal had fallen dead in his tracks as she was hurried into the drug store.

The valley road was fairly good and the doctor's light machine ate up the nineteen miles in scarcely more than twenty minutes.

Pat staggered into the room after the doctor and found King just as she had left him, only paler if possible.

"He has not moved nor even seemed to breathe, since Pat left," said Mr. Arden, as he came forward to meet them.

Dr. Martin made a hurried examination, shook his head and went to work in earnest.

Pat sat breathless and trembling as the skilled hands worked with the shining instruments on the wound. Presently there was a slight movement and a groan escaped the patient. The doctor only worked the faster and after what seemed an eternity to Pat, he straightened up and came across the room.

"It's all right, little girl," he said. "But if you had been five minutes later there would have been no use. There was a bone pressing down on his brain, killing him by inches. No one but a strong man could have lived after such a blow. I will never understand, though, how he managed to ride over here in such a condition. You must have given him a dose of your own nerve. But, here! I think you need a little doctoring yourself." For Pat, on hearing the good news, had tumbled into a little damp, shaking heap among the cushions on the couch.

Without more ado he picked her up and carried her upstairs to her own room, where Mrs. Arden had a warm fire and dry clothing. And in a very short time they had her tucked in a warm bed, eating a hot supper.

It was not until late the next day that Pat learned the fate of the noble pony, and then she would not be consoled. She had bade him win, if he died for it, and he had obeyed like a soldier. His body was brought from town and buried beneath a great oak opposite Pat's window.

Several weeks later a man and maiden stood hand in hand in the shade of the protecting tree and looked down upon the lonely grave. Her eyes were full of unshed tears and there was a tremble in his manly voice as he drew her nearer to him.

"You braved death with him and even sacrificed his life for mine one dark night. I cannot tell you in words how I feel. I can only prove by a lifetime of devotion, how I love you for it. How I have loved you since you first rode out of the mountain side into my life. It was he who first brought you to me. Tonight we leave to go many miles to the North, but every year when the leaves fall we will come back to where our faithful friend is sleeping the long sleep, and whisper our love and gratitude to him.

"Kiss me, little sweetheart, and tell me again you are not sorry to have given him in exchange for me."

And as Pat lifted a tear-stained face to him she whispered. "I can almost hear him giving us his blessing."

TOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT

The recent Gulf storm brings vividly to my mind a story told me by an old friend (a G. F. C. girl of the early fifties) a few years ago, when all hearts were stirred by the terrible disaster at Galveston. Here was the story of a similar tragedy, the destruction of Lost Island, off the coast of Louisiana, in September, 1856.

I wish I could reproduce the story as she told it to me, there in the firelight, her fine old face alight and her voice trembling with the pathos of this tale of the past.

"Oh, my dear, that summer of '56 was a memorable one to us all, beginning so happily with Julia's marriage in G——— and terminating so tragically with my cousin Frances' death in September.

"We were all classmates at G. F. C., and we planned Julia's coming to us in Columbia on her bridal trip, and later we were all to go to Frances' home in Louisiana, and from there to spend a month at Lost Island.

That was a spot not much known to the outer world, a long, low island, only a few feet above the highest sea level, and lying about fifteen miles from the Louisiana mainland. Seen from the shore it looked like a bit of green floating on the sea, but when you drew nearer you saw how lovely it really was. Of forests so deep and dense in the far South there was none, but a few enormous live oaks had grown on the island and these were draped from top to lowest bough with the long grey moss of the latitude. And it was a very Eden of flowers, the orange, lemon, magnolias, and oleander, with the jessamine, saye and yellow niade, the island brilliant with their bloom. When the sun went down and the warm south wind blew in from the sea, the air would be heavy with the flower odors.

"Here, once a year, when the summer days grew long, the country gentry of the South, the courtly Creole sugar planters of Lafouche County and wealthy city men from New Orleans, would bring their families and enjoy the 'dolce far niente' of this charming spot.

"Ah, the dreamy, happy life of that wonderful isle of long ago. You, my dear, can scarcely imagine it. True, it was only a watering place, with only its splendid surf bathing and French cuisine to recommend it, but it had none of the gaudiness of the sea coast resorts of today. It could never have been like your Atlantic City or Long Branch, and to gamblers and the outside world Lost Island was as unattainable as Paradise!

"The people who gathered there were not strangers to each other, for in the South then 'everybody who was anybody,' knew of his social equal even if he was not an acquaintance. And the summer of '56, it was generally conceded there had never been a greater number of representative men and women of the South gathered at any Southern watering place before. Not only was the hotel filled, but the dozen or so cottages, generally known as the 'bachelor's quarters,' were occupied, hence was there seen more of gentle, graceful courtesy to beautiful women. Here might have been Cupid's court. For who could resist the witchery of the perfumed summer nights or the dark-eyed Creole women?

"We reached the island in August when the season was at its height, a smaller party than we had planned, for Julia had written she could not not join us, so it was only my aunt, my cousin Frances, her husband and baby and Mammy Phyllis, the child's nurse. Into all the delights of this charming place I was quickly drawn and never was life more radiant, the hours went by on golden wings, one round of gaieties, and it was with the utmost reluctance I obeyed an imperative summons from home on the morning of September the tenth. The grand ball of the season and the last was to come off on the twelfth and Frances and her husband were anxious to remain, but my aunt decided to accompany me. Our last day there was one of almost unearthly loveliness; at first, the sea was so smooth and translucent as glass, with only a faint gray mist lying along the distant marshes. As the sun rose higher, the sea mist vanished. But such a day it was. Ordinarily the heat is not much greater in Louisiana than New York or Washington, but this day there was such a downpour of solar warmth that the island was almost teeming and the cooling sea breezes, which are so refreshing, did not come. The day grew most uncomfortable and in the air was a stillness as though Nature was watching and waiting. The sunset that evening frightened the timid souls among us. It went down in a blaze. All that night the Dago fishermen heard strange sounds and moans, out at sea, as though some supernatural being was in awful agony.

"The morning of the eleventh dawned clear and beautiful like the previous day. My aunt was nervous and anxious to be gone, begging Frances to come with us, but she laughed at her mother's fears and the last sight we had as we sailed away was of her and baby Marguerite gaily waving a last good-bye to us, though we little dreamed it then.

"Toward night there came up a most terrific thunderstorm. The dwellers on the mainland, the Geche and Lafouche planters had never before seen such lightning. It flashed from the zenith to the eastern and western horizon in great broad green and flame-colored bands, a degree in width, and after each awful crash, that nearly hurt the ear drums, there would be a distinctly sulphurous tinge in the air. Toward morning of the twelfth the thunder and lightning ceased, but the rain continued and the wind grew stronger from the southwest.

"As I have told you there was to be that evening the grandest ball of the season. The band of the French Opera House was there from New Orleans. The ball room was distant from the hotel about twenty yards and was reached by a covered way elevated to the level of both buildings. It was built very near the sea and set upon brick pillars, six feet above the surface of the earth, and surrounded on all sides by wide piazzas.

"The rest of the story we learned from Nurse Phyllis, who you know, with baby Marguerite, were the only survivors of the four hundred and ninety souls on the island on that night. She told us that on that day the sun shone forth for an hour, but it was a dull, orange-hued orb surrounded by a haze, and as night came on the sky was covered by a cloud of deepest blackness and then was a renewal of the vivid lightning, but no thunder. The sea was in such agitation as had never been seen by the oldest inhabitants. Deep phosphorescent fires were seen rising from the waves, and what was most terrible of all there was distinctly audible at intervals in the blackness and gloam an unearthly moan from the depth of the sea. The women were becoming intensely frightened, but no one anticipated any real danger. There had

been great storms before; it was only the beginning of an equinoxial blow.

"The ball room was lighted; there was nothing else to do, but go on with the dance. My cousin came in flushed and nervous, saying:

" 'Quick, Mammy, dress me in my prettiest gown. I am going to the dance and see if I can forget this dreadful storm. Put on all my diamonds tonight; we need all the brightness and glitter possible in this inky blackness.'

" 'I dressed her, my li'l' miss,' said poor Mammy with ashen lips, 'all in white, her shroud,' she shuddered, 'I fastened the dimons round her pretty, white neck, on her soft, round baby arms and put the dimon stars in her soft, black hair and as I stooped to fasten her little satin slippers she put her hand on my shoulder.'

" 'Mammy, I am frightened,' she said, 'I wish I had gone with mamma and Julia.'

"Her husband called her just then, and she sprang gaily to meet him, telling him she was ready. Perhaps the brilliant lights, the soft, sweet music drove away the fears that oppressed her soul, for when a few hours later Mam Phyllis joined the other servants, who were crowded outside the ball room windows, enjoying the brilliant scene within,—Frances was radiant with life and loveliness.

"It was ten o'clock, and the dance was at its height. Outside the storm was raging, the intense blackness was broken by constant flashes of lightning and the phosphorescent blaze of the sea. A terrible wind was blowing, with torrents of slanting rain, which Mammy said, 'was warm as new-drawn blood.'

"The band was playing one of Gottschalk's sweetest, dreamy waltzes (you know he was a Louisianaian, my dear) 'Creole Bells.' When Mammy heard Frances scream she looked.

" 'Li'l' Miss' white satin shoe was wet, the water was coming up through de flo'.'

"There was a mad rush for the door. Mammy terrified, for baby Marguerite had been left asleep, darted across the cov-

ered way to the hotel just as a tremendous wave from the raging sea carried it away. Mothers had left their little children asleep in the other houses, and now this boiling flood rolled between. Of the horrors that followed no living tongue could tell.

"About midnight a strange sea moan that became a wail grew nearer and louder until it became a wail like ten thousand Niagaras. It was a tidal wave, one thousand miles long, ten miles wide and sixty feet high! And as it rolled resistless, hotel, ball room, all—all was swallowed up in the pitiless sea. Men, women, and children were parted never again to meet until that final day 'When the sea shall give up its dead.'

"Mammy Phyllis, in some way, had strapped little Marguerite securely to a heavy billiard table, which floated, and she was picked up on the Lafouche shore forty-eight hours after. Mammy Phyllis herself, who was a giant negress, had blindly caught to a door that was floating by and so was carried into the mainland, where after seven days she found her way to us with the tragic tale. Frances' body was found later and identified by her magnificent diamonds, which she had worn to that last fatal ball on Lost Island. Think of the ghostliness of it! Her hubsand's body was never recovered, and we with many another household all through the Southland 'went softly' for many a sad day."

* * * *

The firelight flashed up and showed the old face white and drawn, the dark eyes shadowed with the memories of the past.

Editorial

FRANK ROBBINS . . . . . Chief Editor
MAUDE UPCHURCH . . . . . Assistant Editor

Possibly the greatest feat ever accomplished in engineering is the recent completion of the series of tunnels through the Andes. This enables travelers to go directly across South America from Buenos Aires to Valparaiso. Formerly all travelers were forced to make this trip by a rough sea voyage. The work on the tunnels has been going on for many years and was twice given up in despair. It is announced that trains will be running in the early summer. These tunnels have an aggregate length of about eleven miles and the highest station along the way is about ten thousand, five hundred feet above sea level. The total cost of the work is about twelve million dollars.

* * * *

After seventy-six years of wandering, Halley's, the most famous of all comets, is returning to us. No wonder it will be watched. A comet with such a history as this one would be watched if it were not large and grand. Edmund Halley, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and one of the greatest astronomers of the world, in 1682 made the bold statement that in 1758 or 1759, this same comet would return. He examined the records of twenty-four and finding the paths of three were strikingly similar and that intervals between the advents of these three were approximately the same, seventy-five years. He readily guessed them to be the same. Its first recorded appearance was before the Christian era. Many believe that the star of Bethlehem was none other than Halley's comet and that, even one thousand years before the birth of Christ, it appeared as the "flaming sword" to David.

About 70 A. D. it presaged the destruction of Jerusalem. Its portrait, as it appeared in 684 A. D., has been preserved. In 1066 it piloted William the Conqueror into England, being the comet of the Bayeux tapestry. In 1456 it, with the Turks, invaded Europe. In 1682 Halley gave the wanderer a name. Did he not deserve world-wide fame in that he risked his name and fame as a scientist when he predicted the return of the comet in seventy-six years. The opportunity of seeing this wonderful visitor is indeed rare. Each occasion of its coming finds a new world to greet it, for its span of seventy-six years is the span of a human life. Practically speaking the world that once sees Halley's comet like Halley himself never lives to see it again. When it shall return near the close of the twentieth century not many who behold it in 1910 shall see it then.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

RUTH COLETRANE
HELEN SPARGER } . . . . . Editors

The social committee of the Y. W. C. A. gave a delightful "Children's Party" one Saturday evening in February Many and varied were the notes written by the little boys to their "erstwhile sweethearts," and by eight o'clock the college chapel was filled to overflowing with children of all sizes, from the baby to the big boy. Children's games of all kinds were indulged in, among the most popular of which were: "We're marching round the love ring," "Drop the handkerchief," and "King William was King George's son." After the children were tired with romping, "delightful refreshments" consisting in animal crackers, peanuts and striped stick candy were served. They then bade their hostesses, the social committee, good night, and each girl went to her room pronouncing the affair the "most fun" of anything that had happened the whole year in the social life.

* * * *

The systematic giving this year has been quite a success. Our missionary money this term goes to the Young J. Allen Memorial School in China, and we are raising our pledge of $100.00 by systematic giving. On the 1st of March we sent off $70.00 of our pledge, and we hope to have the remaining $30.00 in by commencement.

On last Saturday afternoon and evening the History Room was converted into an ice cream parlor by the Missionary Committee. Tables, chairs, flowers and rugs changed the entire appearance of the room, and it really looked its part. As is always the case, college girls could not resist ice cream, so the venture proved quite a success. The money

raised goes to the Asheville delegation fund of the committee. Several other committees have adopted the plan of having one of their own committee at the Asheville Conference, and plans are being made for securing the funds for sending a representative of their own.

* * * *

It is nearly time for the election of officers again, and as the time draws nearer the old cabinet in looking over the past year's work realize how many things might have been done that were left undone. But there is always the comforting thought that the new cabinet can profit by the mistakes of the old one, and we are looking forward to the new year with great expectations and hopes, knowing that if the new officers will take for their watchword the verse: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" nothing is impossible.

* * * *

February the twenty-seventh was the Y. W. C. A. universal day of prayer. How close it draws us to the whole world to have a special day set apart, when we know that so many, many associations all over the world are praying for us and for the same things which we are.

Miss Dozier led our night meeting, and as usual she made the meeting very impressive and instructive, and made us realize more fully the great worth of prayer.

Round Table

ALICE BLANCHARD
CLARA STAHL } . . . . . Editors

The new year has opened with a great abundance of publications of various kinds, but the reader and critic will find a dearth of good fiction. There are numberless books on an infinite number of subjects; books on travel and history, service and biography, and many of them are exceedingly interesting and instructive, but even the few novels of the season are not of first rank.

* * * *

Perhaps the book which will rank first in interest to the public at large is Henry Van Dyke's very latest publication, "The Spirit of America." The book is barely off the press, but an eager public has been demanding it since its very first announcement. The publication of the book has been unavoidably delayed, and many calls for it, even before it could be published, bear witness to the esteem and admiration with which the gifted author is everywhere regarded. Dr. Van Dyke's usual wide experience and real sympathy characterize this discussion of our national life. The book is based on the Sorbonne lectures, and all the announcements have given the right to expect an interpretation of the ideals and elements in our present development as a nation, and the things to which we must look for its continuance.

* * * *

"The Danger Mark" is the latest production of Robert W. Chambers, and we find it inferior to his preceding works in strength and power. As is usual in his books, there are plenty of scandals, and almost every character has some im-

moral tendency. In the case of the heroine we find an inherited liking for intoxicants, against which she struggles weakly, but often gets into difficulties of various kinds. Another characteristic which the book has in common with previous works of the author is its house-party setting which gives ample occasion for the gossip and scandal in which the story abounds. The book may be regarded as a true representation of high society life, though in that respect it can hardly rank as an equal with other works of the author. Many readers, however, may refuse to see it as a true picture of the life it represents, but see only the vices and objectionable tendencies of the characters as judged by standards outside of the set represented.

* * * *

Thomas A. Janvier, a member of the Folk-lore Society of London, has given us a very interesting work, only semi-fiction, however, in "Legends of the City of Mexico." The book is composed of real folk-lore tales grown out of some strange occurrences, which have been added to and developed through years of telling until they have become stories of real human interest. The author has spent years in collecting them, and they are retold with a real sympathy and skill which makes them charming and fascinating to everyone, and lovers of mysteries and old tales in particular.

* * * *

We find a good wholesome book and also a charming love story in "The Rosary," by Mrs. Florence L. Barclay, a sister of Mrs. Ballington Booth. The authoress has had a wide and varied experience in life as daughter and wife of well-known clergymen, as an explorer in Palestine, and as a lecturer on Chautauqua platforms. Her book is as fresh and rare as can be, and must please almost every reader. "The Rosary" is not a tale of exciting adventures, but the story of a true, pure love, enduring alike through sunshine and shadows. She has written this refreshing story with the highest feeling and art, and one must feel that through it she has really done something worth while for mankind.

A new book full to the brim of real fun is "Farming It," by Judge Shute, the author of "The Real Diary of a Real Boy." It is hailed everywhere as a real addition to the humor of our country, and is packed with episodes and experiences each funnier than the preceding one. It is also full of keen observations and action, and is written in a style very vivid and attractive.

* * * *

Among the recent publications is another detective story by Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," etc. "The House of the Whispering Pines" is the best of the author's productions, and of exceeding interest, if one cares for detective stories. And even should one not delight in solving stories of crime he must be fascinated by the peculiar situations set forth, and then worked out step by step, winding and twisting to an end he could never even have imagined. Picture the material for complications in the opening of the book. A man at midnight enters a house believed to be deserted, and sees a young girl leave the old house. He then finds the girl's sister, his own fiancee, dead upstairs, and as he bends over the body, the police come in and he is arrested. One's interest is not likely to abate until every kink is straightened.

* * * *

A new book of solid worth is Albert Bernhardt Faust's "The German Element in America." The book is to all readers a revelation of the real benefit the German immigrants have been to America. The author enthusiastically shows the good the German element has been to our country in war and in peace and in every branch of thought and action. The book deals with real facts, but is withal so interesting as to read almost like a novel.

* * * *

Other new books are: "The Song of Songs," by Hermann Sudermann; "The Biography of a Boy," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "The Kingdom of Slender Swords," by Hallie Erminie Rives; "Little Brother O' Dreams," by Elaine Goodale Eastman; Eliza Orne White's "John Forsythe's Aunts."

Local Department

JULIA CRUTCHFIELD
SUSIE STOKES } . . . . . Editors

That the "Father of our Country" was ever born, grows continually as a source of delight to this student body, especially when his birthday conflicts with a day when we are supposed to be continuing our regular school duties. Other activities are so much more enthusiastically participated in, despite the fact that we have the consolation of the knowledge that every lesson on the following Tuesday will be written.

Winnie: "G. F. Maiden, you talk so very, very much."
Helen: "What does G. F. stand for?"

A great many of the girls spent the twenty-second away from the College, making some feel "sorter left"—but we had our own cherry tree.

Miss Clarke, on hearing a great commotion which was occasioned by the entrance in the main hall of Annie Laurie singing at the top of her voice, asked, "Is that Math. going on up stairs.?"

Frank: "Mary, did you know what 'annotate' meant this morning in Latin?"
Mary: "No, who is she?"

Lucile: "I certainly am growing dense."
Maud: "What are they?"

We are very sorry that Miss Ethel Delaney was compelled to discontinue her school work on account of ill health. It is sincerely hoped that she may soon entirely recover.

Miss Clarke: "What is money needed for in this instance?"

Byrde: "Why, it's needed for the spectators (speculators), of course."

If an *S* and an *I* and an *O* and a *U*
With an *X* at the end spell Su;
And an *E* and a *Y* and an *E* spell *I*
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then also, if an *S* and an *I* and a *G*
And *H-E-D* spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go commit Sioux-eye-sighed. —Selected.

Flossie: "What do you reckon? Somebody in class today didn't know what century George Washington lived in."

Byrde: (surprised) "It seems like any one would know that by knowing when he discovered America."

Ruth, on seeing Miss Pegram place a figure on the board, different in some respects from the one in the book, immediately exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Pegram, I never can prove them when you get them *wrong* like that."

Etta: "Eula, did you get any mail?"

Eula: "Yes, a letter from mamma, and also one from Theodore Presser."

Etta: "Who is he, one of the new Southbound men at home?"

(Ladies Must Not Read.)

If there's anything worries a woman,
It is something she ought not to know,
But you bet she will find it out somehow,
If she gets the least kind of a show.

Now we'll wager ten cents to a farthing
This poem she's already read;
We know she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—Selected.

Alumnae Department

BYRDE DAILEY
ANNIE EDWARDS } . . . . . Editors

Miss Laura Thomas is at her home in Beaufort, N. C.

Miss Bessie McDearmen is teaching in Rocky Mount, N. C.

Miss Lizzie Smith, of Ramseur, N. C., is teaching music at her home.

Miss Sarah Gibson, of Gibson, N. C., visited in the College last week.

Miss Ella Transou, of '03, is at her home at Laurel Springs, N. C.

Miss Helen Russell is teaching in the graded school at Beaufort, N. C.

Mrs. Will Avera, nee Miss Carrie Barbour, is living near Smithfield, N. C.

Mrs. Edwin Lytch, nee Miss Mary Gibson, is living in Laurinburg, N. C.

Miss Edith Perry, of Wilkesboro, N. C., is teaching music at her home.

Mrs. Edgar Smith, formerly Miss Emma Arrington, is living in Rocky Mount, N. C.

Mrs. Eugene Harris, formerly Miss Lura Gibson, of 1910, is living at Bryson City, N. C.

Miss Ada Taylor, of LaGrange, N. C., was married December 29, 1909, to Mr. John T. Pope, and is now living in Durham, N. C.

Miss Lollie May Duncan is married, and is now living in Charleston, S. C.

We are sorry to know that Miss Eula Ormond is still quite ill at her home in Goldsboro, N. C.

Miss Elizabeth Tomlinson, of Troy, N. C., is visiting Miss Lucile Waddell, in Carthage, N. C.

Miss Sunie Belle Jones spent the month of February in Florida and is now at her home in Beaufort, N. C.

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Y. W. C. A. Notes

RUTH COLTRANE
HELEN SPARGER

Alumnae Department

BYRDE DAILEY
ANNIE EDWARDS

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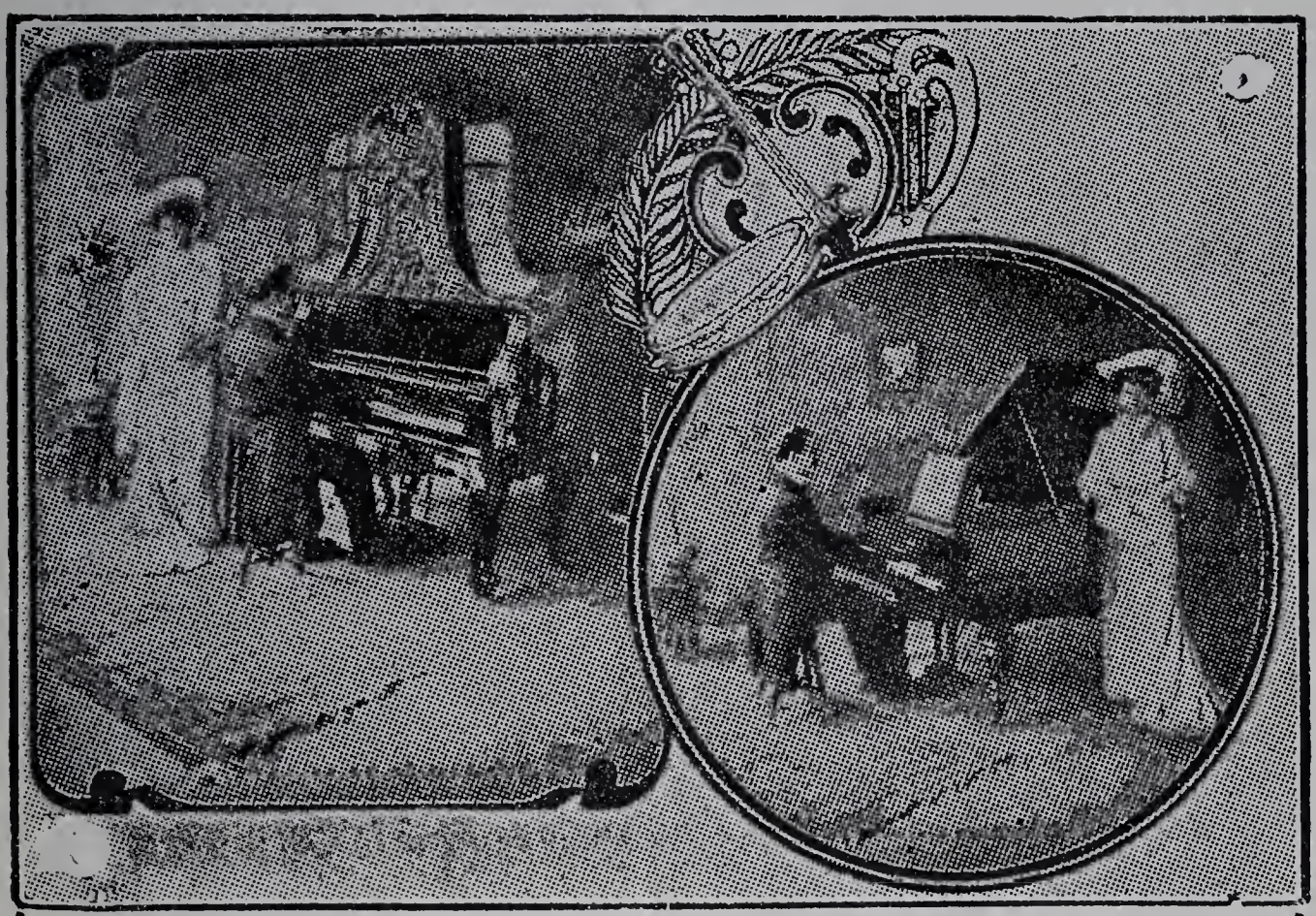

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MISS JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE

The College Message

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

The message will be published about the first of November and December, and the first of February, March, April and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion..

MARY BROOME, Business Manager.

JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE

Jennie Thornley Clarke was born on the banks of the James River, where her ancestors settled in earliest Colonial days, but she has spent a large part of her life in Georgia. Her father was a poet when the law left him time to court the muse, but he died in early manhood. Brought up in a library, and carefully taught by her mother, she was twice graduated with the highest honors; first by a female college in Georgia, and afterwards by the University of Nashville. Immediately elected to the Chair of Latin in the State Industrial College, in Mississippi, she remained there until called to the same chair in the Georgia Normal and Industrial College, at Milledgeville. In 1899, she left her work there on account of temporary ill health. She wrote for many periodicals, chiefly educational. In 1905, however, she returned to her beloved profession of teaching and last year was called to the Chair of History in Greensboro Female College.

Her extraordinary memory seems to contain a whole library, and every line of Virgil or Horace recalls to her a wealth of illustrations from ancient and modern English

poets. This exceptional acquaintance with poetry, joined to her ability and experience as a critic, made her singularly fit for the task that she undertook and completed a few years ago, that of collecting in a volume the gems of Southern poetry, issued under the title of "Songs of the South." It is a collection most creditable to her taste and judgment, and has been warmly welcomed by every lover of true poetry, especially by everyone interested in the poetic development of our dear Southland. The book's intrinsic literary merit, its contents representing the body and soul of the poesy of the South, gives it a permanent value, and to her, the patriotic and judicious compiler, a right to a place among those who have rendered their generation and their country service that demands abiding appreciation. Two editions have been published and a third is in preparation.

DEEP

JENNIE THORNLEY CLARKE.

Dear love, here's a lakelet that lies in the valley,
  With crystalline surface, so calm and so clear,
Come scan the bright mirror, and count for my pleasure,
  How many a picture you find painted here.
Here you are, and myself—I am glad I am with you,
  Both here on the terrace and there at our feet—
Here's all the green background of orchard and forest,
  And the line where the boughs and the bright heavens meet.

Do you see the gray cliff and the wild rose above it?
  The red columbine bending over the brink?
Beyond it the rough road creeps down to the margin
  Where the dull, heavy cattle come slowly to drink.
For the lake mirrors all—the rocks and the roses—
  It shines for the many and not for the one;
So broad and so shallow, no cool depths in shadow.
  I am tired of its smiling, I wish it were done!

Come, follow me, love, for the lake will not miss you,
  It is painting another, e'en now, in your place.
I know a still pool that not many have witnessed,
  That will picture more truly and fondly your face.
Not many have found it, and some have forgotten,
  The pathway that leads to the dark, silent well—
But I know that far down in its depths there is treasure,
  That never a ripple above it will tell.

Contracted, you say? Yes, narrow, I grant you,
  But think of the depth, not the surface so small;
'Tis so hidden away that not many will seek it,
  And those few will find it sufficient for all.
So deep, that the stars there at noonday are shining;
  So quiet, it never a secret will tell,
And holding one sweet face, there mirrowed forever—
  That face, love, is yours, and my heart is that well.

THE SWAMP FOX

BYRDE DAILEY.

Although our American Revolutionary soldier was not born in North Carolina, we can rightly call him a North Carolinian, since his bravery has meant so much to our State. Marion's course that he pursued in private life, his conduct in his personal concerns, and in his social relations were such as fitted him for the eminent part he was afterward destined to take in the affairs of his country. From his early life, Marion never neglected his advantage and opportunities for improvement, and the motto he constantly used was, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

When the twelve hundred Carolinians were mustered into service, Marion was made lieutenant. In this perilous but honorable service he justified the high opinion which had been entertained of his courage and skill, and narrowly escaped with the life which was reserved for those important

services to his country which fill so bright a page in her history. In the beginning of Marion's Revolutionary career, we have no fear for him. His field of duties become much more wide and difficult, but he seems to come forward to the discharge of them with the familiarity and alertness of one who is born a soldier. His men loved him because of his patience. He enjoyed fully their confidence, shared in their privations and braved more than his share of their dangers.

After the fall of Charleston, many concealed their sentiments or held their peace, not daring openly to acknowledge their friendship for their country, but where was Marion? He had been injured, but his iron constitution did not fail. and as soon as he could mount a horse he prepared for active service. Can't we see why Marion wore the silver crescent across his breast, inscribed with the words, "Liberty or Death?" When his home, Charleston, was captured in 1780, the dark hour that tries a man's soul had, indeed, come, but with renewed energy, Marion came into our State. At this dark point in the Revolutionary War, when the loss of brave and courageous soldiers at the north and the annihilation of the continental battalion robbed the State of thousands of her choicest spirits, there were some who did not falter and in that number was our hero. The resolution of the North Carolina patriots never wavered, and their courage rose higher and higher under the calamities that had befallen them. No matter how deplorable and distressing the situation was, Marion bravely met it. There was an air of mysterious daring in what he undertook and a bristle of hearty enterprise about his movements, which gave a charm to the life his followers led. He never needlessly or carelessly led them into danger and never forced their inclinations. As a result of this, they were ready to "follow him blind."

When Governor Rutledge told Marion that he was to have the title "General," the hero only smiled. While he kept his foothold, shifting from swamp to swamp, and from thicket to thicket, he had done it independently of the American government, as well as in spite of the British. But he was too good a soldier and understood human nature too well not

to know there is strength in a name. He found in his after experience that the militia came out even more readily to serve under General Marion than they did before he held that title.

How terrible is war! The sight of one violent death in time of peace would mar the comfort of all who beheld it. Marion's men, accustomed to distress and danger by their profession and necessarily indifferent to human suffering, removed the dead aside, took the best care they could of the comfort of the wounded, for his command included no surgeon, reloaded their guns and set the sentinels.

An enemy of the "Swamp Fox" once sent him a flag, by which he begged him to come out and fight like a Christian. "Why," he said, "you must command a horde of savages who delight in nothing but murder. I can't cross a swamp or a bridge but I am waylaid and shot at, like a mad dog." Marion's answer to the enemy was very gentle. One day while Marion was attending a dinner, given to the officers of both armies, he was horror-stricken by the intelligence that some of the Americans were hanging Tory prisoners. He snatched his sword and left the table and rushed to the scene. He put a stop to this horrid barbarity, threatening to kill the next man who attempted it and placed a strong guard over the Tory prisoners for their protection.

In 1781, it seemed that the Americans had the British well under control. Yet, in all the state of apparent prosperity, the Americans were in no condition to cope with the enemy. The regiments were thin, the active character of the American volunteers not sympathizing with the duties of an army of observation. The British forces began to increase by the arrival of reinforcements from abroad and from other points in America. Marion held one of the advanced posts, and the British general paid an expressive tribute to the character of his generalship, and the importance of his presence. He met with many difficulties in checking the pursuits of the British, but his bravery overcame all of them.

When the call for troops came, the bold, young spirits of the day hailed the epoch as a break in the monotony of a long

peace. Not so, however, with the "Swamp Fox." No crusader, whose exploits have been the theme of minstrel and troubadour, ever carried to the holy wars a heart more single than his, no life was more impressed with solemnity by a sleepless fixedness of purpose. From that swamp fastness, the hero sent out and led expeditions which for many weeks accomplished marvelous results. It was an allusion to the movements made by the "Swamp Fox" that Bryant wrote, in his "Song of Marion's Men:"

Woe to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
Then waking to their tents on fire
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror drew
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Well know the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
  Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
  That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
  A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
  Before the peep of day.

Great as Marion was a soldier, he was equally great as a man; no contemporary, not even Washington, was more lovable. Covered with official honors and in the entire enjoyment

of the love and respect of his fellow-citizens, our "Swamp Fox" died peacefully with the consciousness upon his mind that he had never intentionally wronged a human being.

UNIVERSAL PEACE

ETTA CUTCHIN.

The dream of philanthropists, the prediction of prophets, and the hope of the Christian is universal peace. When the world was formed out of nothing, when the earth was assembled out of chaos, when man was created and placed upon it at the dawn of creation, in the morn when the stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted at the creation of a new born world, there was peace, there was peace in Heaven, in Eden and on earth. There was universal peace.

Ever since Adam sinned, Eden was desolated and the flaming sword of God's angel flashed over Eden's gates; and man sent into the world to live by the sweat of his brow, peace has flown and sin has reigned.

On all God's beautiful earth every spot is polluted by the hideous footprints of sin. On land or sea, from pole to pole, there is not a breeze that is not heavy laden and sick with its poisonous breath—and black with countless millions of horrors, and red with oceans of gore.

Where has it not gone? Who has escaped it? It crept into Heaven and inhabited hell, into Eden and destroyed Paradise, into the heart of man's first born and made him a murderer; it hurried the antediluvial's world in the waters of God's wrath, it destroyed the Egyptians in the plagues of Egypt, and the waters of the Red Sea, it wasted Hebrews in the desert, demolished the glorious temple of Solomon, crucified the Son of Peace on Calvary, and challenged God to stay its foul brood of ignorance, poverty, lust, robbery and murder; of war, pestilence, famine, disease, and death.

It has poured out blood enough to fill all the ocean reservoirs and float all the navies of the world. It has wrung from anguished eyes, tears enough to feed all the rivers, lakes,

gulfs, and seas in the universe. It has extorted every groan and sigh and wailing cry that ever went up to the ear of pitying omniscience since mortal wretchedness began.

It made the sun cover its face in horror, and darken the earth,—the rocks rend in a groan that wakened the dead; it placed popery in the throne of Christendom, brought the dark ages on the world with all its crimes and devilish deeds.

What has it not done? What is it not doing? Who is not sensible of its blighting touch? Is it then any wonder? Are you surprised that the world wants peace? Aye, is it not a greater surprise and astonishment that we all are not doing something to hasten on universal peace?

In 1885, there was no interparliamentary union. Up to that time members of even two national parliaments had never assembled together. Mr. Cremer, a member of English Parliament, was the founder of the great interparliamentary union. He has worked and prayed that this movement might be a final success. The saying is: "Where there is a will there is a way." Cremer had the will power and the way was open to him.

On October 31st, 1887, Cremer appeared at Washington and presented this document to the president of the United States. The matter was not then settled, but Cleveland promised to take it into consideration, and felt safe in saying that the people would accept it.

Exactly one year from the day on which Mr. Cremer was received by Grover Cleveland, he and eight other members of the British Parliament were received at the Grand Hotel, Paris, by twenty-five members of the French Parliament, to discuss a treaty of arbitration between England, France and the United States.

The thirty-four members of two parliaments assembled in that memorable occasion decided that a second meeting should be called for a day during the Paris Exposition (1889), and that members of other parliaments should be invited to attend. On the day appointed, June 29th, about one hundred members of various parliaments appeared, not only France and England being represented, but also Belgium, Hungary, Italy, Norway and the United States.

The vital act of that assembly was to hold periodical conferences. It gave birth to the Interparliamentary Union; that union, in the conference of 1895, begot the Hague Court as its first born, and is to bring forth an International Congress, as its second child. This the union is looking forward to with great interest. Let us see to what step the union has reached.

In 1899, the war of Russia called a world's peace congress to convene. Mr. Carnegie gave the money to erect a monumental hall for its gathering. Resolutions of St. Louis adopted by the twelfth Interparliamentary Conference, called for a second conference at The Hague, to consider the strengthening of the Hague court, and the establishment of a permanent International Congress, September 13th, 1904.

In 1905, commissions were appointed by the thirteenth Interparliamentary Conference (Brussels) to carefully consider the basis for a permanent International Congress, and a general treaty of arbitration. At the meeting of the fourteenth Interparliamentary Conference (London), resolutions were passed in favor of converting second Hague Conference into a permanent body. On the 14th day of June, 1907, the second Hague Conference met in the Hall of the Knight. It was the first time in the annals of history that all the governments of the earth had assembled together.

The field occupied in 1899 has been enlarged in 1907, and in spite of all that has occurred, enlarged with glory. As the first conference made this second necessary, so this one renders inevitable the convening of the third, which has been prophesied to meet in 1915, when the union expects to give birth to its second child, "The International Congress."

See! what the peacemakers are doing to establish peace, and yet the world goes on in strife and bloodshed. Do we want peace? really and truly? Are we in earnest? Surely, we pray for peace,—we earnestly want to do our part, and we know the peacemakers, and say amen to every peace convention, and hope the day star of peace will soon shed its light from east to west, and pole to pole, and every nation with one acclaim will hail universal peace.

THE CALL OF THE VIOLIN

A man was wearily and slowly plodding down the road of a small German village. At short intervals he stopped to rest and then with forced energy bestirred himself and started again. His face was emaciated as if from a long illness, and his appearance showed that he had been traveling for some time, and on foot. It was now growing dusk, and the farmers were returning from the fields to their homes. Some of them looked curiously at the man as they passed him and one asked him where he was going. He replied that he had been traveling for some time and was now looking for a place to spend the night. The farmer hesitated, then answered slowly, "I think I can take you to my home tonight if plain food will satisfy you."

The tired man gratefully accepted the invitation and the two walked side by side down the road. Soon they turned to the right and entered a small cottage. They were met at the door by the farmer's wife, to whom the stranger's need was explained. She hospitably welcomed him and asked the two to take places at the table where she had just set the evening meal.

"Where is Franz, has he not returned?" asked the farmer.

"He is out with his playmates. I will have to punish him this time for not coming home sooner."

Just at this moment the door opened, and in bounded a small boy about nine years of age.

"Come, take your place at the table, son, I fear I must punish you this time."

The boy's face turned crimson, at being reproved before the guest, and ate but little of the food placed before him.

Soon the meal was finished and all seated themselves around the fire. The stranger told these simple German people that he was traveling for his health, and was a professor of music in one of the universities. Silence followed, while the family gazed at the Musician in wonder.

"What do you carry in this funny box?" said Franz, at length, pointing to an oblong box, which the Musician had

placed in one corner of the room. Franz' mother looked at him and shook her head, but the Musician only smiled.

"Why, that's my violin. Do you wish to see it?"

Without waiting for reply the Musician took the violin from the case and allowed Franz to examine it.

"Have you ever been to Liepzig?" Franz asked the Musician. "Mother has, and she told me all about hearing the men play the violins there. Is your's like the ones they play?"

"Yes, I live in Liepzig," said the Musician, "and I suppose my violin is similar to the ones your mother saw."

"I am going there some day," said Franz.

"Why, how do you know?" the Musician replied.

"Because I know I will if I keep on wanting to as much as I want to now, for mother has told me often that 'where there's a will, there's a way.' I would like to be one of the men who play the violins."

At Franz' eager words a look of alarm passed between his parents, which the Musician did not fail to observe.

"Do not bother your head with things so far off in the future. If you obey me as you should perhaps I will take you some day,—for instance, you should have come home earlier this evening," said Franz' mother.

"I will tomorrow," answered the child penitently.

There was a long silence, broken only by the roaring fire. On the other side of the hearth, facing Franz, sat his father, a tall, heavily built man. His face was typical of his race, in that it showed the strength of purpose and determination of the Germans. From him Franz got the straight line from ear to chin, which betokens or predicts success in any one who has it. This, the Musician, who was something of a physiognomist, observed. He noticed also the slender hands and emotional face of the boy, whose conversation had already interested him. He had not observed, however, that while he was studying Franz, Franz was also studying him. The Musician's face somehow made Franz feel sad. He did not understand it himself, but instinctively he drew his chair nearer the silent man and put his small hand in the large

one of the Musician. The older man felt the child's unconscious sympathy, and, wishing to please him took up his violin and played a joyful little song. Franz thought the music seemed to leap and dance with the roaring fire. Then the Musician drifted into a dreamy, wierd old folk song.

The expression on the boy's face surprised and delighted the Musician. As he gazed into it, and played, he felt in some vague way that the child understood the music better than he did. As the man played on and on, all forgot the flight of time. The practical farmer first broke the spell and suggested that all of them should be asleep.

The days passed by and still the Musician did not leave He seemed to be fascinated by the little German village and its quaint inhabitants. He was rapidly regaining his health in the pure country air and he and Franz were becoming better friends every day.

One evening, when every one but Franz was away from the cottage, the boy was overcome with a desire to take the violin into his own hands.

About half an hour later the Musician, having just returned from a walk, entered the cottage and heard the folk song which he had played to Franz the first night he spent in the cottage. He stepped softly to the door of his room and listened. At first the music was played timidly but then grew stronger and stronger and more beautiful until the man listening at the door could hardly breath for his emotion. At last it was finished and he entered the room. He bowed to the boy as he would to a superior, for then he knew Franz was his superior.

That evening the Musician told the boy's parents of what he had heard and of what he believed Franz to be capable of. He asked them to allow him to give the child music lessons This request they firmly refused to grant, because they considered music impracticable for their son to take up as a profession. Franz' friend sorrowfully told him of his failure, and the boy's disappointment was great.

Franz grew more listless every day and would eat nothing whatever, despite the remonstrances of both parents and

friend. Soon he fell ill. In his delirium he talked of nothing else but his disappointment, although when he was well he had said nothing of it. The Musician, realizing how tightly the desire of taking music lessons had wrapped itself around the child's heart, told the parents that their son could not get well unless they consented to the lessons. There was no other course open to them and at length they gave their consent. The Musician broke the good news to the child and Franz from that day rapidly grew better.

The music lessons began and as Franz' teacher expected, his pupil made rapid progress.

By this time, however, some months had elapsed and since the Musician had become entirely well, it was necessary that he should go back to his work. He sorrowfully told his little pupil good-bye and left for the university. Franz was left alone and heartbroken.

One evening Franz father came home bringing a box for his son. It was opened and they found that it contained a violin from the Musician!

Franz was consoled.

* * * *

The large auditorium of the Liepzig University was filling rapidly. A young musician, who had just graduated with the highest honors, was going to play in public for the first time. Everybody was interested in his success and it was even whispered that the Emperor of Germany himself was coming to hear this remarkable young man play.

"Every seat in the building is taken," the manager exultantly remarked to a tall young man standing by his side. But this young man did not hear; he was thinking of a certain old friend of his and was wondering whether he had come. Then an awful fear of having stage fright came over him and he sat down weakly, burying his face in his hands. "Come, now, Franz, it is too late for anything like that," remarked the older man.

"Brace up," he added, slapping the other on the shoulder.

Franz immediately straightened up. The thought of how disappointed his friend, the old Musician, would be if he

failed, gave him fresh courage. In silence he and the manager waited for the summons to the stage.

Finally, after what seemed ages to Franz, it came, and he walked bravely out. It seemd to him as if the universe itself had come to a standstill and that he was alone, facing the whole world. Just at this moment he caught sight of the Musician. his dear old teacher! He forgot the mass of faces before him; he remembered only that he must not disappoint the old Musician.

So he lifted his violin and began. Franz did not realize that he was breaking the hearts of all his listeners—such sad and tender music had never been heard before in that auditorium,—but he thought he was just telling his friend in a very simple and inadequate way of his love for him and his gratitude for the part he had played in his life. Franz was also telling of his happy childhood in the little German village, of his leaving home and entering the university, of all the hardships and disappointments he had endured, of the happier moments he had spent with his friend,—but no one except the old Musician fully understood.

Then Franz changed the strain of his music. He put into it his ambitions and his purpose to overcome the difficulties in his way. He told the listening old man of his fear of the big world, but that he was going to conquer it for his sake.

The concert was over. Flowers were sent up to the now famous musician. The Emperor of Germany commanded him to come to the royal box, but Franz paid no attention to anything now except a gray, wrinkled little man who for very joy in his pupil's success was sobbing in his arms.

Editorial

FRANK ROBBINS . . . . . Chief Editor
MAUDE UPCHURCH . . . . . Assistant Editor

Among all the arguments and controversy that surround the subject of woman suffrage, one fact is generally admitted. Whenever woman says plainly that she wishes the ballot, she will get it. Nothing reasonable—and not much that is unreasonable—can be withheld from her when she really begins to use her persuasive powers. No part of the country is likely to get equal suffrage without asking distinctly for it, collectively as well as individually. In order to get the opinion of the New York women in this matter, a senator of that State has proposed that a special election be held next autumn, the voters being women only. One disadvantage of this plan is, that it is opposed by equal suffragists themselves, who say that the unwillingness of some women to vote is no reason for withholding the franchise from those who wish it.

There is something in the idea, however. It is a question that in the end must be settled by women themselves. Why not let them settle it? It will be excellent practice for them. Moreover, every one will take an interest in the result. No one knows exactly how women stand on this subject. The trial of it will illuminate a much debated subject.

* * * *

The very recent Tuberculosis Convention, held in Greensboro, was the means of gaining much needed and valuable information in regard to this terrible disease. Leading physicians from North Carolina and other States attended this convention. The speeches delivered were excellent and the exhibition was very interesting. It was brought out at these

meetings the huge per cent. of deaths that result from tuberculosis, and the startling announcement was made that one person is dying of consumption every three minutes in the United States alone. There is a world-wide fight on to prevent this disease, and if all the principles are observed, it may be exterminated in a few years. This convention has brought home to us the vast importance of the movement and too much cannot be said in its favor.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

RUTH COLETRANE
HELEN SPARGER } . . . . . Editors

On Sunday evening, March 12th, the annual election of officers was held. The service was led by the president, Miss Byrde Dailey, who called upon Mrs. Robertson to open the meeting with a prayer, after which she, as chairman of the nominating committee, was called upon to nominate the officers for the coming year. The following officers were elected: Julia Crutchfield, President; Linnie Mann, Vice-President; Willie Griffin, Treasurer; Ruth Coltrane, Recording Secretary; and Alice Blanchard, Corresponding Secretary.

Just after the election "Jesus Saviour Pilot Me" was sung, the beautiful sentiment of which came as a direct source of inspiration to those upon whom "the mantel had fallen."

The former president, Miss Byrde Dailey, then made a very impressive talk, leaving the work in the hands of the new cabinet, and impressing upon them the responsibility of their new calling, and the privilege it was to have a share in the Master's business. Her talk was much appreciated by those who have seen her teaching so beautifully exemplified by her life,—and it has been through her untiring and faithful service, assisted by the cabinet, that the Y. W. C. A. largely owes its success in the accomplishment of its work in our college home.

After her talk the former officers vacated their seats and the new officers came forward to occupy them. The new president, Miss Julia Crutchfield, then made a short talk, accepting the office, and then, after offering up an earnest prayer for the new officers, and committing themselves and their work into God's hands, the meeting closed.

We feel that no mistake has been made in the selection of the new officers, and we are confident that, by casting them-

selves upon Him who is all sufficient, the work for the coming year will be a greater success than ever before.

* * * *

We are glad to note that Mr. E. K. McLarty, our chaplain, will conduct a series of meetings in the college beginning the week after Easter. We know from experience how helpful and inspiring his meetings are and we are looking forward to a great spiritual uplift.

* * * *

Mrs. St. John, a representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, will pay us a visit on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of this month. We are looking forward to her visit with a great deal of pleasure, and are sure that it will be attended with much good to our association.

* * * *

A few Sunday nights ago, our prayer meeting was led by Miss Clarke. Her subject was the twenty-third psalm. She read to us a little pamphlet called, "The Song of Our Syrian Guest." It is a book which would make this, although very familiar psalm, even more precious to us, for it shows how fully the psalm corresponds, in every phase, to the beautiful, though simple, life of the shepherd and his sheep. I shall not try to give you even an outline of the whole pamphlet, for it would take too long, but for fear that you have felt that in some way the last part didn't seem to just fit in with a shepherd's life, for that seemed to be the idea I had. I will begin with the passage where it says, "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." Just here we seem to lose the connection where the shepherd's highest skill and heroism should reach a fine climax. We think this sentence means an indoor banquet, but far from it, it means only a place that the shepherd has gone to much trouble to find perhaps, where the grass is freed by him from poisonous herbs and from snakes which come up from their holes and bite the noses of the sheep. There are many wild animals of all sorts to guard against.

Doesn't now the thought of the shepherd preparing such a table as this bring higher thoughts to your mind than that of seating him at an indoor banquet table? There we are, but how do you explain the next sentence, "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." Thus the Syrian guest tells us that here begins the beautiful picture of the end of the day. The psalm has sung before of the wandering, the needs of the sheep and the care of the shepherd; now the psalm closes with the last scene of the day.

At the door of the sheep fold, the shepherd stands, and the "rodding of the sheep" takes place. The shepherd stands, turning his body to let the sheep pass; he is the door, as Christ says of himself. He inspects the sheep, one by one, as they pass into the fold. He has the cruse filled with olive oil and he has cedar tar, and anoints a bruised knee or a scratched side, and bathes the face and heads of those who are worn and exhausted, and he takes the large two-handled cup and dips it brimming full from the vessel of water, and lets the weary sheep drink, and there then the day is done and the sheep are snug within the fold. What contentment, what rest under the starry sky. Then comes the thought of deepest repose and comfort. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

Local Department

JULIA CRUTCHFIELD
SUSIE STOKES } . . . . . Editors

Annie Laurie—Huldah, why don't you come get some of this perforated water.

Miss Mason—Maude, how many forms of carbon are there?
Maude—Why-er-a-an indefinite number.
Miss Mason—Yes, ten.

Annie—Is ———————— a fraternity man?
Cora—No, he's a Kappa Alpha.

Little Sis—Miss Mason, does gun cotton wear as well as ordinary cotton?

Miss Helen Sparger has just returned from a visit to her home in Mt. Airy.

We are very sorry that Miss Cleo Adams was called home on account of the death of her sister.

On last Monday evening, Miss Blanche Dawson, a post-graduate in music, gave her recital, which was very much enjoyed.

Misses Eva Martin and Susie Stokes have just returned from "a most delightful" visit to Guilford College.

Winnie—Where is that girl from?
Helen—From Tennessee.
Winnie—I thought she looked like a foreigner.

Frank—Did you know Mrs. Robertson is going to let us go to "Othello" tonight?
Julia—Going to let who have a fellow?

We had the very great pleasure of attending "As You Like It" and "Othello" last week. For some reasons there seems since to have been sufficient occasion for exchange in some of the girls' names. Probably Miss Holt is contemplating becoming an actress. She seems to have a decided preference for Audrey.

Bessie—Mina, are you an Irving?
Mina—No, I'm a Democrat.

Mrs.————.—We enjoyed your music so much today.
Annie—I are so glad.

Bertha—I heard they were going to take dancing out of the curriculum of the church.

We all rejoice with those girls who are so fortunate in having visits from their mothers. During the past few weeks Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Covington, Mrs. McCargo, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Tomlinson and Mrs. Howell have visited their daughters.

WANTS

Too numerous to mention.

To discontinue these irksome and unprofitable school duties, and devote ourselves to more congenial diversions—namely, ball games.

By the members of the Political Economy Class, some inkling of Civics.

By "Bill" Baxter, a synonym book, in order that in corresponding her well-known expressions she will not necessarily be subjected to needless repetition.

To know why the Seniors persist in wearing white shirtwaist suits to all public gatherings.

Something to give the Seniors to occupy their minds. They have a *whole* week in which *to do absolutely nothing* but write two essays and a thesis, besides spending some time at home in preparation for commencement.

By the editors of the Local Department, "A Touchstone."

Alumnae Department

BYRDE DAILEY
ANNIE EDWARDS } . . . . . Editors

Miss Fannie Speed is teaching in Durham, N. C.

Miss Sallie Reade is teaching at Mt. Tirzah, N. C.

Miss Floride Knight is at her home at Whitakers, N. C.

Misses Margaret Gay and Evelyn McKoy are at school in Rome, Ga.

Misses Ola Broom and Loma Niven are at their homes at Waxhaw, N. C.

Miss Pattie Chapell is visiting Miss Jennie Ormond, of Goldsboro, N. C.

Mrs. Will McAdoo, nee Miss Nina Bailey, is living in Greensboro, N. C.

Mrs. G. W. Pate, nee Miss Marie Hamer, is living at Raynham, N. C.

Miss Sallie Dunn is spending the winter at her home in Scotland Neck, N. C.

Mrs. G. E. Pendleton, formerly Miss Neda Taylor, is now living in Scotland Neck, N. C.

Mrs. C. B. Covington, of Chesterfield, S. C., (nee Miss Florence Stephenson), spent some time in the college recently with her daughter, Miss Lina Covington.

Miss Rosa Jackson, of Elizabeth City, N. C., has been spending the past month visiting friends in Norfolk and Franklin, Va., and Wake Forest and Warrenton, N. C.

Mrs. Kenneth Knight, formerly Miss Minnie Walker, is now living in Rocky Mount, N. C.

Miss Nan Walker, of San Juan, Porto Rico, is visiting Miss Nannie Daughtry, of Elm City, N. C.

Miss Sara Blalock, who is attending school at Peace, Raleigh, spent a night in the college recently on her way home.

Miss Myrtle Peed, of Oxford, passed through Greensboro a few days ago, on her way to Winston-Salem to visit relatives.

Miss Bessie McDearman, of Rocky Mount, N. C., is expecting to make a tour through Europe this summer. While there she will attend the Passion Play.

RESOLUTIONS OF LOVE AND RESPECT

EULAH MAY ORMOND

Resolutions of love and respect by the "Golden Links" Young People's Missionary Society of St. Paul M. E. Church, South, at Goldsboro, N. C., March 15, 1910.

Whereas, Miss Eulah May Ormond, who died on the 8th of March, 1910, was a faithful member of the Missionary Society. And be it,

Resolved, That in the death of Eulah the Golden Links has lost one of its truest members.

Resolved, That one of the Golden Links will be greatly missed, and is only gone for a time.

Resolved, That we extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved relatives, and express our hope that even so great a loss to us all may be overruled for good by Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Greensboro Female College, the Alma Mater of the deceased, to the sorrowing family, and published in the Goldsboro Argus and Raleigh Christian Advocate, and recorded in the minutes of the Golden Links.

Bessie Edwards,
Louisa Slocumb,
Sudie Gulley,

Committee.

Round Table

ALICE BLANCHARD
CLARA STAHL } . . . . . Editors

"The House of the Whispering Pines," by Anna Katherine Green, is one of the strongest and best detective stories ever written. The author reaches the culmination of her peculiar power in this popular story.

* * * *

"The Twisted Foot," by Henry Milner Rideout, is one of the latest books. This is an interesting narrative of mystery and adventure in the Malady Islands. Seldom has a novelist hit upon a more haunting series of events than those which involve the American hero, the charming heroine, the mysterious Englishman, the more mysterious Asiatics, that live in the book. It is Mr. Rideout's best story.

* * * *

One of the most interesting little books to read for a pastime is "Flutterfly," by Clara Louise Burnham. It is a graceful, elusive little fairy story. Flutterfly was a little princess, who moved about entirely too much for her father. Her father, the king, was a cold and dignified person, who was often much annoyed by the playfulness of little Flutterfly. One day she did not do according to his wishes and she was locked up in her own room for it. The rest of the story tells of her escape from this room and her strange adventures.

* * * *

A new novel, "The Crossways," by Mrs. Helen R. Martin, author of "Tillie," "A Mormonite Maid," is of unusual interest and charm. The story is of the married life of a cultured Southern girl, and a Pennsylvania Dutchman, with

their entirely different habits and outlook on life. The man in his love of money loses sight of the higher thoughts and ideas of the wife, and of the real spirit of home-making. The wife's life is nearly wrecked but she struggles on, and love in the end brings out a happy conclusion. There is a peculiar humor and power in this treatment of a deep old question.

* * * *

"Predestinated," a novel of New York life, by Stephen French Whitman, is one of the most striking of recent novels. It is full of the temptations and troubles that meet a modern young man. The hero begins life amid misfortunes and wrong, and we trace his career amid experiences of all kinds. The book is unusual and may serve as a warning to some classes, but is not very pleasant reading. There are many good points in the story, but some less pleasant might easily be spared.

* * * *

"The Royal Americans" is the latest work of Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote. It is a new venture for this brilliant author, but can be nothing but delightful. It is a story which covers the period between the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars. It is a splendid addition to the list of historical novels we already have, and is distinguished from them by unusual human touches. The adventures and love affairs are charming.

* * * *

"Mary Cary" has been described as a book of the heart. This is the first work of the author, Kate Langley Bosber, but it must appeal to every one. Mary Cary is a little orphan whose charming ways and delightful speeches are beyond description. The story is so sweet and tender, as well as full of real, rich mirth and humor, that everyone must like it.

Exchanges

ALICE WOODLEY
ESTELLE BROWN } . . . . . Editors

We wish to apologize for the absence of the department in the last number, but we have received a number of creditable exchanges, and in this publication you will find a bit of our department which we hope will make amends for our failure in the last.

* * * *

The Winthrop College Journal deserves special commendation this month. The cover is very attractive and suitable for the March issue, also the frontispiece gives us a very clear idea of the building and its surroundings. The poetry in this number is short, but we are very glad to see a poetic spirit. Besides these there are several short stories and sketches. "Laddie's Dream" and "The Spirit of Music," show that the writer had many a deep as well as sad thought.

* * * *

The stories in the January-February number of the Davidson College Magazine are highly imaginative. The writers of most of the stories tell of miraculous happenings, the most striking one of these being the "Abolishing of Time." The editorials are especially commendable.

* * * *

"The Story of a Valentine," the first story in the February number of the Red and White, is a decided love story. We feel a deep sense of sympathy for poor Mr. Wright as he pleaded his love and lost his case. Although the Red and White contains several interesting sketches it does not compete with the former issues.

The Wake Forest Student contains quite a number of pages, but the literary part is very disappointing in the January number. We find nothing new in the poems, and taking the magazine as a whole it is not up to the standard.

* * * *

The Guilford Collegian is very attractive this month. We commend the Seniors for getting out one of the most interesting numbers we have received this year. We are glad to hear that Guilford College was founded under such a lucky star as Halley's Comet. "An Evening with a Mountaineer" is a sketch of the typical mountaineer as we have imagined him.

* * * *

The University of North Carolina Magazine came to us as a gentle reminder that there really existed such a place. This is the first number we have received since October. "The Which Letter" we find ends with a guess, and no story, that is written in this manner, fails to arouse some interest. "The Five Stages of the Day" tells us something of the life lived at the University.

* * * *

The Athenian deserves credit, as it is a wellwritten magazine and is improving in each issue.

* * * *

To read The Chronicle is to have an hour of pleasant recreation. It is highly entertaining, and contains the story, "His Sole Asset," which is far above the average college magazine story.

* * * *

The Guidon has an unusual number of poems which we seldom find in college magazines. "The Lady in Grey" is a well-written story which holds the attention of the reader throughout, although it has quite an unexpected conclusion. The sentiment of "The Evolution of a Normal Girl" appeals to the G. F. girl as well.

We extend our thanks for the following exchanges: The Chronicle, Fort Mill, S. C.; The Trinity Archive, Durham, N. C.; The Red and White, West Raleigh, N. C.; The Chatterbox, Littleton, N. C.; The Guilford Collegian, Guilford, N. C.; The Wake Forest Student, Wake Forest, N. C.; The Davidson College Magazine, Davidson, N. C.; The Concept, Spartanburg, S. C.; The Radiant, Wilson, N. C.; Winthrop College Journal, Rock Hill, S. C.; The High School Student, Newport News, Va.; The Athenian, New Berne, N. C.; The University of North Carolina Magazine, Chapel Hill, N. C.; The St. Mary's Muse, Raleigh, N. C.; The Purple and Gold, Morrisville, Mo.; The Guidon, Farmville, Va.; The Lenoirian, Hickory, N. C.; The Index, Batesville, Arkansas.

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HELEN SPARGER

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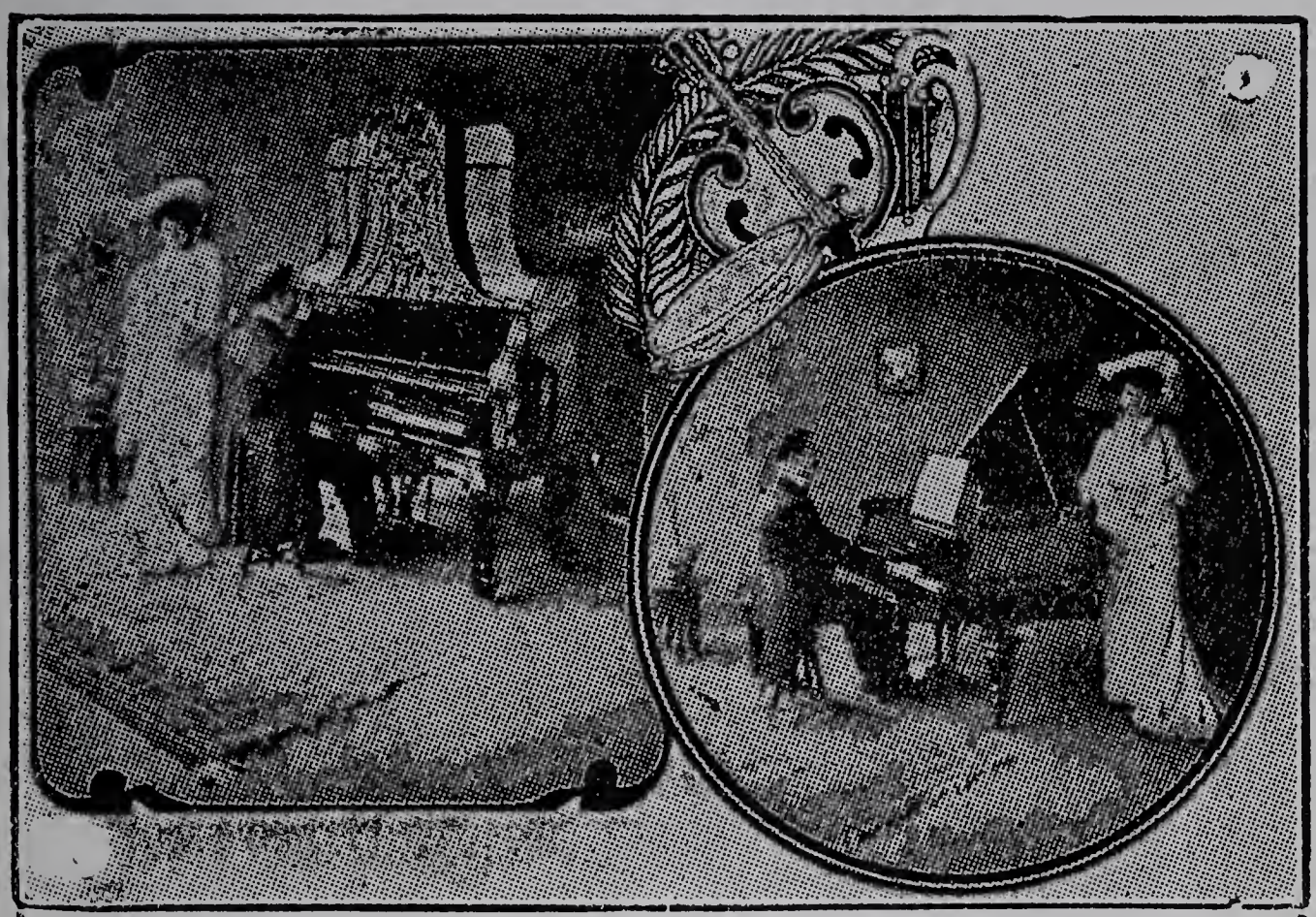

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THE CLASS OF 1910

The College Message

Vol. XVIII. Greensboro, N. C., June, 1910 No. 6

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

The message will be published about the first of November and December, and the first of February, March, April and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion..

MARY BROOME, Business Manager.

TO THE COLLEGE SENIORS

MRS. E. M. ANDERSON

Now you leave your Alma Mater,
Now you bid a fond farewell,
To the home of youthful struggles,
You have learned to love so well.

Standing now upon the threshhold,
Cast one lingering look behind,
Think of those with whom you've labored,
Classmates, teachers, friends so kind.

Many years may come and vanish
Ere you see them all again,
'Quit yourselves so nobly, truly,
That their labors be not vain.

Looking now across the portals
To the years that lie afar,
Step out bravely, grandly, freely,
Show the world how true you are.

Pushing forward each endeavor,
Striving still some goal to win,
Launching out on life's great ocean,
Till the harbor is entered in.

Listen not whene'er the tempter
In your ears a siren sings,
Stoop to nothing mean or little,
Still look upward, try your wings.

May I offer you these wishes
Tho' so weakly, feebly penned,
With a hope that in the future
God will help you to the end?

To the end of all your life-work,
Till is passed all toil and care,
Till you reach the heavenly portals
And be crowned as faithful there!

Commencement Exercises

REPORTED FOR "THE TELEGRAM"

SERMON TO Y. W. C. A.

The Commencement exercises of the Greensboro Female College opened Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in the college chapel, when the anniversary of the Young Woman's Christian Association of the college was observed. The annual sermon was delivered by Rev. D. M. Litaker, pastor of Centenary M. E. Church. The spacious auditorium was well filled with members of the association and friends from the city and the address was heard with considerable interest by all, for it applied not only to the young women of the Y. W. C. A., but to every one present.

An enjoyable program of music had been arranged, among the selections being a quartet, "O Love Divine," by Misses Woodley, Adams, Gillikin, Stahl, and a duet, "Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts," by Messrs. Stahl and Kraft. Prior to the sermon the annual report of the association was read by the retiring president, Miss Byrde Dailey. This report showed that considerable work had been done by the young women

and the prospects of an increased volume of work during the coming year were reported to be most gratifying.

Rev. Mr. Litaker took for his text a portion of the sixteenth verse of the first chapter of Romans, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The speaker pointed out the various ways in which the power of God is thrown around us in nature and in other forces. This was power of the lowest class. He then spoke of God's power in the highest form; the power to redeem mankind. He said that the love of God toward men was the reason of His sacrificing His Son, that all might be redeemed and dwell with Him. He declared that when all the powers of God were focused on one object of redeeming a race of human beings to dwell with Him no power could prevent the accomplishment of this object. In concluding the speaker showed that Christian people sowing at God's command would be the instruments with which His plan of salvation would be completed. He praised the Y. W. C. A. for the assistance it was giving in Christianizing the world. He declared the efforts of these noble young women to join in the fight against sin an inspiration to others.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Monday afternoon promptly at five o'clock a large audience assembled on the broad circular porch and velvety green lawn of Greensboro Female College. It was called to order by the opening of the north and south doors, out of which poured white-robed school girls, the regulars coming from one door, while the specials filed through the other, and out down the graveled walks they marched.

The seniors, with their president, Miss Frank Robbins, at their head, led, and at the head of each class was its president carrying aloft the class pennant. Down along the winding walks they came, until the two columns came together at the central walk near the terrace, and with faces turned toward the college they marched up the broad walk in double file,

making a pretty picture as they came up through a vista of overhanging branches of green. The seniors came across then and took the places reserved for them on the porch, while the student body marched over the lawn and formed the figure '10, and thus they became an attentive audience while the graduating class carried out an entertaining program, Miss Robbins, the president, presiding.

The class history, statistician's report, grumbler's report, class prophecy, last will and testament and class poem were each well thought out, well expressed and kept the audience in a good humor throughout. Miss Blanche Dawson, who has recently finished a post-graduate course in music, rendered very beautifully a piano solo.

The singing of the college song, "To Our Alma Mater," delighted the audience. Miss Dawson composed the beautiful music for the class song.

After the program the Senior class marched down to the lawn where they planted the ivy. Miss Robbins in behalf of her class made the following speech in presenting the spade to the Junior class.

"As president of the Junior class, one year ago, I had the honor to receive from the president of the class of 1909 this spade with their class colors, white and gold. Through the cares and toils, the joys and pleasures of another college year our class has kept the white unsullied, the gold untarnished, and now I intrust to you our colors, white and blue, typical of purity and truth: guard them well."

> "This above all, to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The spade was gracefully accepted by Miss Julia Crutchfield, president of the Junior class.

The program follows:

THE COLLEGE MESSAGE STAFF

Class History.....Mary Broome
Statistician's Report.....Clara Suit
Grumbler's Report.....Etta Cutchin
Piano Solo.....Blanche Dawson
Class Prophecy.....Byrde Dailey
Last Will and Testament.....Ethel Brinkley
Class Poem.....Estelle Brown
College Song

EXPRESSION RECITAL

An expression recital always draws a large audience, but the audience assembled in the chapel at G. F. College on Tuesday evening was a record breaker.

Six young ladies from the expression department were selected to give Laura Richard's "Captain January," and this captivating story was never so charming as when read by these young women.

The recital was not only gratefully received by the audience, but from it they learned that the young ladies who took part in the program possessed no small amount of talent, and also was it evident that they had been exceptionally well trained.

Miss Ann Puryear Wright, of Tennessee, is the talented head of this department, and many were the congratulations she received upon the splendid work she has done during her first year at this institution.

The music of the orchestra was lovely and added much to the pleasure of the evening.

The program rendered was as follows:

String Trio—Andante, Minuetto, Op. 35
MESSRS. ROY, LAHSER, AND ROBERSON

1. Star Bright.....Miss Bertha Morton
2. The Story.....Miss Eula McRae
3. Introducing Imogen and Bob.....Miss Cleo Adams
4. The Visit.....Miss Mary Lane
5. Captain January's Star.....Miss Susie Stokes
6. The Signal.....Miss Lina Covington

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

A large and appreciative audience heard the baccalaureate sermon, which was preached by Rev. G. T. Rowe, of Charlotte, Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock in the chapel of G. F. College. The sermon was strong, spiritual and inspiring, and the speaker held the close attention of his audience for an hour. The theme which Dr. Rowe placed before his hearers in a masterly manner was founded upon the facts recorded in Saint Luke regarding the lives of Mary and Martha. The text was taken from the last two verses of the tenth chapter of the gospel according to St. Luke, "And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

Dr. Rowe held the attention of every young woman present, when he said, "What is needed to-day, everywhere, is that young women shall be able to choose the highest, the best out of life's complexity, and make that her fundamental unit, the key to the house of rest and the dwelling place of peace. Then the old simplicity, in a way, will be restored and life will be worth living."

After the singing of the hymn, "Come Thou Almighty King," the scripture lesson was read by Rev. T. J. Ogburn, pastor of Grace M. P. Church, and followed by a prayer by Rev. D. M. Litaker, of Centenary Church.

Preceding the sermon Miss Annie Woodley, assisted by the College Glee Club, sang very sweetly, "The Good Shepherd," by Bain. Mr. F. W. Kraft sang Buck's "Come, Holy Spirit" immediately following the sermon.

BUSINESS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS OF ALUMNAE

The Alumnae Association, Incorporated, of Greensboro Female College held the annual meeting Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, with a large attendance. In the absence of the president, Mrs. W. H. Branson, of Durham, Mrs. Frank Martin,

of Winston-Salem, presided. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises conducted by Mrs. L. M. Hendren, of New Berne.

The president's message was read by Mrs. Martin and was a splendid paper, showing that she had made an exhaustive study of the work of the past and the needs of the future. Reports were read from the various committees and local associations. All of the fifteen local associations are doing splendid work for the college, and especially for the Alumnae chair of English fund. A special interest shown by the Alumnae is the fact that almost all send their daughters to G. F. College in preference to other colleges.

It is also interesting to note the increasing attendance of alumnae at the annual meeting, and this year almost every class was represented. The presence of Mrs. Laura Patrick, of the class of 1848, the first class to graduate from this time-honored institution, created unusual enthusiasm. Her youthful pleasure and interest in all matters pertaining to the college was very sweet and pleasurable to witness. Mrs. Hendren and Mrs. Thomas also represented classes that graduated in ante bellum days.

The following officers were elected by ballot: Mrs. Frank Martin, Winston-Salem, president; Mrs. S. L. Alderman, Greensboro, first vice-president; Miss May Ella Smith, Gatesville, second vice-president; Mrs. W. L. Nicholson, Charlotte, third vice-president; Mrs. E. L. Sides, Greensboro, Treasurer; Miss Nannie Lee Smith, Greensboro, secretary; Mrs. A. B. Kimball, corresponding secretary; Miss Helen Sparger, Mt. Airy, secretary alumnae chair of English fund.

The association expressed its high appreciation of the valuable service rendered by the retiring president, Mrs. Branson. Mrs. Martin made a little gem of a speech in accepting the office of president, and as she concluded she was warmly applauded. The association voted thanks to the city press for the many kindnesses extended. The association was extended a cordial invitation to tea by Mrs. Robertson, which was unanimously accepted.

Although the alumnae were disappointed that Rev. Dr. Rankin, who was to have delivered the address, could not reach the city, the informal reunion held in the Irving Society hall in the evening was a very enjoyable occasion. There were two hundred alumnae present and some of the features of this reunion will go down in history as exceeding in pleasure any previous occasion.

From each class reminiscences of the class and college life were detailed by a member and considering that almost every class from 1848 to the class of 1910 was represented (save the time when the college was closed by the war or by fire), a very interesting time resulted.

Perhaps the most interesting of the impromptu speeches was the list composed of G. F. alumnae who represent the different callings.

It was decided by the alumnae to name the colonial pillars that support the circular porch, giving each the name of a former president. Those who were at school under the several presidents will work to raise five hundred dollars before the name of the president shall be inscribed on the pillar; the funds to go to the chair of English alumnae fund.

GRADUATING EXERCISES

The exercises were opened with a prayer by Rev. G. T. Adams, of Durham. Mrs. Robertson, the president, in presenting the diplomas and certificates to the graduates made a gracious speech, showing that she had a personal interest, not only in each one, but in the work she had accomplished as well.

Rev. Gilbert T. Rowe, in presenting the Bibles to the graduating class, said just enough, just the right thing and expressed what he had to say just as it should have been.

The musical selections by the orchestra were greatly enjoyed. There were ten regular graduates from the institution, as follows: Misses Ethel Brinkley, Annie Estelle Brown, Byrde Dailey, Frank Robbins, Clara Belle Suit, Mary Elizabeth Broome, Henrietta Lenora Cutchin, Annie McKinnie Edwards, Ollie Lenoir Sherrill and Edith Katherine Ward.

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS, 1910

The graduates in music were: piano, Misses Amanda Lilian Baxter, Mary Eula Ivey, Flossie Cobb Howell, Linnie Comelia Mann, Louise Jelks Sills; voice, Miss Elizabeth Scales Merrimon; graduates in expression, Misses Cleo Adams and Susie Stokes; graduates in business course, Misses Mabel Ridge, Maude Baker, Myrtle Blalock, Annie Hyatt, Sue Clark, Annie Gwynn; graduate in art, Miss Clara Belle Suit.

Misses Estelle Brown, Annie Edwards and Frank Robbins received the honor of cum laude on their diplomas. Misses Byrde Dailey and Mary Broome received rounds of applause when their names were read out as magna cum laude.

It was gratifying to the friends of Miss Mabel Ridge to know that she led her class in the business course, making one hundred and twenty eight words a minute in stenography.

It would be impossible to express in words the appreciation of the audience who heard the address, before the graduating class, by Dr. Merrill Gates, of Washington, D. C. At no time did the attention of the audience waver, for such exquisite word pictures, such imagery, such chaste and beautiful language in which Dr. Gates clothed his ennobling and inspiring thoughts carried the hearers into a world where the common and sordid things of life have no part, or having a part they are transformed into things altogether lovely.

Dr. Gates is a man of distinguished appearance, with culture stamped indelibly upon him, and his large experience with public affairs, especially as an educator of young women, makes his estimate of the coming woman full of truth.

ANNUAL CONCERT

The splendid concert Wednesday night by pupils of the music department gave great pleasure to an immense audience. It is pleasing to note that the musical faculty, which has been in charge of this department without change for some years, has gradually worked up their department to a high degree of excellence, and especially were the patrons pleased with the splendid progress made.

A number of the selections were remarkably well rendered for young women and it would be impossible to go into details in describing the successes of the evening. The voices were exceptionally lovely to begin with and the training they have received has given to the city and state cultured singers, whose success for the future one can only predict.

The musical faculty, headed by Mr. F. W. Kraft, is superior in more ways than one and besides being composed of talented and able musicians, it is composed of cultured Christian ladies and gentleman, whose influence is of no small importance in the life of the college.

The program follows:

Chorus—"Estudiantina" ..... Lacome
THE GLEE CLUB

Piano Solo—"Dance Caprice" ..... Grieg
KATIE MC AULAY

Piano Solo—"Valse Arabesque" ..... Lack
ELIZABETH MC CARGO

Vocal Solo—"Oh, that We Two were Maying" ..... Nevin
HULDAH HAMBRICK

Piano Solo—To a Water Lily ..... MacDowell
VIOLA FITZPATRICK

Piano Solo—"Whims," Op. 12 ..... Schumann
ANNIE JONES

Piano Solo—"Zingara" ..... Chaminade
FLOSSIE HOWELL

Piano Solo—"Sonata," Op. 101 ..... Beethoven
ALICE WYNNE

Vocal Solo—"Gypsy Maiden I" ..... Parker
MARGUERITE CARTLAND

Piano Solo—"Sonata," Op. 22 ..... Schumann
CLEFA WYNNE

Vocal Solo—"Murmuring Zephyrs" ..... Jensen
ANNIE WOODLEY

Piano Solo—"Fantasia" ..... Mendelssohn
HELEN MC AULAY

Vocal Solo—"Marchioness, Your Dancing" ..... Lemaire
ELIZABETH MERRIMON

Piano Solo—"Suite," Op. 1 ..... D'Albright
LINNIE MANN

COLLEGE SONG

To our dear old Alma Mater
We will sing a song of praise.
All our hearts are tuned with loyalty and love;
For to her belongs all praise and honor
That our tongues could frame,
And for her we raise our hearts in praise above.
Through the shades and through the sunshine
She has stood, our college home,
And she stands for countless ages yet to be;
Ah, our hearts beat high with pride and rapture
For the home we love,
As we sing a song for dear old G. F. C.

CHORUS

G. F. C., thy name is thrilling in the air,
G. F. C., my own dear college home so fair.
Bright dreams of young life's golden spring
Around thy walls forever cling.

As years advance and life puts on
An aspect more severe,
With faith in G. F. old, and ever new,
Whose precepts and whose dignity
We look to and revere,
Success and fame shall crown our efforts true.
The high ideals and truth that she
Has taught us to regard
Illumination to our way shall be.
In mem'ry dear we'll hold her through
The long, long days to come
Our faithful Alma Mater, G. F. C.

DR. GATES' ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASS

"How far is the new education of women to affect the old time graces," was Dr. Gates's theme for the morning.

Precluding his address with pleasantries of the occasion, which brought him hither, he remarked that whenever he came into the Southland and crossed the line, which now only in imagination divides the North and South, that he recalled with joy the recollections of his first election to the presidency of a college in Nashville, Tenn., to which he was called as president at the age of twenty-seven and which he said brought into his life an interest in educational matters, which grows more intense with the passing years.

He said, "I am among those who believe in the uplift of beauty and art in intellectual advancement. The fine art of right living has no apology to offer. A work of art is a true thought, personal to the artist, expressed with passionate feeling in the form of beauty, and the finest work of art is a human life, and if your life is of any account it will be expressed with warm and tender feeling, the beauty of the old-time graces making the outward form as beautiful as the soul within.

"The type of the ideal woman was set in the long ago by Jesus Christ. I am a believer in the old time graces and I believe also in the intellectual life, touched by beauty."

He compared the advent of a graduating class to the blossoming time of spring and said that a blossoming orchard was symbolic of such a class, and further said "the fact of graduation at blossoming time is significant. That the power included in the bounds of this class may burst into such blossoms of maturity, that the whole nation may be affected.

"The wealth of the nation lies in her ripening fields of grain as much as it lies in the grain which has already matured, and just so the vast potential power bound within a graduating class is as great a power for good and evil as the natural powers of the universe, for each succeeding class carries within it the knowledge and impressions received from the successes

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and failures of the past, and knowledge in this instance is power.''

The speaker's idea of the new woman evolved from higher education was that she will become more womanly, although she would gain and retain some of the attributes of man, and in the union of these new virtues and the old time graces the new woman would reach a greater degree of perfection. In speaking of the rapid strides made in the educational advantages, especially that of women, he turned to the Senior class and said, ''You are about to go out into life and you will find the stage already set, the actors have their places, and you will find that there is now no division between the Orient and the Occident, the life of each race has become interwoven with all nations and the education of women is a world-wide movement.''

The beautiful influences of the home, mother and gracious companionship of sisters is as much needed today as in the past, but, said Dr. Gates, the new education gives just a touch of the masculine to woman, which makes her more practical and self-reliant. He ridiculed that outwardly masculine woman, who affects the swagger, the language, the fascinations that point her out as a ''good fellow,'' a comrade which, said Dr. Gates, gave men the right to criticise her.

Since the Christian ideal has held sway there has been a higher and truer regard for ideals of womanhood, which are not so distinguished from that of manhood as in the past.

The new education will make a perfect level-eyed intercourse of men and women, a level equality, and so in the coming era of women you will have the graces of men, among them the great public spirit. Of this woman, he said, we are expecting much without the loss of deference to womanhood. Now in parting I give you for your thought the old time graces, ''Grace, Mercy and Truth;'' the grace of intellect that will charm as well as uplift the social world and give to woman wonderful power, mercy and tenderness without which no woman can be womanly, and the truth, which couples the higher education as woman's right and the truth that is born out of the effect of that education.

Concluding the speaker said, "For you young ladies I wish that unselfish spirit which gleaned by God's grace gives you the power to enter that great world of social uplift and civil betterment which will make you love home more, make your life richer and fuller. I believe that Greensboro Female College has an important work to do in the uplifting and upbuilding of the educational life of the Southland, and I wish for this institution a continuance of the great success of the past."

TO OUR ALMA MATER

B. S. A.

To our dear Alma Mater we lift up our voices
In a hymn of thanksgiving, while each true heart rejoices;
Through the shadow of war and the flame's desolation
Her walls have stood firm on a steadfast foundation.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Old G. F. C. forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for our dear college home!

To her noble Alumnae our homage we render.
With her they have wept and for her they have labored,
And in danger and trial their courage ne'er wavered.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Old G. F. C. forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for our dear college home!

Rally 'round her! Rally 'round her! Protect and defend her
As she rises serene in new beauty and splendor!
May truth and devotion our watchword e'er be,
And her daughters e'er be loyal to the new G. F. C.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Old G. F. C. forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! for our new college home!

CLASS HISTORY

MARY BROOME

The history of the class of 1910, like other class histories, is a story of work, pleasures and imaginary hardships. It began four years ago in the fall of 1906, when we entered Greensboro Female College as a class of thirty. At first, of course we suffered some from homesickness, but we were made to feel so much "at home" that this did not last long. The morning after our arrival here examinations began, and these successfully passed, we entered upon our first year of college work. Soon we found it necessary to hold a class meeting for the election of our officers. The presidency fell to our tallest member, Amanda Baxter, who filled her place so well that we continued to honor her with this office as long as she was satisfied to remain as one of our number. We chose, as our colors, light blue and white, and as our flower, the white rose. There were no events of importance in our Freshman year; the time passed rapidly and soon commencement had arrived. We were greatly delighted at being allowed to take part in the class day exercises. All the morning we were busy making garlands and discussing the important question of what we should wear. When the afternoon came, we marched proudly around the circle led by our president who carried our pennant of blue and white, which some one said was the prettiest on the field. Soon commencement was over and we happily boarded the train for home with the final exhortation to each member of the class to be sure to come back in the Fall.

The weeks of vacation sped rapidly and soon we were again at G. F. C., but this time as Sophomores.

The first Saturday night after our return we went to a banquet, given in honor of Mrs. Robertson, who had just returned from a trip to Europe.

At our first meeting we found that only twenty of our number had returned. At this meeting Amanda Baxter was re-elected president. Soon vacation had come and gone again, and we returned once more to G. F. C., this time proudly bearing the name of Juniors. At our first class meeting Frank Robbins was elected president. We found at this meeting that

all but fourteen of our number had found the road to a diploma too hard to travel and had dropped out of our ranks. At times during the year we were almost persuaded to agree with them, for many were the struggles then which we had to pass. We endured with Aeneas his hardships, and passed with Hamlet through the horrors of his life, and going on we met even greater difficulty in the way of theme-writing and chemistry, yet, more often than otherwise, we were assured that the prize was worthy of its cost.

The most important event of our Junior year was the reception which we gave to the Senior class a few weeks before commencement. Soon commencement had come again and then we learned that we were not merely to be a part of the audience, but that every one of us was going to be allowed the privilege of marshaling during the entire commencement. We enjoyed this immensely; nevertheless, we hailed gladly the morning of our return home. No summer ever passed so rapidly as that of 1909 and in a few weeks, before we hardly realized that we had reached home, we were again on our way to G. F. C.

The time to which we have looked forward for so long had come, and we were Seniors. The Freshmen insisted on asking us if we were Freshmen too and the teachers on inquiring whether we had been down street already when we asked for permission to go the second time. The Juniors tell us that there is not a dignified member of the Senior class, but probably this, our lack of dignity, is accounted for by our youthfulness. During our Senior year Mrs. Robertson has not denied us any pleasure that might be ours.

On St. Patrick's night we attended a party at Mrs. Alderman's and greatly enjoyed the old Irish songs which were sung there. We were also allowed to attend the debate between Washington and Lee University, and the U. of N. C., and at the time that we were usually forbidden to be even on the walks, we were at the drug store, drinking to Carolina. Soon afterwards we learned that there was another pleasure in store for us and certainly a greater pleasure was never accorded to any class. We received invitations to an "At Home" given by the Juniors to the faculty and Seniors.

At this reception the Juniors were dressed to represent different books and we were to guess the name of the books from the costumes representing them. We displayed shocking ignorance of the new books, but we excused ourselves by saying that we were too busy to read popular fiction. After refreshments had been served, Mrs. Robertson presented each Senior with a diploma, for the kind and thoughtful Juniors, anticipating commencement and guarding against our possible disappointment at that time, had prepared a diploma for each one of us.

Our last and one of our greatest pleasures came last Thursday night when we were invited to take supper with Miss Page. Never was a more delightful supper set before anyone, and we certainly enjoyed it, and showed our enjoyment to the fullest extent.

Now our commencement has come, the time to which we have looked forward for so long, and we are just beginning to realize that our days in our dear old college home are numbered and will soon be at an end. We must leave the friends who have been so kind to us and the old walls and campus, which have grown so dear to us, but our hearts shall remain with them and they shall hold a sacred place in our memory always.

STATISTICIAN'S REPORT

CLARA SUIT

To me has been given the honor of being statistician of this class, an honor indeed, and if I do not make the best of my opportunities I am afraid I shall be classed among that list of unfortunates of whom someone wiser than I has said: "If we do not make the best of our opportunities when they come, they will cease to come at all."

	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	WHAT THEY ARE	WHAT NOTED FOR	CHIEF OCCUPATION	CRAZY ABOUT	HATE MOST	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.
MARY BROOME	6 ft., 2 in.	23 lbs.	Whence is thy learning, hath thy toil over books consumed the midnight oil?	Being late.	Planning work for the early morning.	Boys.	Putting on airs.	"O, chirren."
EDITH WARD	6 ft., 1 in.	33 lbs.	Some for renown on scraps of learning dote, and think they grow immortal as they quote.	Settling disputes among the undergraduates, for which she is highly commended by the faculty	Studying.	Having a good time.	Physics.	"Johnit."
BYRDE DAILEY	3 ft.	175 lbs.	O this learning, what a thing it is.	For keeping Frank Robbins company in the wee hours of the morning.	Spooning.	Darlings.	To be an old maid.	"Pin a rose."
ANNIE EDWARDS	4 ft., 10 in.	200 lbs.	True as the needle to the pole or as the dial to the sun.	Fidgeting.	Trying to be in all places at once.	Belt pins.	Gym.	Peteration.
ESTELLE BROWN	5 ft., 7 in.	130 lbs.	Cheerful at morn she wakes from short repose, breathes the keen air, and carols as she goes.	Telling jokes.	Leading nightly excursions to view the comet, which sometimes proves to be the moon.	Those black-eyed Cubans.	To be still.	"O mama, kiss papa."
ETHEL BRINKLEY	5 ft.	80 lbs.	The flight of purpose is never overtook unless the deed go with it.	Being on time.	Talking.	Sleeping on Sunday afternoon.	To be disturbed.	"Well, I declare."
OLLIE SHERRILL	5 ft., 1 in.	110 lbs.	Of all the girls that ere were seen there's none so fine as Ollie.	Eating.	Trying to keep out of work.	University men.	Latin.	Aw!
FRANK ROBBINS	5 ft., 10 in.	240 lbs.	She knows what's what and that's as high as metaphysic wit can fly.	Her bird-like voice.	Having fun.	Ballet dancing.	To be dignified.	"That's perfectly immaterial."
ETTA CUTCHIN	4 ft., 11 in.	99 lbs.	She frowns at pleasure and smiles at pain.	Being dignified.	Planning for others.	Miss Blalock.	Onions.	"Got no sense."

GRUMBLER'S REPORT

ETTA CUTCHIN

I am glad that I have the privilege of grumbling and I shall always thank my classmates for giving me the honor of holding this office. It seems that from the very beginning of the year, the time when we were mistaken for sub-Freshmen, that we would have to give up in despair and go home. No chance at all for a diploma could we count upon, but through difficulties and trials, we can congratulate ourselves upon holding up to the last. I know the teachers can't realize what we have been through with; but I am going to give you all just a few among many of our reasons to grumble.

Who ever heard of Seniors being put back into the Junior class? We thought that absurdity personified, but we had to consider ourselves Juniors in French, Political Economy, and worst of all, Latin. Of course the Juniors delighted in our missing questions, but we can't be too hard on them, because they have been loyal to our class. There are many things not concerning classes that have cast frowns over our faces and produced wrinkled brows. For instance, one privilege, Seniors allowed to go down street every day except Saturday—we must not go on Saturday, because we might contract some fatal disease, being such delicate creatures. We had always looked forward to our Senior year, thinking that we could do as we pleased, and after working hard through the week to rest on Sunday, if we felt inclined to do so. Anticipation was all. We had to go to church if we were able to leave our rooms. We had no way of our own, not even in cleaning up our room; that had to be done to please Miss Stansel and after trying our best she would find fault.

No holiday November 5th, the educational day, when last year the Seniors were invited to marshal.

Mrs. Robertson informed us at the opening of the Tuberculosis Exposition that we were invited to be marshals down at the Smith Memorial, and also to be in the street parade. It was too good to be true. After rushing off to get there

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we were just in time to see the last car leave, and we were not allowed to marshal.

Two Seniors out walking one afternoon were informed by Mrs. Robertson that the bounds stopped in front of Mr. Curtis's. The dignity of these young ladies was decidedly hurt, thinking, that after being here four years Mrs. Robertson should take it upon herself to tell them not to go beyond the bounds. We are not allowed to go on the halls after light bell, not even to get a drink of water, or some teacher will threaten to report us. Not allowed to get a candle without a written permission from your section teacher, or if you ask another one, she will ask a hundred various questions: Where is Miss Porter, or Miss Dozier, Miss Pegram or Miss Blalock? Why didn't you ask her? What do you want with a candle? What are you going to sit up for? And so it runs, no difference at all, even the Freshmen are asked the same questions.

But I tell you there was a change when work begun; the teachers didn't mind pouring the work on us by double fold. Senior Latin three times a week. We often thought that Miss Fisher might excuse us from class on Saturdays, but she was there every time without fail, and ready to detain us if only on Latin nouns. At the very last she threatened to fail us if we came to class missing a noun, pronoun or verb, work which we had passed off in our Freshman year.

Three essays required by the English teacher when it had been customary to write only two.

Graduating thesis required by Mrs. Robertson. One week vacation set apart for writing it, when they had always given two. Mr. Starr had the audacity to say we were lucky to get even one, as he had never heard of Seniors having a vacation until he came here. But finally after working hard and petitioning the faculty, they decided we would need another week.

Seniors excused from no examinations, not even Bible. And to cap the climax, Miss Dozier asked one of the members of our class for the names of all the Seniors. Now, what do you think of that, she didn't even know us.

Can you not see why we stand before you this afternoon with wrinkled brows, looking as if we were women of thirty. But there is a feeling of gladness in our hearts, that through troubles and trials, (not on flowery beds of ease), we have fought the fight, we have won the prize. We congratulate ourselves.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS

BYRDE DAILEY

Some people are just superstitious enough to believe that the future can be revealed to them by some one who claims to have superhuman power, but I never really believed what had been told me about my dear classmates until I saw what had become of them.

In all of the class meetings during our Senior year, I noticed that every member of the class was dreaming of the time when her aspiration would reach its height, when she would become a prima donna, a school teacher, an artist, a mistress of a home or a lovable spinster. A few years ago my desire to find out where all of them were became so great that I decided to travel until I found each one. My first tour was in Europe in a party chaperoned by Mrs. Robertson. After spending several weeks in Italy, Germany and Switzerland, we decided to remain in Paris for some time before going to England and Scotland. While in Paris we had the opportunity of attending a theatre in which appeared an American who had recently become a prima donna. The house was crowded to overflowing, but we were fortunate to be in a box from which the stage could be seen well. Just as the curtain went up, a tall young lady in a trailing gown walked out upon the stage. There were a few seconds of applause and then a most beautiful voice was heard. I noticed the surprised expression on Mrs. Robertson's face and I did not understand it. After the first appearance the applause was so great, the prima donna had to appear again. She said, as she left the stage this time, "I thank you." There was something in that little piping voice that

puzzled me, but not until after another selection did I recognize the face of our beloved president. Frank had always said that she would become a prima donna or a ballet dancer in gay Paris, but I am sure it was only to carry out the plan and not the desire, since she grew tired of the honor so early. Her life abroad was not a happy one and it is only since she has settled among the Hills of Lexington that she has found real happiness.

Before leaving Paris, we visited a famous observatory that we might have a broader knowledge of the heavenly bodies. Out from the main building was a very small observatory at a great distance from the ground. We reached it, after some difficulty and on entering, we were completely surrounded with astronomical instruments. Every instrument imaginable was on exhibition and in the very midst of these was seated Estelle Brown. Immediately I went up and spoke to her, but I was horror-stricken at the sight of the grey hair and wrinkled brow. Estelle lost sight of Halley's comet while she was at G. F. and she said that she would search until she found it and she told me the worry and ceaseless searching had brought her this care-worn appearance. At first I was shocked at finding this classmate in Europe, for I had no other idea than that she was living in Cuba. I asked her why she disappointed her classmates like this and she told me that she had been living in Cuba but could not accomplish her search there. She had been given permission by her husband to come to Europe and search until she found the object which would bring her a great fortune and for which she had been searching since she mistook the moon for it in the year 1910.

I was surprised to find these classmates in Europe, but still more surprised to find that Annie could leave her "papa" long enough to be so far from home. When we boarded the steamer to sail for England, I heard footsteps of a child approaching and I turned to greet whom I thought would be a child of about four years, but my expression must have changed when I beheld Annie. She came to Europe shortly after her graduation and was so delighted over her visit that she decided to spend several years among the antiquities of Rome

that she might be more able to appreciate her study of history. She told me about the study she was making of ancient history and her intention of teaching in a university in England. Her year's work in political economy for which she was noted, had not been spent in vain, since she found comfort in the study of some form of history.

Of course I thought Annie was on her way to America and that she would be with us all the way, but much to my surprise, I learned of the visit that she was going to make to one of our classmates. She kept me in suspense until we reached Dover. When we landed the rush was terrible and every one in our party had quite a time trying to keep in sight of the others. After the crowd had about dispersed, I saw a low and dignified lady approaching our party. At every step she seemed to have more difficulty in trying to reach us. Annie could refrain from laughing no longer and at her outburst we recognized the elastic step of Mary. Had Mary really gotten to England. Could it be possible? There was no doubt of it when she asked all of us to go with her to her home. Such a mansion we had never entered and the hostess took pleasure in showing us through the apartments. Anxiously we waited for the arrival of the second occupant, but not a one of us asked any questions and Annie didn't want to approach the subject even if she did know. At 11:30 my curiosity got the best of me and I asked Mary what time she expected her husband. A great peal of laughter rang from her throat and she told me that there wasn't any husband, and we wondered where the fortune came from, but the hospitality was enough to astonish us without seeking to know more.

After spending a few days here, we bade Mary and Annie good-by and sailed for America. After landing in New York we rushed toward a hotel but were delayed on one of the corners of Broadway by a mob of men, women and children. We inquired about the cause of the disturbance but every one was rushing to the corner and pointing to a large platform. In our haste, we took time to go near enough to the platform to see what was causing such a riot.

"I am given the power to preach for woman's rights and I am going to stay in New York State until we have woman suffrage and I am able to get co-operation in this work," came from the throat of a threatening woman. Etta had met with much opposition in school, but she determined to have her way along this line as well as in other ways, and she was rapidly gaining ground among suffragettes.

"Will wonders ever cease?" I know you will be surprised to learn what has become of our artist. Clara and Etta never could be separated, but what peculiarities they developed within themselves! Clara always had a way about her of trying to shock people. No longer does she sit in the dreamy and sleepy mood she used to, but she has wakened up to the knowledge of spiritualism. Yes, she really claims to have superhuman power and when we now think of that seeming timidity in school, let us remember that it was only the mediumistic powers working within her. It is almost impossible for us to believe that Clara became a disciple of Ewsapia Pallandino, and the only reason I can see for it is that she found it beyond her power to reproduce humanity on canvas, so she found a better way—the ghost method.

I was really glad for the time to come for our party to leave New York. I felt that such another shock as the last two would be more than I could endure. I was glad to have the opportunity of visiting Vassar before coming South. Our entire party was heartily welcomed at the college and the faculty showed a great interest in our becoming acquainted with the surroundings. I was sure that I had met every member of the faculty until one of the members told me the Latin teacher was from my state and she knew I should be glad to meet Miss Sherrill. Ollie a teacher of Latin! All those hours of heart-rending sighs while pouring over Vergil and Horace were not spent in vain after all. I entered Miss Sherrill's sitting room and found her sitting before a table which was completely filled with Latin books. On the walls were paintings of myths referred to in the Latin she had studied. In every corner was a pedestal bearing the sculptural bust of Caesar, Cicero, Venus, Minerva or some great

hero, god or goddness, she had learned so much about in her fluent translations. I was not surprised to find this classmate in such perplexity. It would have been a great disappointment to her as well as to her classmates if she had not become a Latin teacher after having spent numberless hours at G. F. toiling over Latin books.

Shortly after starting South, our party separated and I was alone. While waiting for my train in Washington, I received a telegram from Ethel asking me to stop over in Richmond and spend a few days with her. I was met at the station by a handsomely dressed lady whom I did not at first recognize as being Ethel. The little smile and coquettish airs assured me of the fact even if she had become much more dignified since she entered the society circles. She and her husband made my visit a most pleasant one, my time being taken up in dinner parties, germans, automobiling, etc. Ethel had heard that I was traveling to find my class-mates and she also knew to what height my curiosity was liable to go, so she agreed with me that it was a good idea to seek my old friends, if I could not enter high society among new friends. I could take this sarcastic remark, because I had become accustomed to Ethel's sarcasm while we were in school together.

She was surprised to learn that I had not seen Edith Ward in my travels, but she was able to give me information concerning her. Edith was another one of my classmates who believed in single blessedness and she determined not to lead a wasted life. She spent many years after leaving G. F., trying to get a B. S. degree. At last she received it and became a teacher of chemistry and physics in a Northern college. I could not even hear from her when I wrote to the college and no one returned the letters or wrote me anything concerning her and it was not until about twenty-five years after my tour that I learned what had become of her.

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now. In the little town of Rowland is a graveyard on a green hillside. Under a little cedar tree stands a tombstone with the following inscription:

"Here lies poor Edith Ward
Beneath this grass,
Killed by an explosion
Of laboratory gas."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

ETHEL BRINKLEY

We, the members of the Senior Class, of Greensboro Female College, in the county of Guilford, and state of North Carolina, of discriminating ages from sixteen to twenty-five, and being of sound disposing mind and memory, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testament, that is to say:

First: We leave to Miss Stansel a book laying down the principles of house-keeping and containing the days of the month with a margin for grades.

Second: We give Hazel Webster's extensive height and graceful carriage to Berta Lindsay.

Third: To Madeleine Toney we leave a rug.

Fourth: Miss Clarke's love for history, and her gentle manner to Rose Davis.

Fifth: Huldah Hambrick's dignity and precision to Annie Adams.

Sixth: Nettie Dowell's ever smiling face to Cora Litchfield.

Seventh: Mary Broome's hurrying manner to Maude Gillikin.

Eighth: To Miss Wright an emblem of authority to aid her in calling the physical culture class to attention.

Ninth: To the inmates of room 207 a book of etiquette from which they can learn how to modulate their voices.

Tenth: To Helen McAulay Blanche Dawson's gracious bow.

Eleventh: To Mrs. Hancock all the trading stamps the girls get.

Twelfth: Ethel Barbour's promptness to Nettie Daniels.

Thirteenth: Edith Ward's mathematical ability to Bessie Ledbetter.

Fourteenth: Frank Robbins's care to keep all the rules of the school to Mabel Hutton.

Fifteenth: Miss Fisher's singing ability to Miss Pegram.

Sixteenth: To Ruth Coltrane a roll of funny papers.

Seventeenth: To Helen Creech a bugle so that her voice can be more distinctly heard from one end of the hall to the other.

Eighteenth: Byrde Dailey's numerous darlings to Lucile Umstead.

Nineteenth: To Aunt Fanny every girl's consideration and respect.

Twentieth: To Miss Dozier an urgent invitation to visit her section next year.

Twenty-first: To Maud Baker a mirror so that she may spend awhile in reflection.

Twenty-second: To Julia Crutchfield a tack barrel that never loses its head.

Twenty-third: Etta Cutchin's love for making good impressions to Eleanor Inman.

Twenty-fourth: To Myrtle Dean a thermometer so that she may see that college life passes by degrees.

Twenty-fifth: To faithful Uncle Walt, who can not be left out, many years of strength and a spade.

Twenty-sixth: Annie Edward's "hammer" to Janie Gulledge, so that she may do a driving business next year.

Twnty-seventh: To the whole Junior class we leave our best wishes and hope they will have many Senior privileges next year.

Twenty-eighth, and last, but by no means least: To our president, Mrs. Robertson, we express our sincere and never dying love.

Y W. C. A. OFFICERS

THE CLASS OF 1910

ESTELLE BROWN

Frank is a girl of great popularity
Caused no doubt by her catching hilarity.
She stays with her friends and not with her books
And to nothing does she pay more attention than looks.

Mary is our maid of small dimensions,
But how these contrast with her huge pretensions,
Of suitors she has on an unusual share,
So when it comes to flirting well—Mary's right there.

Etta excels in oratory,
Of plans for universal glory;
But then she comes from Carolina State,
Where everybody expects to be great.

Annie's face is a question mark—
Breakfast bell rung or has it not?
Economics is Annie's sphere,
She'll rival Miss Clarke sometime next year.

Our Ethel has a knowing look
She's never been without a book.
From her fine knowledge you may be sure
That for every ill she'll know the cure.

To Clara all that is graceful belongs,
But, O, how for the track team she longs,
Of late we have had unusual fun
For Clara for freedom attempted to run.

And now comes Ollie, our Indian maid,
Of whom something startling is to be said,
For she has worked in the hours that she should cook
And her hardest duties she never would shirk.

Byrde is a prophet of great renown;
She writes of the fates and dooms which sound
For each of her classmates in old G. F. C.,
And we smile when we think of things that shall be.

Edith, the last of the ten,
The upholder of our sport, has ever been,
As a basket ball player, a little wild,
But she sustains our fame with professional style.

These who leave you, yet love you,
Dear Alma Mater, so faithful and true,
Shall sing the praise of thy worth and thy glory,
Long famed in song and in story.

Our teachers and friends so kind,
Who, though we go, yet linger still behind,
We turn and render a last farewell to you,
And from our loving hearts say, "adieu."

Editorial

FRANK ROBBINS . . . . . Chief Editor
MAUDE UPCHURCH . . . . . Assistant Editor

This issue of THE MESSAGE goes to press during the season of Commencements at the Schools and Colleges of the State. The year's work is done and hundreds of young men and women go out from institutions of learning; some, after a vacation for rest and recuperation, will take up their studies for another year; others, having completed the course of instruction, will return no more but enter upon the serious duties of life. To all it is an interesting period of their lives; but to the latter it is a season for reflection. School days ended, college course finished, and the duties and responsibilities of life before them, "what shall the harvest be?" How shall the mental and moral training received in the past few years be made the foundation and the inspiration for beautiful and useful service in the world? Well may those, who have been blessed with the benefits of education, pause and reflect. It is not too much to say, that educated men and women constitute the highest wealth of society and the State; and to distribute the wealth of head and heart in blessing and brightening the lives of others, this is the mission of the educated. Knowledge is not only power but happiness too, when used to make the world better and happier. And the beauty of it is, that the giver is perhaps more blessed that the receiver of happiness; it is in fact a co-partnership of joy to both; and our earnest wish is that all those, who have recently gone out from our institutions of learning, may be members of such a joyous partnership.

* * * *

The recent death of King Edward VII, after a reign of but ten years, has left the throne of England to his son, who

now becomes ruler of the vast British empire, under the name of George V. Edward VII was an able and conservative ruler, tactful, popular and a lover of peace, and did much to promote good understanding and friendly relations among the nations of Europe. While he reigned but ten years, yet he has left a name honored and loved by his people. Doubtless the excellence of his character, both as a man and sovereign, must be credited to his illustrious mother, Queen Victoria, whose long reign of sixty-three years brought power and glory to the world-wide British empire, and whose pure and noble personal character was a beautiful type of lofty womanhood. George V is reputed to be an able man of high character; and it is to be hoped that he will prove a blessing to the great people over whom he is called to reign.

* * * *

A very forceful critic whose identity has not been revealed, not being content to render tribute to Pittsburg because of her great art exhibitions, has summoned the whole nation to yield acclaim to the city of smoke and steel. He says whether they do so gracefully or grudgingly, Philadelphia, Boston and New York must give place to Pittsburg in this matter of art exhibitions. No community throughout the entire country can boast such a progressive attitude toward modern art. The contented dwellers east of the Alleghanies can not realize just what Pittsburg is accomplishing in her yearly displays. In selection and installation her exhibit this year surpasses anything on this side of the Atlantic and competes on even terms with the best that is being done abroad.

Local Department

JULIA CRUTCHFIELD
SUSIE STOKES } . . . . . Editors

Messrs. Robert Roy and Conrad Lasher will leave at an early date for their home in Germany. Mr. Lahser will spend the greater part of vacation in Paris studying.

* * * *

Mr. Ernest Starr has resigned to spend next year in Europe studying. To these members of our College family THE MESSAGE extends a cordial "bon voyage."

* * * *

The following news will be of much interest to their many friends: Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson, Misses B. H. Gunn, R. E. Hughes, Corde R. Olive, A. McK. Edwards, B. S. McDearman, Fannie A. Strauss, Sadie B. Royster and E. J. Porter will sail on the 18th of June for Europe to spend several months.

* * * *

At the annual meeting of the trustees Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson was unanimously re-elected as president. Another feature also was the announcement of the completion of the $100,000.00 endowment fund. The need of additional dormitory room was discussed at length, but no final action was taken. However efforts will be made to have a dormitory accommodating about one hundred students erected as soon as possible on the east wing. This will be a much needed addition to the College, as students are turned away every year long before school opens, for lack of room.

* * * *

The Alumnae Association adopted the following resolutions, offered by Mrs. C. H. Ireland, and a copy was sent to the trus-

tees then in session: "Resolved, that the Alumnae Association of Greensboro Female College, now assembled in session, wishes to put itself on record as heartily endorsing Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson and its perfect satisfaction with the work she is doing for the college."

The unanimous election of Mrs. Robertson as president gave to the students of the present as well as of years past a peculiar pleasure, for not only does Mrs. Robertson have the love of all concerned, but she is recognized as being a leader of great strength of character, possessing a wonderful insight into the needs of young women, and also having in a great degree the executive ability which has made Greensboro Female College a phenomenal success since the resurrection of the college from the ashes of the past.

* * * *

The following resolutions of thanks were passed by the Irving Literary Society:

I. Resolved, that the Irving Literary Society wishes to express its appreciation to Mr. Starr for his loyalty and faithfulness as an honorary member of the society.

II. Resolved, that the Irving Literary Society desires to thank Mr. Starr most sincerely for the services he has rendered the society.

III. Resolved, that upon his leaving the society feels that it has lost a member, whose place it will be most difficult to fill.

IV. Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Starr, that a copy be published in THE MESSAGE and one enrolled in the I. V. E. Memory Book.

WINNIE BRUTON,
RENNIE GRIFFIN,
FRANK ROBBINS.

* * * *

A number of the Alumnae of G. F. College were present at commencement. The classes of 1902, 1908 and 1909 had reunions and unusual interest was manifested by the large representation from each class.

The representatives of the class of 1902 were Miss Eliza Smith, Gatesville; Miss Lelah Starr, Greensboro; Miss Linnie Ward and Miss Carrie Fuller. The class of 1908 had the banner in representatives: Misses Ellen McPhail, Mt. Olive; Marion Smith, Newton; Josie Fulton, Mt. Airy; Grace Foy, Mt. Airy; Margaret Summersett, Salisbury; Grace Craig, Wilmington; Martha Stockton, Kernersville; Vera Idol, High Point; Allie Strickland, High Point; Bertha Long, Gastonia. The resident members of the class are Misses Helen Sparger, Carrie Young, Myrtie Ham, Annie Anderson and Clara Stahl. The class of 1909 had the honor of having every member present. These members were Miss Bessie Davis, Warrenton; Miss Mildred Connelly, Roxboro; Miss Eunice Helms, Monroe; and the resident members are Misses Estelle Ham, Bessie Clapp and Araminta Hester.

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MAUDE UPCHURCH .....Assistant Editor

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Y. W. C. A. Notes

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ANNIE EDWARDS

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Censor .....Hulda Hambrick

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Secretary .....Mary Broome
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Vice-President ....Annie Woodley
Secretary .....Rennie Griffin
Treasurer .....Lucile Umstead
Critic .....Byrde Dailey
Censor .....Linnie Mann

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Secretary .....Annie Edwards

Junior Class

President .....Julia Crutchfield
Secretary .....Hulda Hambrick

Sophomore Class

President .....Erma Stevens
Secretary .....Lina Coltrane

Freshman Class

President .....Eva Martin
Secretary .....Annie Adams

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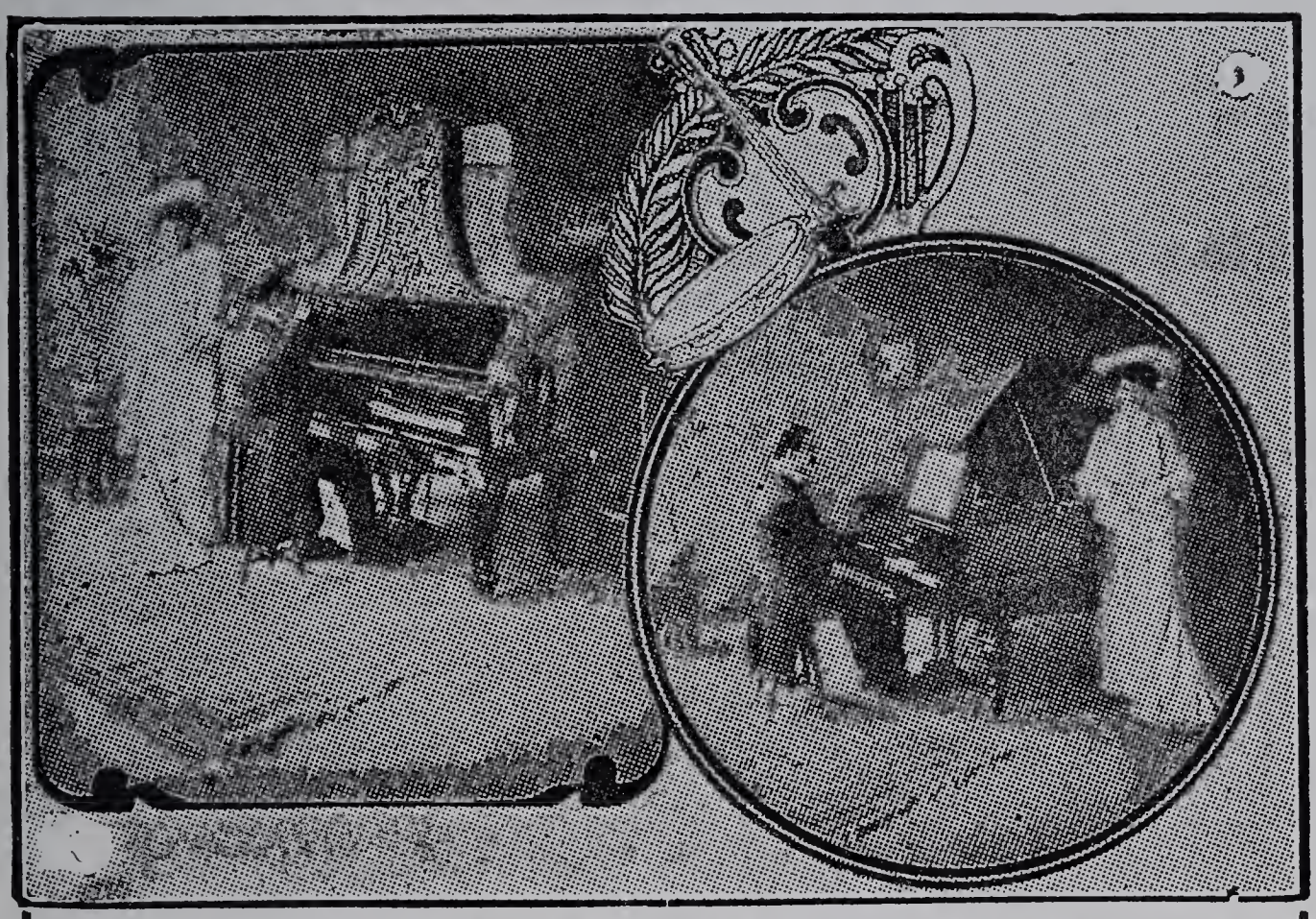

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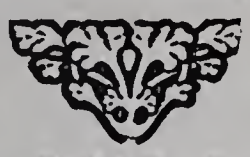

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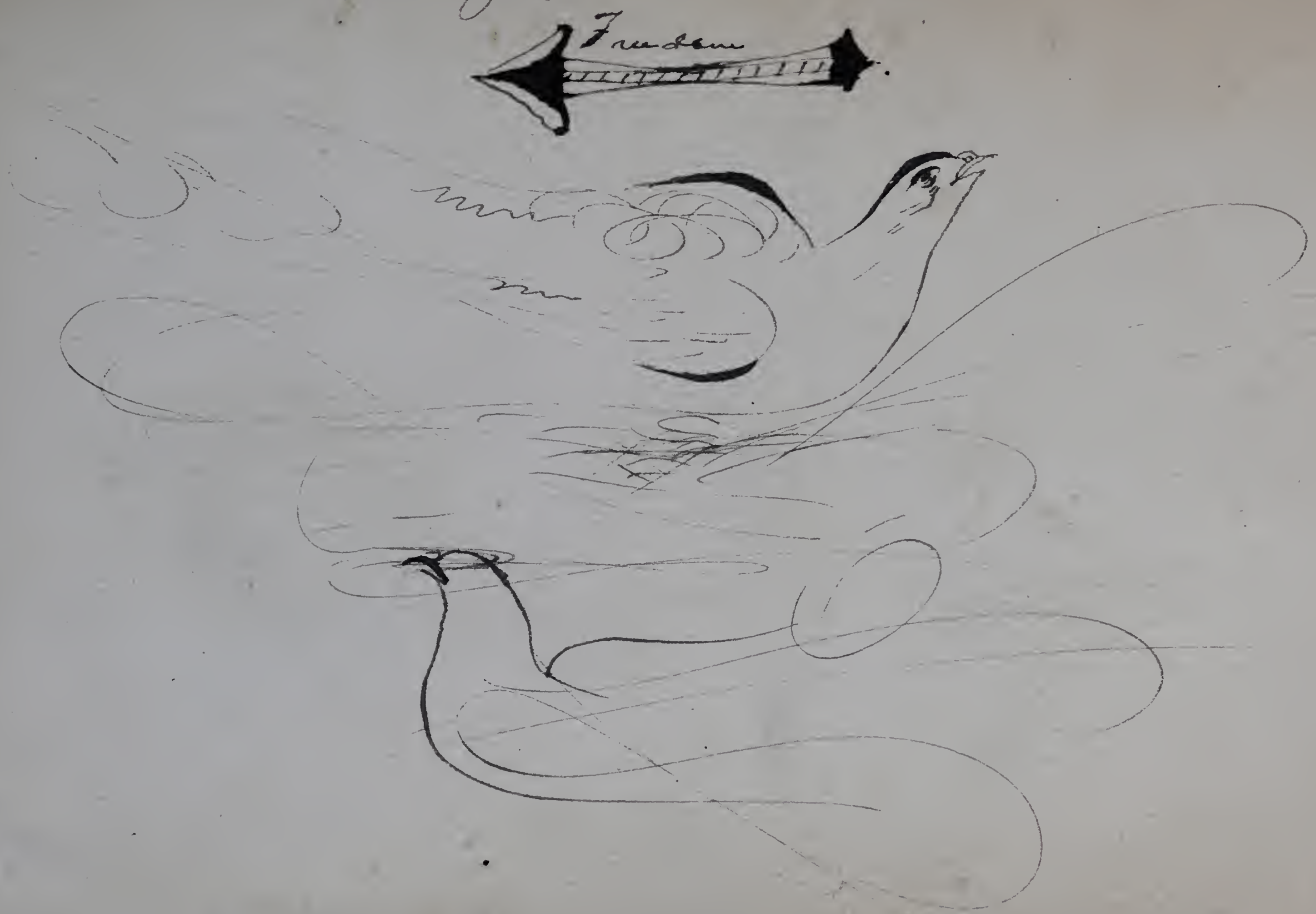

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THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

November, 1912

Vol. 21 Greensboro, N. C. No. 1

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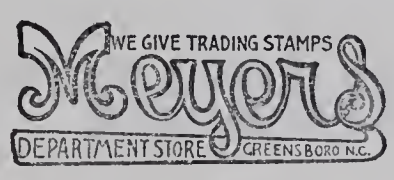

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The College Message

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Message will be published about the first of November and December, and the first of February, March, April and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion.

ESTELLE BULLOCK, Business Manager.

Song

Weep, as if you thought of laughter!
Smile, as tears were coming after!
Marry your pleasures to your woes;
And think life's green well worth its rose!

No sorrow will your heart betide,
Without a comfort by its side;
The sun may sleep in his sea-bed,
But you have starlight overhead.

Trust not to joy! to rose of June,
When opened wide, will wither soon;
Italian days without twilight
Will turn them suddenly to night.

Joy, most changeful of all things,
Flits away on rainbow wings;
And when they look the gayest, know,
It is that they are spread to go.

—*E. B. Browning.*

The Interrupted Feast

"Kitty, is this picture straight? Oh, I am so tired and our room is still a perfect fright. If we only had the pictures hung! There, that doesn't look right, but I'm simply exhausted and I don't intend to do another thing today," and Edith climbed slowly down from the ladder.

"Here, Edith, you sit right down in this comfortable rocking-chair and rest while I run and bring you some of the candy that Jack sent me this morning.

'You may talk about your flowers,
Your music all so dandy,
But if you wish to touch my heart
Just send me Huyler's candy',"

and Rose went laughingly across the hall to her room.

In a few minutes all three of the girls were gathered around the box of candy talking gaily and for the time being the room was entirely forgotten. Kitty was the first one to call them back to their work.

"I tell you, girls, what we'll do. You know those three little Freshmen, Jane, Dot, and Bess are crazy about Edith and they always come every afternoon to see her. Why not make them hang our pictures for us?"

"Brilliant idea! Kit, I always knew you were a genius, but—"

Rosamond was here interrupted by a low knock on the door. All three of the girls called, "Come" in a loud tone. The door was slowly opened and the three little Freshmen walked timidly into the room.

"So glad to see you, girls. Do be seated. Wait till I fling some of these pictures off the chairs. It seems that we have pictures everywhere except on our walls. Edith tried to hang some of them, but she smashed her finger and almost fell from the ladder three times, so she positively

refuses to try any more. I am sure I don't know what on earth we are to do,'' and Kitty leaned back in her chair, sighing heavily.

Dot looked at Jane and Jane looked at Bess, and then all three looked at each other. Then Jane spoke:

''Let us help you, Kitty, please do—for we would really love to do it.''

Of course the girls pretended that they couldn't even think of allowing the ''new girls'' to help them, but to express thoughts in their own words ''they were tickled to death''.

After Dot had got the hammer from a room six doors down the hall and Bess had chased all over the building for tacks, the work started in earnest under the supervision of the older girls. Dot, Bess, and Jane did not realize that the Seniors were using them as a tool, so they worked most faithfully without even caring for a reward beyond the hope that they might be pleasing these girls whom they adored.

''Edith, just look at the children! They are about the workingest girls there is. They have cleared away every bit of our truck and why can't we have our feast in here tonight?'' and Kitty winked at her companions, who laughed and nodded their heads. She continued in a very mysterious manner:

''Children, if I tell you a secret, will you never breathe it to a soul?''

The girls all at once felt themselves rising in importance, for wasn't this Senior just about to divulge to them—new girls—a secret? They solemnly promised that it would be as safe with them as with a dead man.

Kitty, although secretly laughing, pretended that she was telling them a most profound secret, while the girls listened to her with as much respect as if she had been Minerva.

''Girls, we, Polly, Beulah, Rebecca, Rhoda, and all those girls on that end of the hall, are going to have a midnight feast tonight in this room and we invite you to come if you promise never to tell or make any noise whatsoever. We will all meet here about twelve o'clock, some may be early

while others may be a little late, for you can't always tell what these teachers are up to. You will have to watch for your best time to come. If you do happen to meet up with a member of the faculty, just tell them that there are rats in your room or a bat has just flown in your window and pretend that you are scared to death.''

Here the supper bell rang and all the girls went merrily to the dining hall. During study hour the three new girls could scarcely keep still so great was their excitement. Had any one been watching them closely they would have seen that something was to happen, as they kept looking at each other, smiling and winking in a knowing way. It seemed that midnight would never come, but at last they heard Uncle Dan, the night watchman, making his third round so they knew that it was time to start.

After a short consultation they started with Jane in the lead. They went so quietly that no one was disturbed, so they reached Kitty's room in safety. Dot knocked softly on the door, but no one replied. She listened, but she heard not a sound. Then it was that Bess remembered that Kitty had told them not to knock but to call softly, ''Open Sesame''. This they did and immediately the door was opened and they were invited into the room. Here they found all the girls assembled except Polly. They were wondering what could have detained her, for she was usually the first one in all the mischief. Kitty, from her position near the door where she could listen, open the door, or snore as the occasion demanded, suddenly exclaimed:

''O, girls, I hear her coming, for I could tell her walk in Jericho.''

She opened the door and Polly rushed in.

''Girls, don't ever tell me again that I am teacher-proof, for hadn't I just turned the corner on second floor and was making my way here like a nice quiet little girl when I ran almost into Miss Fisher's arms. I didn't know what on earth I was to do or say when she asked me what I was doing out of my room at this time of night, but all at once I was inspired,

so I answered with the most pathetic wail you ever heard in your life, 'Oh, I've just started to Aunt Fanny, for my tooth is just simply killing me.' Do you know she is the kindest woman I ever hope to meet, for she insisted on going with me to Aunt Fanny. I did hate to wake her up, but I didn't see any other way, so I knocked and waited for the door to be opened, wondering what on earth I was to do. I told Aunt Fanny my trouble and she was so sweet to me, but she pulled out some of the hottest stuff I've ever had any experience with and told me to open my mouth. She looked at my teeth for a considerable time and then said, 'Polly, which tooth is it, for I don't see a sign of a cavity?' I asked her to let me put it in, which she did, and, girls, my mouth is blistered to such a degree that I don't know whether I shall be able to eat anything for a week or not. To cap it all she says she will take me to the dentist tomorrow. I told her the pain was easier and I thought I could rest all right. I hoped my escort would leave me, but no such luck, for she went all the way to my room with me and saw that everything was quiet before she left. I thought I would never get away again, but here I am and let's begin the feast."

The girls all laughed and began to arrange the spread. A heated discussion ensued as to whether Kitty or Polly should be doorkeeper, but it was decided that Kitty should remain since she was the best snorer. The feast was at its height, every one had paused to listen to Polly's toast to the faculty, when Kitty in a loud whisper announced:

"Girls, hide yourselves as quickly as possible. Our section teacher is coming. She is new, you know, and there's no telling what she might do to us."

Dot leaned over and whispered, "How do you know that it is the new teacher, Kitty?"

Kitty answered impatiently, "O child, don't you know that I can recognize the walk of every teacher in the house?"

Kitty now began her snoring in earnest, which so amused the new girls that they could not refrain from giggling. Polly crawled out from under the bed to pinch Jane, but that

only made her laugh louder. The teacher by this time had reached the door, where she stopped to listen and then knocked softly, but her only answer was a loud snore from Kit, so she decided to enter. The door was locked, so she called softly, "Girls, open the door". Her answer was a louder snore than ever, so she called again, this time louder, "Open the door". The new girls were frightened by this time, but Polly called out in a very sleepy voice, "Who is that knocking and what do you want?" Her reply was, "Open the door". Kitty, who all this time had been sitting by the door snoring, opened it in such a way that she stayed behind it so that the teacher saw only the three new girls in the midst of all the spread. These she scolded soundly, then sent them to bed without allowing them to say a word in protest, gave each one of them three black marks and told them that they were campused for three weeks. Then she went out and closed the door. As the echo of her last footsteps died away the other girls began to come slowly from their hiding places without saying a word. Finally Jane broke the silence with this remark, which expressed the sentiment of the other two new girls, "I hope my face will freeze if ever I venture to giggle again after light bell."

The Mystery of Rocky Ridge

MATTIE WHITAKER

"My! It is getting darker and darker every minute and the atmosphere is so close a storm is brewing, I know. Graham hasn't come yet and hasn't let me hear a word from him. I wonder why he is staying so late, he has never done this before," said Mrs. Graham Keith to herself as she stood looking out of the library window watching for her husband.

Mr. Keith had gone to town that day to attend the trial of one of his old tenants who had been accused of passing counterfeit money. Knowing his character well, he was very influential in having him condemned, and when he was taken from the court room to the jail to wait until he could be taken to the penitentiary he passed his former master and said, "Yes, you helped to do this and I shall have my revenge." Mr. Keith only smiled and went his way.

It was rather late when he finished attending to his business that day and at first he thought of staying in town, as it looked so stormy, but then thinking that his wife would be waiting for him and how disappointed she would be, he decided to go anyway.

It is true that the "Rocky Ridge", as the road was called, was considered the most dangerous in all the country around, with its deep and rocky ravines on either side, but Mr. Keith had been traveling this road all his life and he knew every little hole in it, even in the dark, so he started on his three miles drive, home.

Again Mrs. Keith went to the window. It was now thundering and lightning, and the rain was pouring in torrents. "I can't understand why Graham doesn't come," she said. "He said he would be in early."

"Perhaps he is staying in town tonight," said her young friend, Jean Travis, who was trying to comfort her, but she also was a little nervous.

"No, he would have 'phoned me."

"Well, I will go and see if I can get central now, and find out if he is there."

"Chad!" called Mrs. Keith to the old servant who had been in the family for many years. "What do you think is the reason your master hasn't returned? Did he drive old Nell?"

"Missus, I'm mighty wearin' fo' de massa. He neber do dis way befo' an' he rode dat young colt dats terribly sperited too. He say hit was so pretty dis morning he gwinter ride horseback, an' now he ain't eben got nothin' to keep de rain off. I'se jus' so worried 'bout him."

"Oh, I am so miserable. He didn't even go in a buggy? Suppose the horse gets frightened and runs away. So many terrible things happen on the 'Rocky Ridge'. Why, he might even be murdered. Oh, I just can't stant it! I can't stand it!"

"Now, missus, don't you cry and get your purty face all ugly, fo' massa he always comes outen everythin' all right. 'Spec' I better saddle de ol' horse an' go see if I can find him. I ain't much on lightnin' tho'."

"Go, Chad; go and wake up all the hands on the farm and tell them to go with you. I will go crazy if he doesn't come soon. Don't you come back without him."

Jean called central. "Give me Judge Moore's, please." "Hello! who is that?—Judge Moore, is Mr. Keith there? He hasn't come home yet and Mrs. Keith is very anxious about him.—Left about three hours ago! Can it be possible, and it is only about three-quarters of an hour's drive at the most. I fear something has happened. What shall we do? —What, Jones has escaped?—All right, Judge, I will leave it all to you and will go and try to calm Mrs. Keith. Good-bye."

Mrs. Keith had heard part of the conversation and she knew that her husband had left for home. She was beyond control. She went about the room wringing her hands and talking to herself. Finally the strain became too much for her nerves, so she fell on the couch and seemed to sleep. Jean

sat by watching her every movement and anxiously waited for some news.

The clock struck two, three, four, still no news. The suspense was awful, for if her patient waked what should she tell her? It seemed that day would never come.

At five o'clock the servants began stirring about the house, for in the country everyone rises early. Mrs. Keith waked. "Where is Graham? Have I been dreaming? Jean, why, you look so pale and you look so dreadfully frightened. Let me see. I seem to be in a stupor." She got up, went to the window and looked out upon the storm-beaten ground.

"Oh, is it possible that Graham hasn't come yet? I see things clearly again. Jean, don't be afraid to tell me; I am a different woman now. I feel that the Almighty hand has put strength in my body to enable me to stand the worst. No, Jean, don't say it. Your expression tells everything."

At that Jean rushed from the room. She had stood a lot that night, but this was too much. Aunt Charity was sent to her mistress, but she dismissed her, as she wanted to be alone to think.

Chad, with his posse and others from the city sent by the judge, spent the whole night searching for Mr. Keith and the escaped Jones. No one could understand the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Keith, and only his watch was found on the road; his horse had even vanished. The little town of Hamlet was full of excitement, for never in all its history had such a thing of this kind happened.

Searches were made all day, until at last Jones was found in a neighboring town. The people were about to lynch him for the murder of Keith, as they remembered his threat, but it was soon stopped by officers, and he was carried back to jail. He was to be tried at once for the murder of Mr. Keith.

Many of Mrs. Keith's friends came to comfort and sympathize with her. She received them in her usual gracious manner, her beautiful face, sober and wan, grief written

in every line. She told them how good her husband had been to her and she thought God had taken him because she had cared so much for him, in fact she worshipped him, and he had been taken away as a punishment to her. Now she intended to give her life to others, to bury her overshadowing troubles in her new mission.

Every one stared at each other and wondered how such a change could take place in so short a time. What a wonderful change and so different from what they expected. Mrs. Keith had seemed to be a very emotional woman, but this great shock seemed to have taken all her former life away and given her an entirely new character.

Searches for the murdered man did not cease as the trial continued. The whole community was convinced that Jones had carried out his threat by killing his bitter enemy and hiding his body. The end of the trial came. Jones was condemned on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to be hanged.

The day before the time appointed for the death of Jones Mrs. Keith could not rest. She wondered if they were going to kill the right man. It seemed to prey on her mind all the time. That night she could not sleep, but when she dozed off one time her husband appeared to her and said: "Jones is not guilty. Prevent his death. My body will be found in the ravine where my watch was lying. My good wife, be comforted. I will meet you in heaven."

The next morning Chad came home, having been away since his mistress had sent him in search of her husband, with the body of his master, which he after faithful and diligent searching had at last found, and he told how he had examined the place and found that the horse had tripped and thrown his master and himself into the rocky ravine where both had met their death.

Mrs. Keith, bearing a brave countenance, with Jean, Chad driving, rode rapidly to Hamlet and prevented the death of an innocent man.

A Little Pearl Ring

VIOLA KIKER

Among the passengers on board a large steamer on its way from New York to Germany was a beautiful young lady accompanied by an older lady. This young lady attracted the attention of all those on board. They admired her beauty and graceful manner. Especially did she attract the attention of one young man, who was very anxious to become acquainted with her.

The day after he met her they were sitting on the deck of the ship. The two had become very much interested in each other since they learned that both of them were returning to their native land, Germany.

"And I shall be happy at the end of this journey if I only find that which I have been seeking for several weeks," he said.

"And may I ask what that is?"

"To answer your question would be to tell the history of my life, which would be long and I am afraid that it would also be uninteresting to you."

"O no, tell it to me, and I assure you that I will prove in the end that I am an attentive listener."

"Then I begin with my childhood. My father died when I was only two years of age. After his death my mother and I lived alone, for I was the only child. We were very much devoted to each other, but alas! death parted us. When I was ten years of age my mother was taken seriously ill, and after a month died, leaving me an orphan. I then went to live with my uncle.

"One of my dearest little playmates was a litle girl who lived near us. We had been the closest of friends all our short lives, for she was only eight years old. She was the prettiest little girl in the village. She had long large black curls and great big blue eyes, and she had always had a cheerful and merry face. Among her friends, of whom I

was the first, she was called the 'Little Princess'. She was always the kindest of little girls, and after my mother's death she seemed to be even kinder; she was so sympathetic, for her father had died three years before this time.

"My uncle planned to go to America, a few weeks after my mother's death, and there to make his home. I was going with him and leave the village and all my little playmates, which I disliked very much to do.

"On the afternoon before I was to leave the next morning, while I was playing with my little friend I told her that I was going to leave her and go away across the water. After I had told her that, great big tears came into her eyes and trickled down her rosy cheeks, and sobbing she said, 'I shall be so lonely when you leave.' I kissed her tears away and told her that when I grew up and became a man and should be rich that I would come back to her and take her to be my little bride. Then as a token of our friendship I asked her for the little pearl ring which she wore. She gave me the ring and I in return gave her a kiss and a promise that I would be always her brave knight, although the ocean should separate us. Though we were young, yet we loved each other dearly. We parted, each confident in the other, but neither knew what fate had in store for him.

"Early the next morning I left my home village with the family of my uncle. We had a very pleasant voyage and landed at New York seven days after we sailed. From New York we went out west, where we made our home in Clinton, in the State of Iowa.

"There I went to school and when I was old enough my uncle sent me to college. My father had left me only a small sum of money, the greater part of which it took to complete my education.

"All these years I never forgot my blue-eyed princess, and the little ring which she had given me brought to my mind often the promise that I had made to her. Up to this time my love for her had never for one instance grown cold, and I often wondered if she was still living and loving me.

"Now that I was through college I began to think of choosing some profession, for I was now twenty-one years of age and had to make a living. My one aim was to secure enough money to return to my native country and to see my little friend.

"I went into business in Clinton, and I worked hard for two years, saving all my money that I might have something for my hoped-for bride, although sometimes I feared that I was hoping in vain. For she, after my many years of absence, might have forgotten me, or perhaps she had looked for my return until she grew tired of waiting and ceased to expect me, or even a more dreadful thought yet, her love may have grown cold and now at this very moment someone else may claim her hand and heart.

"But why was I doubting this? It was this. It was the first of May and I had planned to sail for Europe the first of June. I was invited to a party one night and there I met a charming young lady. I was much attracted by her manner and speech and she seemed equally so with mine. Before we parted that night she had granted me permission to call on her at an early date. I called on her quite frequently. I was neglecting entirely my preparations for departing, in fact I had almost forgotten that I had planned to go anywhere except to see my new lady friend. In three weeks after I met her we were engaged. It was a busy time then making preparations for the approaching wedding."

"What do you suppose your little princess would have done and said if she had known this? And what do you suppose she is doing now? And you—"

"But wait, do not think me so cruel. I had just returned from calling on Nan, whom I thought occupied first place in my life. When I reached my room I was searching for some article among my possessions when I knocked a small box on the floor and a little pearl ring rolled out. At the sight of the ring I suddenly became conscious of the fact that I was hoping for something which I had almost forgotten.

"I picked the ring up and in it I thought I saw the face

of a fair and lovely maiden. Her jet black tresses were waving gracefully around a sweet smiling face, her clear blue eyes seemed to be looking straight ahead and there was a look of expectation on her countenance as though she was looking and hoping for what? The thought came in an instant to me that this one was watching and expecting every day the return of her knight. I blushed for shame to think that I had forgotten my princess for one moment. I realized at that moment that it was she whom I loved and not Nan, the one whom I a little while before thought I was going to marry in a few days. But I could not do this, I must break the engagement some way.

"The next night I called on Nan and as soon as I saw her I knew that something had gone wrong. After a little while she told me that she had heard that I was engaged and that I had no intentions whatever of marrying her, and said that she was ready to break the engagement at once. I, faltering, tried to persuade her that I was really not engaged. But she would not listen to me, and hastily said good-night and goodbye.

"I was only too glad of being free now. I made hasty preparations for my departure, and the first of June I left for New York, from where I sailed in a few days for Germany.

"I was almost two weeks in reaching my old home village. It was night when I arrived there. It seemed as though I would never reach my journey's end, even if it was a short time. All the time I was thinking of the purpose of this journey and wondering if I should find the long hoped for and cherished jewel. Sometimes doubt would almost overcome hope.

"Early the next morning I started out toward the home of my little friend. But alas! when I reached the place and had entered I was met at the door by a strange face, and was told that the one whom I was seeking did not live there, but that she had left the village many years before.

"At this news I was almost disheartened. I felt as though I might as well abandon my search, for if she had gone to America, how would I ever find her in that big country?

"On making further inquiry I learned that it had been about four years since she left. Her mother had died and she with a friend had gone to New York, as she wished to spend a few years in America and learn the language. I revived my courage and set out in a few days for New York.

I stayed in New York a week, all the time busy seeking my lost treasure. I learned that she had been in one of the schools there for three years, but she had left the year before to go south and there spend a year and return to Germany the following summer.

"It was now the middle of July so I decided to return to Leipzig and await her arrival if she had not already gone. I set sail on this the first steamer, with a new hope that I would soon find my much sought for princess.

"The thought of the one whom I loved so dearly in my childhood and this little token of love," he said as he took the ring from a little box to show to his lady companion, "will ever keep my hope alive."

As the lady took the ring in her hand and looked at it, she could hardly keep from revealing in an exclamation of joy what now she was almost sure was the real truth. But, no, she must wait a few minutes more and have one more trial.

"And what is the name of your little princess whom you have sought so long?"

"Margaret Holstein, my Margaret."

"O, I once knew a little girl named Margaret and she had black curly hair and bright blue eyes.

"And this little girl had a very dear little playmate, a bright-eyed boy just two years older than she. His mother died when he was ten years of age, and his uncle took him away across the water to live. Before leaving he promised faithfully to return some day to see his playmate.

"Nine years had passed since her little friend had left, when her mother died, and two months later she went with a friend to New York. There she intended to stay four years.

"During all this time Margaret had heard nothing of her

little knight. She often wondered if he still remembered her and if he had the pearl ring which she had given him when they separated.

"Four days ago she decided to go to Leipzig, Germany, and visit her old home. And perhaps Carl had returned and was seeking her.

"But now she knows that he is not there, but is on his way. She also knows that he does not have the little ring." As she said this she held the ring up before her.

"My princess! My Margaret!"

"My brave knight!"

American Songs

RUTH GILLIKIN

America, although a comparatively young country, abounds in patriotic songs—songs that when heard produce a sensation which is indescribable—songs that have not been the result of long thought and meditation, but have come spontaneously, as it were. The love of one's country is inherent in the heart of every normal person, but only to a few has the power been given to express this love in poetic language, which will endure for all time. Of course all the songs that the various wars have called forth are not to be found in our literature of today. Some have become part of the nation's history; others have become obsolete. Some possess much skill in both poetic and musical construction; others possess no claim to merit save the spirit that dictated them and the sentiment which they express.

National songs are of very recent origin, and, generally speaking, may be classified into two groups. First, those which extol the life of an individual, in all its phases; and secondly, those concerning the complex history of a nation. In most all of the European countries we find the type of royal hymns, which are not only noted for their poetic construction, but also for the remarkable rapidity with which they have spread over all the world. The national anthem of Great Britain, which is "God save the King," has become so closely identified with the hymn, "America," that they seem to be inseparable, the music being common to both.

The songs may be traced chronologically with the wars that have given creation to them.

One of the first contests that our forefathers engaged in was the French and Indian War, brought about by the unlawful claims of both Great Britain and France to the Ohio Valley. Our ancestors, as they were still under the protection and control of England, were compelled to take an active part in the war. The contrast between the soldiers of

the king and those of America, in respect to uniform, marching, and music, was great indeed, the result being that our soldiers were subjected to the most odious criticisms. Dr. Shuckburgh, one of the officers of the British troops, just delighted in playing jokes on other people. Being gifted in musical construction he quickly jotted down the notes of "Yankee Doodle" and presented them to our band master, saying that it was the latest martial music in England. Of course this was untrue, but our noble-hearted soldiers believed it and enjoyed the music while the British troops laughed and shouted at the joke. But all who laugh must weep, and their time came, when at the close of the Revolution they handed over their swords and the victory to those very same "Yankee Doodle Dandies".

It was during the French Revolution, in 1798, that "Hail Columbia", one of the most expressive songs, and one which the majority of European bands play as a compliment to our country, was composed. All the people of America were aroused. Some were of the opinion that gratitude and duty required us to espouse the cause of the French republic, while others thought it best to connect themselves with England, which was considered the most powerful nation. Both parties deviated from the wise policy of President Washington, who advocated a strict neutrality. Congress was in session in Philadelphia, debating this important question at the time, and hostilities had already taken place. A young man of the city, whose talent was very high as a singer, decided to take an advantage of the theatre, which was then open in the city. He realized that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the "President's March," which had become very popular, he would be more certain of success. This he succeeded in obtaining through the assistance of his personal friend, G. Hopkinson, Esq. The motive of the author was to create a true national spirit, which would put America above all other countries, and which would look and feel for her own honor and rights. The song had

its desired effect and has not only become enshrined in the memory of every American citizen, but has also become a part of our nation's literature.

We now come to the war of 1812, which gave creation to a song that the majority of Americans think has more claim than any other to be called a true national hymn.

It was during the summer of 1814 that the song was written, just at the time when Admiral Cockburn had planned a concerted attack by land and sea, upon Fort McHenry, the key to Baltimore. It was at this inopportune moment that Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer, determined to seek the release of a certain Doctor Beanes, whom Admiral Cockburn had transferred into the custody of Vice-Admiral Cochrane. Key, ignorant of the situation, wended his way thither, but was treated with considerable courtesy. Vice-Admiral Cochrane agreed to release Dr. Beanes, but as they had seen the preparations going on in the fleet, refused to let them go until victory was either gained or lost. The bombardment of the fort began at daylight of one day and ceased with daybreak of another. One can imagine the anxiety with which Key and his friends awaited the tidings of the battle. One can also imagine how all traces of anxiety fled when they were informed that the attack had been a failure and that they soon would be permitted to depart. Key, when with the first break of day he discerned the American flag, still floating over the Fort, wrote the first few stanzas of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which, when sung, so thrills the heart of our people that unconsciously they rise to their feet to do homage to their country. The remaining stanzas were written on his return to Baltimore, and the poem was published immediately.

Now we approach the Civil War, whose bloody deeds are burned in the heart of every citizen, who, although it caused many a fatherless and brotherless home, cannot wish it otherwise. For as time passes on and we see more clearly the ultimate end of this struggle, we cannot but say that if its cause could not have been accomplished by any other means

it was justifiable. This struggle between the North and South gave creation to "My Maryland", written by Mr. James R. Randall, a citizen of Baltimore. At the time of writing, he was a professor of English Literature in Poydras College, in Louisiana. Picking up the newspaper one morning he read the account of an attack made on the Massachusetts troops as they were on their way south. Being stimulated by this attack, together with the love of his country, it was his good fortune to compose that song, which was not only the instrument through which the south spoke, but whose composition satisfied his greatest desire, that of having some connecting link between himself and his native state.

But out of all our supply of songs none meet the requisites of a true national hymn, although some approach the standard more than others. These requisites are few in number, but must be strictly observed. In the first place a true national song must be universal in its appeal, not sectional as some the wars have called forth. The range of air must be within the scope of the average person. Again, the rhythm should assist the memory, not tax it.

Thus we see that this one task is still to be accomplished when time with all its hidden mysteries has done its work.

EDITORIAL

Julia Brookshire, Editor
Lucy Belle Totten, Associate Editor

"G. F. C., thy name is thrilling in the air." That sounded like music to our ears a few weeks ago when we were leaving home for our "dear old alma mater". Now we are happier still at the bright prospects for one of the most profitable years in the history of the college.

We cannot even tell how much we miss the members of the faculty who have left us, Miss Gray, Miss Huffines, Miss Dozier, Miss Neff, and Mr. Clark, but we are glad indeed to welcome the new members, Miss Reid, Miss Fullerton, Miss Forman, Miss Caldwell and Mr. Bennett, and truly hope they will feel at home among us.

It did not seem right at the beginning of the year with so many of the "old girls" gone and so many new faces, but oh! how nice it was when four of our last year's seniors came back to take their degrees and also Miss Ward, '02 class. They seemed to give us courage to go forward and arrive at the same goal, or at least try.

Then, to the "new girls" we want to extend the heartiest welcome of all, for we know how they feel, leaving home for the first time, because we have tried and everybody knows that "experience is the best teacher".

We are glad to say that the new dormitory, "Fitzgerald Hall," is completed and every one seems so well pleased with it. Tuesday night, October 15, 1912, we had the "house warming", all the college friends enjoyed the privilege of looking over the dormitory and were so glad to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fitzgerald, who has done so much for the school.

I am sure everybody has heard the old saying, "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and we are assured that Greens-

boro Female College has many friends if this is the case, for if it had not been for our "friends" we could never have had our beautiful building, and we want to thank every one of them for their hearty co-operation.

There is a greater tendency than ever among the college for exclusive friendships, or in the terms of the college girl, "darlings", or "crushes". This is a very serious question, too, for it not only affects the person mentally, by getting her mind off her work and making her think of her "loved one" altogether and also spending the money her home folks send her for candies, flowers, and such things, but is also detrimental to her physical condition.

You have never yet seen a truly "darling case" but that they were usually locked in each other's embrace most of the time and also kiss on every occasion. Now, all of us can see, when we stop to think, that this is really very bad for both parties because, in the first place, it tends to make them stoop-shouldered, and secondly, it has been proved that a "kiss" spreads germs faster than anything else in the world. Many people have tried to put a stop to it, but this seems impossible, and at last it has been suggested that to rub noses would be much better.

It is from kisses that many babies get all their diseases, for it seems impossible for a person to play with a dear little babe without kissing the child, not thinking, perhaps, of what a great risk they are running. This is also true with these great "darling cases" and really should be stopped.

Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth Coletrane Helen Weaver

On Saturday evening, September 14th, the Y. W. C. A. gave its annual reception to the new girls, on the college rotunda. The invitations read as follows: "Join the Y. W. C. A. in a lawn party Saturday evening, rotunda, 8:30." Progressive conversation was the feature of the evening. Subjects suitable to school girls, such as "A School Girl's Appetite", and "The Best Joke I Know," were enthusiastically discussed, judging by the lively chatter and merry laughter that floated in as the girls roamed on the moonlit campus. Delightful vocal and instrumental music was rendered by the student body and Miss Annie Whitener gave amusing readings. Dainty refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

At the first Sunday evening service the president, in a charming manner, welcomed the new students to the Association and gave them a most cordial invitation to become members. Afterwards the cabinet for 1912-13, as follows: Misses Annie Whitener, president; Lucy Belle Totten, vice-president; Anna Neal Fuller, recording secretary; Eva Martin, corresponding secretary; Annie Adams, treasurer; Estelle Bullock, chairman of the Bible Committee; Julia Brookshire, chairman of the Missionary Committee; Elizabeth Coltrane, chairman of the Social Committee, gave talks characteristic of their several departments.

The Bible Study Rally was conducted by Miss Rupert, who talked on the subject of "Companionship". Three classes were organized under Misses Rupert, Whitener and Adams as teachers, with an enrollment of fifty members.

On October 6th the Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in having Mrs. Martin conduct the services. She gave an impressive talk on Missions. Special music was rendered by the Glee Club, including a solo by Miss Camille Debnam.

The following Sunday evening Miss Baldwin, who has spent sixteen years in Jerusalem, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Portrayal of Home Life in Palestine", assisted by Misses Helen Groome and Esther Stanbury. Miss Baldwin was dressed to represent a woman of Bethlehem, while Misses Groome and Stanbury were a Mohammedan bride and groom.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Helen Groome Erma Stevens

Miss Maude Gillikin, of '11 class, is teaching at Four Oaks.

Mrs. Taylor Nesbit, formerly Miss Loma Niven, lives in Sanford.

Miss Ollie Sherrill is teaching at Roxboro.

Miss Linnie Ward, of '02 class, has returned to the college to receive her degree.

Mrs. Chas. Cannon, formerly Miss Ruth Coltrane, lives in Concord.

Miss Willie Griffin, '12, is teaching in the Winston schools.

Miss Irma Sykes is teaching in Smithfield.

Mrs. Arthur Klein, formerly Miss Nell Webster, is now living in Winston.

Miss Lucille Litaker, '12, is teaching History and Science in the Hickory High School.

Misses Lucy Hood and Maud Hicks took special courses in Art at Columbia University in the summer. Miss Hicks is now teaching at Louisburg College and Miss Hood has a studio in Smithfield.

Miss Jennie Ormond was married in June to Mr. Porter and now lives in Panama.

Miss Lina Coltrane, '12, is teaching at McCall, S. C.

Miss Emily Harney is spending the winter at her home in Plymouth.

Miss Mamie Best, '08, was married in June to Mr. Jno. C. Fuller, of Lumberton.

Miss Ethel Whitener is attending school at Davenport.

Miss Lucile Umstead is teaching at Stem, N. C.

Miss Bertha Long, of Gastonia, will be married in November to Dr. McPhail.

Miss Ruth Adams is spending the winter at her home in Four Oaks.

Miss Rennie Griffin is teaching at Buckston.

Miss Ida Winstead, of Roxboro, will be married in November to Mr. Chas. A. Hines, of Greensboro.

Miss Isa Sills is in her brother's office this winter.

Mrs. L. H. Platt, formerly Miss Sudie Gulley, of Goldsboro, has recently moved to Greensboro, and is residing on Frisco Street.

Miss Rue Rice was married in June to Mr. John Ricks.

Miss Leone Battle is teaching in Shelby.

ROUND TABLE

Honora Albertson Nancy Merrimon

"*The Honorable Miss Moonlight, by Onoto Watanna:*— However unsuitable this book may be for the "Rather Young Person", the story of the Japanese nobleman who defiled tradition to wed a geisha is of absorbing interest. There is so much of the spirit of Old Japan interwoven with the delicately written narrative that the Occidental reader fairly loses sight of his own ethical training in his sympathy for the childless wife, doomed under the old custom to divorce or suicide. The historical setting, the Russo-Japanese War, is cleverly chosen since the suggested development of New Japan ends the final and happiest chapter; and the perfection of detail is well wrought out in the return of the cicada, believed by Moonlight to be the soul of her dead rival, and as such to be gently forgiven.

"*Their Yesterdays,*" the latest product of the facile pen of Harold Bell Wright, is quite different from anything that he has heretofore attempted. It is not a novel, but the love story of a man and a woman who lived in the memory of their childhood days. The story is told between the lines with a charm and delicacy seldom met with even in Mr. Wright's other novels. When children the man and the woman are playmates together. Later they become separated and grow to manhood and womanhood far away from each other. Each in turn meets with trials and temptations, each experiences failure and success. Through their lives runs the memory of their yesterdays and it is this memory that gives each courage and hope. In the end they meet again and the love of boy and girl is consummated in the strong love of man and woman. "Their Yesterdays" is not a story of real life; it is more an allegory of present day living. The incidents which go to

make up the story are common enough, and the problems which the man and the woman have to face are real. "Their Yesterdays" contains a direct appeal to those who would rob women of their womanhood by compelling them to take part in our industrial activities.

A Civil War Prisoner:—A little volume which casts some valuable and interesting sidelights upon prison life during the Civil War is George H. Pitnam's "A Prisoner of War in Virginia, 1864-65." He gives in this a personal experience which serves to make clear certain matters in dispute since the close of the war concerning management of prisons in the south and the responsibility of officials for the suffering and large proportion of deaths in these institutions.

"Her Soul and Her Body":—This realistic little story will not be reassuring reading for those mothers and fathers whose young daughters journey alone to cities to study or work. It tells of a young girl who goes from a New England village to Boston to study elocution, develops a talent for dancing and finally, after two or three years hard and dearly bought experience, finds herself on the road to success. Nor is it a book for those who like nice, pleasant stories, for it deals with cheap lodging houses and the shabby sin that haunts them. But the book is one of uncommon truth and the author holds fast to truth also when she makes her heroine come through it all with only a little scorching of her wings. The tale is told with much cleverness, and contains some poignant truths about life that will perhaps be upsetting to commonly held opinion.

EXCHANGES

Annie Adams Mary Dosher

It is with expectancy rather than with any feeling of realization that we make our first entry into the exchange department. As yet we have received only three magazines, the Red and White, Wake Forest Student, and Trinity Archive.

The Red and White we congratulate for the possession of many valuable contributors who are so wide awake on current events and are liberal enough to impart their knowledge obtained by careful research to their less informed brothers and sisters.

The Wake Forest Student we commend for its diversity of subject matter. It is exceedingly well balanced, having poetry, fiction, and criticism.

The Trinity Archive shows the development of a poetic tendency to be very much in the foreground.

We are awaiting anxiously for the arrival of our other exchanges and feel that we are going to obtain great good from them during the following year.

LOCALS

Cora Munger Marion Woodley

On the evening of October 15th, the trustees and friends of the college were made welcome at an informal reception to celebrate the completion of Fitzgerald Hall. The guests were received in the hall of the main building by Mrs. Robertson and members of the faculty, and from there directed to the new dormitory by several students. At Fitzgerald Hall the guests were greeted by members of the faculty, alumnae, and trustees, and Mr. J. W. Fitzgerald of Linwood, who contributed $10,000 toward the erection of the building, and for whom it is named. The comfortable rooms, attractive and home-like in their appearance, met the approval of all who saw them. Coffee and sandwiches were served by several of the students, in a room made attractive by ferns and cut flowers.

Mrs. T. P. Nesbit, nee Miss Loma Niven, spent last Sunday with us.

Mrs. White, of Oxford, N. C., was here last week for a few days visiting her daughter who is a student in college.

Allie B.: "I think it will be a crime if they put us on prohibition (probation) for a whole month!"

On the evening of October 12th, the Irving Literary Society entertained in honor of its new members. The guests assembled in the society hall, where the new members took the oath of allegiance. The president, Miss Annie Adams, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed them into the society. At the conclusion of the program the society members and their guests from town adjourned to the studio. A receiving

line, composed of the officers of the society, greeted them at the door. The studio was beautiful with its shaded lights and decorations in purple and gold, the Irving colors. In the center of the room was a booth tastefully decorated in the same colors, from which Hattie Stevens and Mae Tomlinson served punch. Cards were distributed among the guests bearing questions concerning Irving and his Sketch Book. The first letter of the answers to these questions spelt the word Irving. Miss Mattie Stancil won the prize, a beautifully bound copy of the Sketch Book, which she presented to Mrs. Robertson. Attached to the contest card were little gold pins engraved with the Greek letters I. L. S., which were presented as souvenirs of the evening. Beautiful music furnished by the orchestra, composed of Messrs. Roy, Lahser, Alderman, and Robeson, added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Mr. Bennett sang a solo which was very much enjoyed by all. A delicious salad course was served, followed by cake and brick cream in the Irving colors. The remainder of the evening was spent very pleasantly.

The Emerson Literary Society gave its annual reception October 12, 1912. The guests were first ushered into the Emerson Hall, where the new members were received. After a few words of welcome from the president, the following enjoyable programme was rendered: A duet, by Misses Dodson and Harris, a beautiful reading by Miss Mitchell, and music by the "Emerson Quartet". After this, the society members with their guests assembled in the library to celebrate Columbus Day. The room was beautifully decorated in the Spanish colors, red and yellow. Near the center of the room was a booth from which punch was served. There were some very interesting contests, into which every one entered with enthusiasm. Music was mingled throughout the entire evening's entertainment. A delicious salad and ice course was served, after which an enjoyable social hour was spent.

Mrs. Bullock and daughter Rebecca, after a pleasant visit to G. F. C., returned to their home in Oxford, N. C.

Miss Lettie Gwyn passed through the city, and spent a few days in the college visiting her sisters.

Annie Neal: "What is R. J. Reynolds anyway, a department store?"

Those present on the evening of October 25th, received a rare musical treat in the recital of Madame Blye, a pianiste of great renown. Her musical genius and unusual artistic ability, revealed in her interpretation of various selections, notably the Sonata Eroica, by MacDowell, entitles her to a foremost place among American pianistes.

PROGRAM

Ballade in G minor, opus 23 ..... *Chopin*
Ballade in A flat, opus 47 ..... *Chopin*
Scherzo, C sharp minor, opus 39 ..... *Chopin*

Sonata Eroica, opus 50 ..... *MacDowell*
(*Inspired by Tennyson's poem, "The Passing of King Arthur."*)

To a Scissors Grinder (dedicated to Mme. Blye) .. *Warner*
Nocturne (dedicated to Mme. Blye) ..... *Lovette*
Die Forelle ..... *Schubert-Heller*
Invitation to the Dance ..... *Weber-Tausig*

Hattie: "What is fiction?"
Marion: "It is rubbing two objects together."

Miss Neta Masten is spending the week end with her parents.

Bull, reading the paper one week after the accident: "Goodness, Roosevelt is shot! I wonder if it is so."

Miss Marion Woodley spent the week end with Miss Lettie Gwyn at "Idlewilde", her country home near Mount Airy.

Miss Wilson, on Chemistry: "What are the properties of nitrogen?"
Edith: 'Oxygen and hydrogen."

Misses May and Elma Gwyn are spending the week end at their home near Mount Airy.

A. B. W., telling one of her friends how to reach her home: "Now be sure to get a transfer to White Oak before leaving the West Market Street car."
L. L.: "How much does a transfer cost?"

Miss Mary Crow spent several days of the past week with her friends in college.

Mrs. Glenn Crowell, of Louisburg, spent a few days in the college visiting Misses Margaret Hicks and Nancy Merrimon.

Miss Elizabeth Coltrane leaves tonight for her home in Concord to visit her parents.

ATHLETICS

Aleez Aycock Neta Masten

The Tennis Club has been organized for the year with the following officers: Julia Brookshire, president; Nancy Merrimon, vice-president; Viola Kiker, secretary and treasurer. Though there will be no tournament this fall, we are anticipating great things for the spring term. The girls are taking a great deal of interest in tennis, and are playing hard, for the girls who win the most games out of thirty-six to be played this fall and next spring will be those who will play in the spring tournament. Every afternoon Miss Mitchell meets a party of girls on the students' court, to instruct them and keep tally of all the games. So far the schedule has been rather irregular owing to bad weather and other adverse circumstances, but among those who have played the following are in the lead: Misses Hucabee, Falls, and Lucile Abernathy, Freshmen; Misses Masten and Kiker, Juniors; Misses Potter and Spearman, Specials.

The Basket Ball Club has not yet been organized, as it is fully a month before the "match game" between the two successful class teams will take place. However, we expect to organize this week and go to work earnestly.

We are glad to note that the girls this year seem to be taking a great deal of interest in athletics. But there should be even more enthusiasm displayed than there is, for basket ball and tennis both are intensely enjoyable and beneficial games. Among the beginners in tennis there has been much skill shown. You can generally tell a genius from the first stroke of the racket, and we do hope that they will develop this talent to the last degree of perfection. A. N. F. is one who belongs to the group just mentioned.

During the coming basket ball tournament rooting and cheering will be very much appreciated. It is our duty to boost our team after they have done their best to gain victories for our class. It inspires and aids her to sacrifice everything in order to win the game.

DRAMATIC

Camille Debnam Lillie Waye Baker

At the beginning of the year the prospects of the Dramatic Club were unfavorable, as only three of its old members returned, but they being very enthusiastic workers, the club was soon enlarged and now much interest is being shown. We are sure that with the excellent course of study which has been planned for the year the interest will not wane.

Owing to the failure of the treasurer's return Miss Marion Woodley was chosen to fill the chair. The officers for the following year are: Miss Elizabeth Coltrane, president; Miss Anna Schenk, vice-president; Miss Annie Whitener, secretary; Miss Marion Woodley, treasurer. The following committees were appointed by the president: Committee on course of study, Misses Annie Whitener, Anna Schenk, and Jennie Turnage; committee on selection of plays, Misses Marion Woodley and Lillie Waye Baker.

"Shakesperian Heroines" was the course of study submitted by the committee and accepted by the club. The course is as follows:

Program I. Subject: Women of Intellect.

1. "Character Analysis of Beatrice as shown in Her Speeches."
2. Comparative study: "Portia and the Twentieth Century Woman."
3. Some great Portias of the Stage.
4. Quotations from "Merchant of Venice".

Program II. Subject: Women of Sentiment.

1. Plot of Cymbeline.
2. Reading, "Cymbeline", Act III, scene 4.

3. Discussion: "Can Juliet be best acted by young actresses?"

4. Reading: "Romeo and Juliet."

5. Reading: "Romeo and Juliet."

Program III. Subject: Women of Imagination.

1. Influence of Pastoral Romances upon Shakespeare.
2. Comparative Study of Perdita and Miranda.
3. Reading: "Winter's Tale."

Program IV. Subject: Women of History.

1. Character Sketch of Catherine of Arragon.
2. Quotations from "Macbeth".
3. Debate: "Resolved, that Personal Ambition rather than love for her husband was the incentive of Lady Macbeth's actions."
4. Stage Types of Lady Macbeth.
5. Reading: "Macbeth."

Three plays have been ordered, subject to the approval of the club, and when a selection has been made, one of them will be given Thanksgiving.

The club has been given the use of a large convenient room for this year; but we still hope that at some future date we will have a permanent club room.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY

COLLEGE MESSAGE

Estelle Bullock ..... Business Manager
Hettie Rochelle ..... Assistant Business Manager
Julia Brookshire ..... Chief Editor
Lucy Belle Totten ..... Associate Editor

Assistant Editors

Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth Coltrane — Helen Weaver

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Cora Munger — Marion Woodley

Round Table

Horona Albertson — Nancy Merrimon

Alumnae Department

Helen Groome — Erma Stevens

Athletics

Aleez Aycock — Nita Masten

Exchange

Annie Adams — Mary Dosher

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Julia Brookshire ..... Vice-President
Janie Gulledge ..... Secretary

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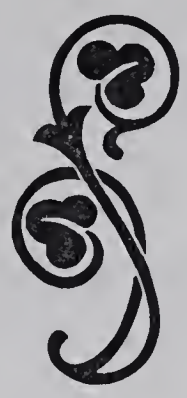

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Gp 378
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Vol. 24 No. 1

The COLLEGE MESSAGE

missing nos 3, 5, 6

Greensboro, N. C.
November
1915

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After all these things are established at the time of purchasing, we begin our work on the matter of price, and the special economies constantly presented are frequently extraordinary and continuously satisfying to people who buy here.

The thrifty person appreciates our merchandise, because every cent that is saved is safely saved, and every purchase means the securing of merchandise that will give complete and thorough satisfaction.

Meyer's
DEPARTMENT STORE GREENSBURG

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THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

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Provincialism

When I would see Fair Lena Lee
Shake off her sweet solemnity,
A glad light rise in in her dark eyes,
Then cast a dazzling smile at me;
A single word, perhaps you've heard,
I'd speak, then sadness change to glee,
It's "Greensboro."

Whenever she would distant be
And talk in freezing tones to me,
That little word, though faintly heard,
Would warm at once the Arctic Sea;
The inmost part of her young heart
Has still its open sesame—
It's "Greensboro."

Perhaps some day you'd like to say
Some tender things that come your way;
Good friend, beware, lest then and there
She'd tell you gently, firmly, "Nay."
No hopes she'll give unless you'll live
With her forever and a day,
In Greensboro.

—Raymond Browning.
From "*The Phantom Anvil.*"

College Spirit

LOLA WOLTZ, '17

College spirit involves the institution rather than the individual. First, what is spirit? It is life, sustenance, and, in its last analysis, it is God. College spirit, then, is a loyalty to the institution, or a loyalty to the things that represent reality. Is college spirit necessary to the upbuilding of a great institution? The answer is found when we ask whether life and reality are necessary for the upbuilding of the institution. I think we might say yes. If loyalty is obtained it can not be the labors of one person; on the contrary, it requires the efforts of the students, teachers and the alumnae. Perhaps you wonder how the alumnae can do anything towards this. It is the girls who have gone out into the world, who have been away from the college for years, who should praise the college, promote its welfare, and never allow adverse criticism, but constantly raise the standing instead of lowering it, as those who have no college spirit are prone do do.

If we have this spirit we will be loyal to one another, else it would amount to cruelty. We must encourage the spirit of confidence and respect the rights of others. We can not, however, be only loyal to the students, teachers, and alumnae, but there must be genuine fellowship between all concerned. Our teachers are our good friends at school, although we think differently at times, and the relationship between faculty and students should be helpful. They are always ready to assist us in any way, but how little appreciation we show them when we are ready to form our little cliques and clans, and are indifferent towards them because of their superior standing.

Our cliques and clans, when formed, sometimes result in snobbishness; we become indifferent, not only to the teachers, but to the girls who are outside the circle. We show a spirit of dislike because some of the girls are in subordinate positions, therefore they are exiled from *the circle*. We may have organized sororities which discourage social attitudes,

however careful some of the students are to guard against it. We become so interested in ourselves that we think chiefly of sslf and desire all the honors that are bestowed in the college faculty.

When we are once imbued with college spirit we will be zealously and fervently loyal to all the interests of the college. College spirit will result in more local pride, and the responsibilities and duties that await each in her own community will not be forgotten. Therefore, we should look ahead, and at the same time, remember to give a great part of our attention to the duties of the present. True, unalloyed friendliness to all marks the pervading spirit that we choose.

We should never work for anything which would be other than an advantage to our college. From the standpoint of our college officers it is profitable. If we regard the restriction of duty which is placed upon us the work of the teachers will be more effective, while the work can be carried on shoulder to shoulder. From the student's side, there can be a higher standard of work together with higher ideals, which makes them strive with the assurance that their character is being strengthened. Then, too, the reputation of the college should grow greater day by day; a greater number of students apply for admission within her walls; students who want social and moral development and who are willing to make use of every opportunity offered them. Great results may be obtained from a pleasant environment.

The student receives more profit from her course of study because she throws herself into her work. Her intellectual ability is acquired through proper training and she becomes skilled in accomplishing the tasks set before her. How proud the loyal girl is of her college! In her estimation no other school can compare with it. She praises it, she works for it, and she is thrilled with admiration when it accomplishes something new.

There is another quality that we should have. Shakespeare has said that wisdom is consumed in confidence. When there is college spirit there is self-reliance and confidence. We

have confidence in ourselves as well as in our fellow students, and we should never allow the spirit of suspicion to secretly influence this confidence. The student goes out into the world, confident that she has received the very best training possible, and she can realize the apparent good of such an education; while on the other hand, she knows she has done conscientious, earnest work, making the best of all the opportunities that have been open to her. In other words, she has given her best to the college, and in return it has given its best to her. She feels that she is prepared to meet the different problems that come up. Her influence causes others to work and co-operate with her in every undertaking. She has the training, and is ready and willing to impart it to others.

When the student, later a teacher, can think of her life in college, and know that it was agreeable in every respect, with the assurance that she did not idle away her time, she can carry on her new work with more zeal.

College spirit results in eager aspirations. The student's purpose is to befriend her college and her associates. The graduate goes from college able to contend with success because of her intellectuality.

After having explained the term "College spirit," and having discussed the advantage of it, our interest is aroused and we find ourselves asking how true college spirit may be brought into a college.

It is not the number of organizations that we wish to strive for, but for the loyalty of each student to her organization. There is the Y. W. C. A. in which all may work together; the Student's Association, in which the students consider and discuss the welfare of their college; Literary Societies, in which important questions are debated.

Does Greensboro College for Women have true college spirit? We have the organizations, and the work done by them shows an ever increasing amount of true college spirit.

A Ball Game

REUBE ALLEY, '18

"An uninteresting subject, certainly, one that it seems worthless to waste time to read—'Casey at the Bat,' with a few variations, no doubt."

But the cynical person, who has such views, hasn't the privilege of being a mountaineer. They, who are so fortunate as to have lived in the hills, know that a ball game means more than merely "three strikes and out," or a big umpire calling "fouls" and "balls." It means an all day trip, a crowd of boys and girls, picnic dinner, an exciting game, and then—then, that culmination consisting of cool breezes, moonlight, your best girl, and—love. For could love be far off with all her accomplices there in such unusual beauty?

But for the enlightenment of the city person or lowlander, I will try to depict the jolly, wholesome fun of a mountain country ball game.

"Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!"

"Oh, how I wished that rising bell wouldn't—Oh, no, I didn't either. Wasn't it really Saturday, the day of the game at Skeenah?" Assuring myself of this fact, I immediately forgot that it was early, almost before sunrise, and that I was sleepy. In an amazingly short time I was down in the kitchen, in the midst of preparations. Such an abundance of chicken, ham, brown bread, sandwiches, pickles, sweet and sour, cakes, pies, and cookies. Excitement charged the air like electricity. Soon deft fingers had put the tempting lunch into big baskets and two happy girls ran off to don the colors, red and white, of the Cartoogechaye team. Before the wagons had arrived we were dressed as loyal Cartoogechaye girls should be; white middy suits, red tees, white hats with red bands, and colors streaming from our sleeves.

Then came the faint rumble of an approaching wagon, which got nearer and nearer, louder and louder. Excitement could have been no higher than when that big wagon stopped in front of the door and we prepared to get in. The lunch

went first, then wraps, and lastly we were jumped from the ground into the soft hay in the wagon bed. So off we went in a wagon, carrying twelve people, packed like sardines, pulled by four horses, driven by a big, dark mountain boy.

We were then quiet enough to see who was in the wagon. Every one had certainly been able to go. Not a face was missing, except the two who were to be picked up further down the road. There were Harriet, always first and best loved; Perle, Ida and Kate, besides myself, of the girls; and out of the baseball nine, we had Charles, Edwin, Fred, "Red," and Earle. By the time we had all exchanged greetings the next stop had been reached, where we were to take two more, Virginia and "Cousin Ben," the umpire. But "Cousin Ben" wasn't there. Virginia was plied with questions, for a game without an umpire was impossible. However, our fears were quelled when we heard that he had gone ahead in a less crowded wagon. There was one more stop, when "Shorty" was added to the crowd; but she sat by our driver and they seemed able to entertain each other, so we in the wagon bed decided to entertain any chance passers-by. Such yells and songs! Old ones with new words, parodies made on the spur of the moment and even an original yell if there was a long enough pause. The sight in the distance of any person, young or old, white or black, called for such yells as these:

"Cartoogechaye boys are brave and bright;
We wear their colors, red and white.
Ye-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ow!!!!!"

My, the vim and feeling that could be put into that final howl!

"Razzle dazzle!
Never frazzle!
Not a thread but wool!
All together!
All together!
That's the way we pull!"

"Cartoogechaye!
Take your time.

Skeenah! Skeenah!
S'where we shine!''

And then everybody, to the tune of Tipperary, would sing, loudly and clearly:

''It's a hard thing to beat Cartoogie,
It's a hard thing to do;
It's a hard thing to beat Cartoogie,
She's the best ball team I know.
Rah! Rah! Cartoogie!

So it's good bye all hopes of victory,
Skeenah team beware.
It's a hard, hard thing to beat Cartoogie,
'Cause our heart's right there.''

What did we care that the sun was getting hotter, that the road was rough and the wagon springless We were young, happy, full of life and having a glorious time. Every grown person we met cast longing eyes at us, and though they tried to form their mouths into a ''What fools these mortals be'' expression, yet their eyes said only too plainly, '' 'Backward, turn backward, Oh, Time in your flight,' and I'll show these young folks how to sing.''

The road now went through a small town, which contained a drug store, and there we were refreshed by ice cream cones and candy. The sun, in the meantime, was getting hotter and hotter, though in our excitement we had not noticed how warm we were, until one girl called our attention to her arms. Little need we had for any red colors—our faces, hands and arms were burned crimson! Such a sight as we were! However, that did not dampen our spirits at all for we were only carrying our colors out more fully. There was little more yelling done, because we could not be hoarse at the beginning of the game; but talking, jesting, and laughing ran riot. Then some one proposed an idea.

''I think,'' he said, ''We should have a dance if we win.''

''All right,'' responded Virginia, ''If you boys win, I'll

give the crowd a dance, and if you lose you will have to take us on a picnic to Wayah Bald Mountain.''

Every one agreed to this with pleasure, knowing that either way the game turned out we would have another day's or night's fun.

After three or four hours' riding, we arrived at Skeenah, a very small place, even for a country village. There was in sight one store, a station, a residence and the ball field. But dinner was to come before the game. The baskets were lifted from the wagon, the horses unhitched and taken off to graze, and the lunch spread, picnic fashion, on the ground. Every one was hungry, every one ate, and everything tasted so good! Water, cool and sparkling, from a near-by spring, was the only beverage, but it was sufficient to quench thirst and was pleasing to the taste as well.

Before the meal was over, spectators had begun to arrive; some in overalls, some in Sunday best, and a few minus coats. There were also some others of our crowd who had come in an earlier wagon. These had found friends and we soon had quite a group of rooters and players—though girls were in the minority. Our whole nine was there in good shape—Edwin, Charles, ''Red,'' Earle, George, Bunn, Albert, John, and ''Cousin Ben,'' the umpire. Then the game was called.

It is impossible to picture the attraction and charm of that game. A professional would have elevated his nose to the point of breaking at the errors made on both sides, though we enjoyed it all. They were not professionals, playing for a salary, but our own friends and chums, having fun and furnishing us with fun. When Edwin knocked his ''four baggers,'' when Charles pitched a no-hit inning, what a noise we could make! When a ball was flying through the air, what a breathless silence there was! And if our fielder caught it and a Skeenah man was put out, how the echoes did ring, as if rejoicing with us! Then, at the end of the seventh inning, with a score of 12 to 8 in our favor, we were too happy to even yell! But, mustering our departing

strength, clearing our raw throats, we gave Skeenah the best yell we could make with hoarse voices.

Supper was quiet, for the players were tired and the rooters could not speak above a whisper, but the excitement had by no means abated. The ride home was yet to come, and it was not a thing to be forgotten by any one.

When we all got back in the wagon to begin our homeward ride, twilight held the world in her charm. The brilliant colors of sun-set were fading to shadowy grey; the evening star shone like a lovely gem in the deep, dark blue of the sky, and the shadowy mountains, near and far, made pictures too wonderful and grand to be painted on any canvas, save that of imagination. We were quiet then, save only to point out a new beauty in a hushed voice. But this soon passed away; more and more stars appeared; the mountains disappeared into the shadows, 'til only the white ribbon of the road gleamed before us. Then the spell of silence was broken and we talked in pairs or fours, discussing the game, the prospective news, how the people at home would take the news, and many other topics of common interest.

But the event of the night had not yet occurred, and every one hailed the first pale glow of the rising moon with pleasure. In a few moments it had risen above the mountain tops and was shining upon us as it shone on our mothers and grandmothers before us. Then with one accord the crowd began to sing

"In the sky the stars were shining,
On the world the pale moon shone,
And 'twas from Aunt Dina's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home."

This drifted into the "Old Folks at Home," "Old Black Joe," "Way Down Yonder in de Corn Fiel'," and "Dixie." So we went into livelier tunes, bass, tenor, alto and soprano, blending into "Oh see the train go 'round the bend," "The Bull Dog," "The Billy Goat," and finally we ended up with "Good Night, Ladies."

When home was reached in the early morning, such a tired,

sleepy, happy crowd of young people could never be found elsewhere. Laughing "good nights" were called back and forth, plans made for the dance and last congratulations and praise were showered on the players. A very short time later, no doubt, every Cartoogechaye baseball fan and player was blissfully dreaming of a good, old fashioned, square dance, where they were doing the "grape vine swing" to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw," played by a fiddle and mandolin, while Albert was calling, in words that vibrated with the music: "Cut that figure eight; lahies 'round ladies and dough face 'round dough face."

How to Make Divinity Fudge

CLAIRE HARRIS, '18

Unless you are blest with the patience of Job, let me advise you not to attempt to make Divinity Fudge with a crowd of girls on Monday afternoon. Friday may be an unlucky day for most people, but Monday is certainly a college girl's unlucky day.

To obtain the best ingredients for Divinity Fudge, it is necessary to slip off to a nearby "little store." Of course a privileged girl could take you, but this would greatly impair the extraordinary quality of the candy.

When the four cupfuls of white sugar and one cupful of corn syrup have almost finished boiling, some one suddenly remembers that there are no eggs, and this naturally creates a great disturbance. Finally, however, a nickel is "conjured" from some girl's shoe, and the chief cook is persuaded to go to the home of the President of the college to purchase two eggs. The whites are frothed and as soon as the boiling sugar and syrup form a hard ball in cold water, they are beaten together. If the girl next door has any scaly barks, they help the flavor of the fudge very much.

When the candy has been laid out in balls on waxed paper, and has hardened, the voice pupil in the crowd, who has a "crush" on her teacher, must take her her share. Then there is always a "Fresh" who carries her share to her Sophomore "darling." Afterwards the Freshman and the voice pupil help dispose of the remainder of the candy. This is liable to cause all who participate in the making to lose that virtue which is the name of this particular brand of fudge; hence the well-meant advice in the beginning.

The Finding

M. P. S., '17

"So this is final, is it, Margaret?" asked John Stanford, slowly as he stood on the bottom step of the big veranda running the width of the Llewellyn home.

"Yes, Jack, final," letting her voice fall at the last. "I wish that it did not have to be, for I would like to love you in the way that you want me to, but love is a thing over which we have no voluntary control; it comes and goes as it sees fit, and I am too honorable to marry you just because you want me; I couldn't do it. Go find *her*, Jack, and then come and tell me, your friend, about *her*."

"If *he* comes am I to know?"

"If you wish."

Two years had passed since this conversation and farewell which had sent John Stanford out into the world looking for the girl whom Fate had assigned him. He had at length found his way across, and into Italy. Now and then as he passed some swinging garden or pergola he would gaze from his gondola out into the summer twilight, his eyes sometimes to meet those of a pretty, dark-eyed maiden. On his ear would fall the ringing laugh of one whom he could not see but whom he imagined to be like the only one that America held for him, for to him all save one had the same expression, same voice and bore the same resemblance in every way. Why should he search further? His fatherland had not held for him but one whom he could love and the land across the "big water" held none. He could not remember the name of a single French lassie, distinguish the face of one of the dashing, sparkling, and fun-loving Spanish, who dressed for the "rich senor" that their dark beauty might be made more striking. There was, however, one little Senorite who for a while interested him. In the afternoons they would sit together in the old Moorish garden which had been her playground and that of her ancestors, and as they talked his thoughts would wonder

back to America, and Margaret. A dreamy, far-away look would come into his eyes, and he found himself telling her of the happy days of childhood. But she could not let him be serious long.

"But, Senor," she would say, "Why should you be sad?"

Then to the music of her tambourine she would whirl away, then back, and around and around with such grace and lithe movements that were calculated to please anyone but John Stanford. But she was only a child, with a child's ways. He was tired of "Gai Paris," picturesque Venice, quaint Berlin, and decaying Rome. He longed for the absolute freedom from formality, from the round of gaieties, that America offered. But why should he go back? Perhaps by this time *he* had come.

"No, I will not go; I had rather be separated from her than to see her the possession of another," he would soliloquize.

John Stanford and Margaret Llewellyn had known each other from childhood, and every one who knew predicted that they would eventually marry. Both families were wealthy and congenial. Col. Llewellyn and Fred Stanford had fought side by side during the war, and after, when they were alone, they had planned if possible to bring the two families together by the union of their only son and daughter. Col. Llewellyn had long since passed to his eternal home, but John's father had not forgotten, and was living in hope of seeing their plans realized. John knew of his father's wish, but had given up, discouraged.

The shadows of the evening began to grow longer and then disappeared altogether. Now and then passed a gondola filled to overflowing with laughing, happy maidens, their voices mingling with the music of the gondoliers as they, in passing, answered each other in song. From one of these a young lady leaned and threw a rose into the craft in which Stanford was drifting alone. He waved a kiss in thanks and watched the graceful boat until it emptied its merry burden on the balcony of a dwelling far up the watery street.

"I will sail tomorrow," he declared, as he stepped into the doorway of his hotel, and made his way to his apartment which overlooked a lovely garden, fragrant with blooming orange blossoms and roses. "Margaret always wore roses," he thought, as the fragrance of the blooms was wafted through the open window.

On awaking the next morning the feeling that something was going to happen came to him. Something *was* going to happen, he was going home, to America. Going from Venice to Marseilles and from there to Lisbon, he sailed the following day.

The second day out, the something happened. He had been asleep for more than an hour when he awoke with the feeling that some one was intently looking at him. In the chair next was a young lady, evidently alone. As John's eyes met hers, she turned abruptly away, so much so that she let fall a magazine which she had hitherto been pretending to read. She smiled a "thank you" as John handed her the book. What was the something in her expression, her voice that reminded him of Margaret? This "something" attracted him to speak.

"May I ask," ventured John, "where you will land?"

"Certainly, you may ask, not taking her eyes from the page, but allowing a semi-smile to play about her mouth.

"Well, I do ask," tried John once more. "Where are you going?"

"To New York and from there to Kentucky, my home," she said as she closed her book and leaned back in her chair, breathing the fresh air, dampened by the spray. Following this introduction a lively conversation ensued. For two hours on this day and on an average of nine out of the twenty-four on the three following Stanford allowed himself to be entangled more and more intricately in the web that her eyes, her voice, and her words made for him.

"Certainly this is *she*," he thought as he lay in his cabin the last night. "I will go to Margaret and tell her. Will

she be glad?'' Thus wondering he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was happy in having found *her*.

The next day John did not offer his heart and hand as he had expected, but promising to write on his arrival, he left her at Washington where their roads diversed.

As dusk fell around the old Llewellyn home, a stalwart, athletic figure strode up the hedge-bordered drive-way. Margaret, unable to discern the features of the apparent stranger, went to the steps to meet him with true Virginia hospitality.

''Margaret, don't you know me?''

On hearing the familiar voice she took his hand in both of hers and shook it heartily.

After exchanging pleasantries, John could contain himself no longer.

''Margaret, I have found *her!*'' he exclaimed jubilantly.

For a moment disappointment silenced her, but only for a moment. Brushing aside all formality, she drew him to the seat beside her.

''I am waiting to hear,'' began Margaret gayly.

''Tell me first has *he* come yet?''

''No, Jack, not,—yet,'' she replied slowly. ''But,'' changing her tone to one of happy anticipation, ''where is *she,* what does she look like, and what is her name?''

''Well, she is at home for the present. I am to go for her. She is very much like you, and her name,—oh, well, I'll let you guess what it ought to be after you hear more of her. We want to fix up that old place on the hill, and you will help me, won't you?''

''Most assuredly I will,'' declared Margaret, forcing a merry laugh, seemingly happy at his good fortune.

''As she reminds me so much of you, I suppose she will like about the same things that you do, so with my assistance you arrange things to suit yourself.''

The days following were busy ones for Margaret and John. The ''Hill-top'', as the Stanford place was called, was a massive colonial dwelling, which needed only the touch

of a feminine hand both externally and internally to make it ideal. The furniture was in perfect condition, as Fred Stanford had had the old replaced by new only a few years ago. But for anything so important, each room underwent a rejuvenation to be in readiness for the bride. Margaret with a woman's taste and originality arranged each room, and John looked on and pronounced it perfect.

The day came when he was to go for his bride.

"I will be gone for a day or two, and on my return I will come and take you up to see her."

These two days were lonesome enough for Margaret after experiencing the companionship of her childhood playmate for the previous weeks. She could not say that she was glad,—no, far from it; but, then, she would never let him know. The two years of separation from one with whom she had spent her innocent days of childhood, and her happiest days of girlhood, had shown her that love was possible—but to manifest it impossible and inconceivable. To bear it would be a test of strength; to, even for a moment, show him that she cared would make him unhappy even in his happiness. No, he would never know.

On the evening of his return Margaret was again sitting on the step waiting for Stanford to come for her. She had become pale during the previous week, but in reply to John's comment, she complained of the warm weather, that it had made her so.

"I am glad you are happy," she told him, trying to be gay, as they climbed the shady road leading to the "Hill-top."

"Thank you," he said, concealing his face as he stooped to avoid an overhanging bough.

"I will go up to see if she is ready to receive callers," seating Margaret in a big seat swing, made comfortable with cushions.

"She will be down in a few moments," John said as he

came back. She smiled to see him so happy, and wondered if two years ago he could have been as happy with her.

"By the way, I haven't yet told you her name, have I? I had nearly forgotten that you did not know. She is at home for the present; I am to go for her—only three steps—she is very much like you, and her name is——Margaret Llewellyn."

Looking steadily at her, he asked: "Has he come yet?"

Yes, John, he has not only come, but is here!"

Wordsworth's Love of Birds

ALICE CLARK, '16

The student who is thoroughly familiar with Wordsworth's love of nature is not surprised when he reads beautiful lines and poems to birds. Some of his pictures of shady forests and sunny fields would not be as complete if he had omitted the birds' songs, and the poet's love for them is manifested in a large number of his poems.

In contrast to his love for the very smallest flowers, the daisy and celandine for instance, Wordsworth has written of birds of all descriptions and sizes. He mentions the cuckoo, sparrow, woodcock, nightingale, thrush, linnet, owl, skylark, swan, cock, redbreast, blackbird, kingfisher, raven, heron and probably others.

To a Cuckoo, a poem which was written at Grasmere in 1802, is very characteristic of Wordsworth. His sister Dorothy tells us in her journal for 1802: "William tired himself with seeking an epithet for the cuckoo." So it was probably after her record of this instance that Wordsworth wrote this poem. The cuckoo's indefinite and vague voice coming to him as he was lying on the grass carried him into one of his mystic and imaginative moods and recalled his boyhood days. It appealed to him, as he called it, as "No bird, but an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery."

Another short poem which contains exquisite lines to his sister was suggested to him by the frequent visits they made to a sparrow's nest at the end of their garden. By Dorothy's own actions she taught him what the sight meant to her.

"She looked at it, and seemed to fear it; dreading, tho' wishing to be near it."

And then he says, "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears," etc. Wordsworth tells us of his acquaintance with a little green linnet in this same garden. He often sat upon his window-seat and watched him flit from bough to bough, listening to his song. The linnet also appealed to Wordsworth as, "A Life, a Presence like the air." This picture of the

small bird ranging from bough to bough, up and down, so nearly the color of the leaves, perching in the sunlight for a brief instant, causing his wings and back to glimmer in the brightness, singing gayly, joyously, is written in a very simple style; but one cannot read it without feeling something of the spirit of the orchard air on a bright spring morning.

In Wordsworth's descriptions of the "lovely lakes and quiet dales of Westmoreland," he speaks of clouds mirrored in a lake, the stillness; then, the appearance of a large bird, "a raven or a heron crossing silently among the reflected clouds."

It has often been said that Wordsworth did not draw his inspiration from books, but from nature. Then a great part of it came from the bird kingdom, as well as from flowers, streams, rocks, clouds and mountains. An extract by Brothers and Wiffin from Moulton tells of a conversation between Wordsworth and his guests, in which he mentioned the lakes and the birds which frequented them; and Dowden reminds us that "Wordsworth's ear was sensitive in the highest degree to all wandering voices and homeless sounds of nature."

To a Skylark ("up with me") has a wholesome quality in it, but it is not as truly lyric, or as good as his other skylark poem. The poem is imaginative and the lark ethereal, and seems more a thing of the air than of earth. The little moralizing touch at the end reminds us of his other bird poems, and it is said that Coleridge recognized Wordsworth in the lines:

> "With a soul as strong as a mountain river
> Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver."

In the last verse the bird's song and jollity cause the poet to turn from his weary mood and "hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done."

In 1806 while Wordsworth was still at Town-end, Grasmere, he wrote the poem beginning, "Yes, it was a mountain echo." This poem was suggested to him by hearing a cuckoo's echo, while out for an evening walk near Rydal Mount. The poem suggests sweetness as well as sadness; and it reminds

one of the poem *To a Cuckoo,* for he deals with it as an invisible thing, not a voice but as a seeming spirit. This poem is even more serious in tone than *To a Cuckoo,* for it is more truly a poem on immortality.

Wordsworth's love for birds might be traced through numbers of his other poems. The first verse of *Resolution and Independence* opens with the birds' songs. In the poem beginning, "there was a boy," Wordsworth again uses the invisible answering voice as the theme of the poem. *Yarrow Unvisited* contains the beautiful lines to a swan, and in the same poem the poet refers to the herons feeding on the banks of Yarrow. Thus in studying the works of Wordsworth we find that he not only loved birds, but he knew their characteristic colorings, songs, and habitations.

The Feast

(AN ECHO FROM "THE ECHO")

We sat in the room at midnight,
  As Uncle Dan went on his round,
And the teacher stood in the doorway
  Before we had heard a sound.

She saw all our feast spread before us,
  Ready for us to devour;
Then said in the sternest of accents,
  "Girls, do you know the hour?"

And there, by the dim lighted candle,
  We were caught, we knew full well,
But a faint hope of yet escaping
  Made each girl run with a yell.

Under the beds we scampered,
  And into the closets, too,
But the teacher came and pulled us out
  And we knew what she meant to do.

Then back to their rooms she sent them
  Out thru the cold, dark night;
While I sadly picked up the "eatings,"
  And hid them away from sight.

And, as I picked up those good things,
  While the teacher's words rang in my ears;
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
  That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often,
  In the days that had gone by,
We had sat in that room at midnight,
  And feasted on pickles and pie!

How often, oh, how often,
  We had boasted that, try as they would,
The teachers never could catch us,
  For they thought us pious and good.

So our hearts were proud and careless,
  As we planned for a great big spread,
And there seemed no need for whispers,
  For we had nothing to dread.

But now that time has vanished,
  It is gone forever more,
For "I'll settle with you tomorrow!"
  Said the teacher who stood at the door.

Yet whenever I see a package
  Come in from the "little store,"
I regret that we talked so loudly
  In the days that are no more.

And I think of the lists of demerits
  That the teacher gave us then,
And wonder if I have the courage
  To ever try it again.

I watch the girls slip by my doorway,
  With never a sound they go;
And my heart still yearns to follow,
  But I whisper sternly, "No!"

For forever and forever,
  As long as there are schools,
As long as girls feast at midnight,
  As long as they break the rules,

That letter will live in my memory,
  That came from my parents dear,
Saying—well, can't you guess at the contents
  And tell why I'm leaving off here?

Excelsior

CATHERINE HUBBARD, '18

"No, no, Herr Schwartz, you and the Frau have already been too kind. It is now three o'clock; in three more hours it will be dark, and the goats must be got in safely. And now, since my father is gone and Conrad so young, my mother looks to me. The way will be short. I shall take the Devil's Pass. And if you will only get for me a strong alpenstock, I will go. Mine broke in the descent this morning."

And so saying, the mountaineer, receiving the stock, strode along the mountain path. He was dressed in the peasant's garb—doublet and tight cap ornamented with the prized fan-shaped tuft of hair from the back of the chamois, heavy woolen stockings pulled over the boots and rolled so as to leave the knee free for climbing. With his alpenstock grasped firmly in his hand, Bernard Maurm seemed a powerful man, though he was only sixteen.

As he climbed steadily upward his thoughts dwelt on the good news he had heard in the village. Yes, there would be rejoicing and thankful prayers when the Angelus sounded its call from the valley. His mother would not weep tonight when he told her that Herr Schwartz had news that Herr Maurm and other fathers and husbands of the half dozen families that were clustered at Murren were safe as yet. It was worth the hard climb just to see his mother's face, and instinctively he quickened his pace. And he must hurry, because, by the sun, he saw he had only two more hours of daylight. So, leaving the path, he entered a short tunnel and on emerging began a more difficult ascent.

He had climbed steadily for an hour, when suddenly, on rounding a massive boulder, he was dazzled by a powerful light shining full in his eyes. He fell to the earth, fearing he would take a false step and be dashed down the mountain side. When his eyes were again accustomed to the sunlight, he crept cautiously around the base of the boulder and ventured to gaze in the direction from which the light had come.

Again he was dazzled, but he kept his eyes fixed on the spot, and, to his surprise, the light seemed to come in regular flashes. What could it mean? Flash, flash, it came, seemingly from a spur of the mountain directly opposite. Turning his head he saw a little group of men in a clear space not a thousand yards back of him, but across a crevasse. Now the regularly recurring flashes for him meant signals—the dot, dot, dash that he had become so familiar with last year in the village. They meant perhaps important messages. Dot, dot, dash now repeated and received by the men behind him. The soldiers little suspected that the dashes and dots were reaching other than those for whom they were intended, one who hated to the depths of his heart the sight of the ten uniformed figures.

"Join in midnight attack on Zermatt."

The boy sank back against the rock. What had Herr Schwartz said—that the loss of the ammunition at Zermatt meant the loss of the mastery of the Pass. The hill folk knew best that the garrison of the important little post had been sadly ravished lately. Had some traitor betrayed the secret?

What was to be done? Zermatt lay six miles away—six miles of tortuous trail; but the garrison must be warned. Bernard rose; as he did so he glanced at the men behind him, and the spiteful spat of a bullet, audible in the clear air, informed him that he would have another obstacle besides the trail. He must be cautious; he would be sure to cross their trail. As they had set no place for meeting they must have a prearranged one. Though the journey would be doubly perilous, he must wait till dusk. He knew the way, and the moon and his alpenstock must lead him.

The sun never sank so slowly. Both parties of men had disappeared. Bernard was left alone, only to conjecture their whereabouts. Impatiently he began to creep around the rocks. Part of his trail would have to be retraced; then it led around the shoulder of a cliff and over a sheer drop of almost a mile down the side of the Weissbaden to Zermatt, nestling against the mountain side on the Pass below.

The sun had already bade the valleys good-night, and now

the mountain peaks were rosy with the dying beams. The Angelus sounded faintly from the valley, and, muttering a prayer for himself and the anxious ones at Murren, Bernard rose and started on the hazardous journey. The descent was easy for a time. But, pausing for a moment by a mountain spring, he saw not five hundred feet below him the tan-uniformed figures toiling downward. The rendezvous then was in the valley. His trail was safe. With a sigh of thankfulness he again started. Half his journey was over, and it was almost nine o'clock, as nearly as he could tell. Though he had divided the distance, the danger of the trail he must now follow so outweighed that which he had traversed that he trembled as he thought of the dizzy heights and tortuous windings. tortuous windings.

Half the horrors of an Alpine fall is the sight of the yawning depth below and the rocks sharp as the horns of a bull and ready to gore the victim through and through. And Bernard was glad that the merciful darkness hid these terrors. The moon had just risen from behind the towering peaks. Although the trail itself was flooded in light, the grotesque shadows of the rocks seemed so many weird goblins, ready to give the fatal push.

The climb was telling on Bernard. He paused for breath and wiped the moisture of exhaustion from his forehead. Could he make it? Yes, he unfalteringly told himself. As he started a blinding shower of dust and gravel rained down on his head from the perpendicular side of the cliff. The soldiers! He gazed up fearfully and then, outlined in the moonlight, head erect, feet firmly planted in the topmost crag, stood a chamois, and as Bernard strode on reassured, it sprang away with the grace and ease which no other living creature can rival.

And now, far below, Bernard could see the tiny houses of Zermatt gleaming white in the moonlight. The last stage, but was he equal to it? A strange plan had been forming in his mind as he toiled along. His hands trembled, his eyes were blurred; at times his head swam as with vertigo. One

fatal step in the descent and all was lost. The time was almost up. Why not send his warning by a quicker, surer way? Carefully selecting a stone from the trail he hurled it with all his might at the pigmy buildings below, aiming it in the direction in which he knew lay Lieutenant Brietman's hut. No result. His stone had fallen short of the mark. Again and again he tried, his eye becoming surer with each throw. After an agonizing wait he was rewarded by seeing, or thinking he saw persons moving about among the buildings below. Then quickly taking paper and pencil he wrote the message: "Beware, an attack will be made at midnight on your garrison! A faithful Tyrolese!" Wrapping this in his cap and binding all securely around a small stone with a leather string torn from his doublet, he hurled it downward. Leaning forward eagerly he was rewarded by seeing a group of men gather quickly at a certain spot, and he knew his message was received and that the garrison would not meet the midnight attack unprepared. With a sigh he sank unconscious on the rocks.

Among Ourselves

FRANCES E. FARRELL, '17

There is no firmer law in Physics than that governing the angle of reflection. The inclination of the in-going rays is the measure of what is given forth. We so often hear this same thought expressed in regard to all our daily acts that we either do not listen or sneeringly reject the idea. We are told that kind words are re-spoken, we search for a contradiction; that good deeds are multiplied to the benefit of the doer, immediately our opposition is forceful. For every apothegm we can offer a counterstatement. Why is this true? Is it because there is some fault in the underlying principle, some mistake in the of natural relations? I think not so. The cause of our refusal to accept this most pertinent fact, altho' none of us care to acknowledge the truth of it, is our aversion for receiving from all sources the same quality and quantity of material that we have placed in them. We want better than we have given, and our wish is always unfulfilled. We cannot expect a boomerang to change its nature in any flight.

By what standards do we judge people? Do we magnify their faults or their virtues? Do we praise or censure? Criticism is only a normal conclusion to our observations, but it can be constructive as well as destructive. Why not make it uplifting instead of always using it to tear away the pitiful protections of any one who has missed the mark, and exposing the ugliness of failure in anything, however small? We must also look after the sterling quality of our praise. Meaningless applause does not have any value, does not give any lasting encouragement. Our commendation must have the stamp of genuineness. At times it may seem impossible to be entirely free from hypocrisy. But it is never so. There is always some good to be found in everyone, and we should select this excellent quality or those favorable traits to represent the person as our mental image of him, instead of continually groping for some real flaw or probably imaginary defect. Still, if we have carefully searched and have been able to discover only blem-

ishes and errors, and see that our censure can do no good, it should be our pleasure and is our duty to keep silent. If all of us would follow this precept, how often we would be dumb and how much wisdom our muteness would disclose!

Do we care for the good-will of our fellow-men? We must radiate good cheer. Do we wish to gain the kindly feeling of our acquaintances? We must be friendly disposed toward them. Not that it is necessary for us to love everybody, to confide in all we meet and trust them as we would our dearest friend. This would be absurd. There is an unmistakable but often unrecognized distinction between comradeship and friendship. The one we offer to a fellow traveler on any journey. It is new each day, and ever-changing in its course and content. The other is a priceless jewel—unchanging and firm as adamant. It implies the closest relation and is restricted to a few persons in all our broad acquaintance, sometimes even to one individual.

However, it is the spirit of comradeship for which I am pleading. Such a spirit is shown in the daily lightening of some one's burden, the sacrifice of a trivial personal pleasure to make some one else happier. A bright "good-morning" before the day's work begins, an intelligent smile of encouragement all thru the day, and a few words of hearty approval at night, would make a world of difference to some one. If we have troubles, dislikes and disappointments—no one is entirely free from any one of these—let us keep them to ourselves; let us not use the atmosphere around us as a weather bureau that shows only the storms. Like people and let them know it, not thru the aid of the eternal polyglot of flattery, but with a voice that rings clear and true, speak the words of good fellowship into the moments of today. The echo will resound thruout all our lives and will swell in its volume of melodious tones with each additional whisper from

"That best portion of a good man's life,
"His little, nameless, unremembered acts
"Of kindness and of love."

The Traitor Pine

VIRGINIA FORTUNE, '18

Whirling, twirling, dancing and prancing, snow flakes fell! Each flake vied with another in beauty, until the air was full of the little white fairies who danced around and around in elfish glee. A few shy ones, afraid of awakening the sleeping violets, fell in a dreamy, careless, almost lazy, manner. The bolder flakes, not satisfied with having covered the earth in a fleecy white blanket, began on ermine robes for the pines. Those tall sentinels, in appreciation, wafted back a whispering word of snow-birds, and of secrets known only to such magic spirits.

Thanksgiving day was coming! Every golden pumpkin stored away in mysterious cellars; every blushing apple hidden in secret domain, known only to bad little boys, who were daily tempted thereof; and every proud turkey that strutted over the farm yard, heralded its glorious advent.

The aristocratic little town of Ferndale was alive with the spirit, and in every home merry-making and good times reigned supreme. Cosy living rooms welcomed a possible adventure, and red flames danced in large brick fire-places to lure the pilgrim closer and closer.

In one particular home there was an unusual amount of jollity, for the household of Judge Herron was very much elated over the fact that Jack, only son of the judge, had come home for the Thanksgiving holidays; and Barbara, only sister to Jack, was expected in an hour. Judge and Mrs. Herron were blessed with the love of two such children, while they, in return, were thrice blessed. Aunt Chloe and Uncle Jake, who "had raised them chilluns long befo' dey knew black from white," were delighted over such a pleasing prospect as that of having the before named children home again. Both had been highly indignant when "Marse Herron had sent them up no'th to get eddumacashun anyhow," so, of course, they were anxious to see the result of such training, and, feeling absolutely certain that the greatest of reforma-

tions had been brought about, they verily expected a miracle to be revealed before their eager eyes. Both Jack and Barbara were to have two college chums home with them, and thus make things more pleasant. Jack's friends, James Vernon and Bruce Johnston, had already received hearty welcome from their host and hostess, and both were convinced that the cordality of the Southland existed outside of books and fancy.

Snow had been falling all day, and by evening the ground was covered. It was impossible to take the car to the station, but Uncle Jake's offer of a sleigh soon made things all right. So the three young hopefuls eagerly piled in the large sleigh, ready for war. Since the friends of each were strangers, there was naturally an air of the mysterious over all. So when the south-bound train rolled into Ferndale, there was a general quickening of pulses, straightening of ties, and hasty glances in mirrors. Three stylishly dressed young ladies were soon the center of attraction, and for several minutes excitement prevailed. Barbara asked no less than three score of various questions, and, unusually gallant under the existing circumstances, Jack was patient. Finally, in desperation, he was forced to say, "Oh, have a heart, Barbara. These new friends of ours will think I run a miscellaneous question bureau in the Ladies Home Journal, and"—

"Jack, you always have said that I should have been a question mark. You would make a good exclamation point right now"—

"Well, let's all make a dash for the sled, and resume our study in elements of punctuation at a later date." And so they ended the combat.

It seemed to Dorothy Vale and Mary Kellar that it was next to the impossible for strangers to become congenial in so short a time, but fate, assisted by Barbara and Jack, was kind. They were welcomed in that manner in which Judge and Mrs. Herron excelled, and, from the beginning, there was a kindred spirit of hospitality over all. Even Aunt Chloe was forced to admit that "de No'thern chilluns wuz like unto her own chile."

It would be impossible to describe the happiness, the innocent pleasures, and the spirit of mirth that ruled over the Herron homestead during that first evening. Six happy, tired young mortals were ready for dreams after the first day, and sleep came without the assistance of a lullaby. To err is human—I should have said that four found sleep. For in Bruce's mind this thought ran, "I wonder if it's the atmosphere of the South, the spirit of Thanksgiving, or just what it really is, that makes Barbara—what she is?" And that perplexing little personality was wondering "whether they were more attractive when they smiled down upon her blue ones or when they held that far-away look." Fate works in a wonderful way!

Thanksgiving day dawned with that still coldness that is typical after a real snow storm. Every member of the gay house party was largely expectant, for the festive day held charms for old and young. Aunt Chloe lorded over the pantry supplies, and tho' she did "hate to say hit, dat company sho' had de appetite of all the chilluns in de wilderness."

The morning was spent in another enjoyable sleigh ride, and all the world seemed bright and fair to the happy young people. Dinner was to be served at six, and afterwards the young people from the town were coming up for an informal dance. Since the girls needed a rest after lunch, the boys were left pretty much to themselves. Jack, saying that he might as well be Croesus minus money as Jack without Dorothy, suggested a hunting trip. Operations were immediately begun.

About four in the afternoon Mrs. Herron sent for Barbara, saying, "Dear, one of your father's friends in the village is quite ill, and has sent for the judge. Your father is away this afternoon and cannot possibly get home in time to go. You must take his place, and, should you not get back before dusk Jack will come for you. So you will not miss the good times this evening. Mrs. Jameson, the colonel's housekeeper, says that even in his delirium he incessantly calls for your father. Will you go?"

"Oh, mother, it's such a long ride, and I've so very much

to do before dinner.'' Barbara came as near being cross as she ever could be towards her mother.

''Barbara.'' Mrs. Herron was appealing to what she knew was foremost in her daughter's nature. ''Your daddy and Col. Benson fought together for the same loved state of Virginia. They were side by side when Lee signed the papers at Appomatox. One ray of sunshine from you would help brighten the last hours. I, too, am afraid that you can't get back before dinner, but don't forget that you are needed.''

''Forgive me, mother, I shall go right away.'' And Barbara, after giving Uncle Jake directions to saddle Dolly, hastened to get ready. Over and over there ran one thought in her mind. Bruce would be gone when she returned, for he had told her in the morning that he must see her just before dinner, since it was necessary for him to leave on the 9:10 train that same evening. Intuition told Barbara that Bruce loved her, and that same god intimated that she loved him. How could she leave home now, and spend those precious moments in the poor cottage of her father's friend, when those same moments would bring happiness to two young hearts? How could her mother expect such a sacrifice? She just would not go. But what were those words she had memorized in childhood that spoke of ''Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me?'' Bruce could wait, for her duty lay in another path, and answer its call she would.

Later in the evening Barbara arrived at the humble dwelling of the colonel. Being admitted by the garrulous housekeeper, she went directly to the sick man. The old colonel stared at her in a stupefied way, and then there broke upon his face that glow of infinite peace and joy that made the heart of Barbara glad. In his delirium he thought she was his lost wife. ''Mary,'' he cried in broken accent, ''I've wanted you so. When I came home from fighting for the good cause broken in spirit and health, I found——nothing. My home was gone, my wife, they told me, had died of starvation, and my heart was broken. I've waited for you and you've come. Lee is calling me now, Mary, and I've got to join the boys

across the river. I hear the strains of Dixie, and my heart is glad.''

Colonel Benson had joined Lee, and there would be no more heart-aches and misery in that land where war never ruled and peace forever dwelt.

Barbara stepped from the door of the cottage with much the same feeling that Sir Launfal must have experienced when he found the holy grail. For the first time during the day she experienced a true feeling of thanksgiving. She was not exceedingly surprised to find Bruce waiting for her at the gate. And what happened there is not for you or for me to know, but only for the fairy snow flakes that had begun to fall again. At any rate, they could not keep the secret from their dear friends, the pines, and once upon a time I heard one of these same pines whispering to another of a Barbara and Bruce that lived happily ever afterwards!

Keats: A Study in Words

PROF. D. F. NICHOLSON

Perhaps the first impression one gets on reading Keats's poems is the profusion of his vocabulary.

So much has been written both in praise of his best form and in abuse of his worst that no true estimate can be made, even after a careful study of his work, unless we examine it with minds free from prejudice. It is only when the whole of his poetry is read, and then judged by the fairest method of criticism, that an approximately correct estimate may be arrived at. While this is true in all cases, it appears especially true in the instance of Keats, for his poems so vary in degree of excellence that the development of his art must be studied throughout his apprenticeship—first volume of 1817—his experimental stage—"Endymion"—and his mature period, during which he wrote for all time. This study of his diction through his first volume, "Endymion," the "Odes," "Isabella," and "The Eve of St. Agnes," is the purpose of this paper.

Keats's birth was earlier than expected by two months. As a school-boy, it would appear, he had some reputation as a fighter, and by reason of his pluck, was looked up to by the other boys of the school. Thus sensibility appeared, when he was young, as a predominating trait of his character. He was early taken from school for domestic reasons, and, like his great predecessor, Shakespeare, when he had learned but little Latin and no Greek. He was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to Thomas Hammond, a surgeon at Edmonton, and we have no record of his having written poetry until in his eighteenth year we find him writing "Imitation of Spenser." It was while at Edmonton that he began writing, having been inspired by a copy of Spenser's "Faerie Queen," loaned him by his young friend, the Rev. John Clarke.

His first published poem appeared in "The Examiner," of which Leigh Hunt was the editor, May 5, 1816, and the next year he published his first volume of poems, which must have

been written at odd moments. From Keats's own statement we conclude it had a small circulation. Keats said of it: "It was read by some dozen of my friends who liked it, and some dozen whom I was unacquainted with, who did not."

In this first volume we see an apprentice hand in its immaturity, offensive crudeness, sentimental fastidiousness, and deviation from idiomatic English; yet when we hear the melody in these early poems, see the richness of their imagery, and feel the freshness of nature about them, we are forced to confess their beauty. There is too great a tendency toward personification and mythology but there is a genuine love of nature and an appreciation of the beautiful, though it is riotous and unrestrained. "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," it is the best of his sonnets. The content and the form are correspondingly good. The mistake in ascribing the discovery of the Pacific to Cortez instead of Balboa, detracts nothing from the beauty of its thought. The passage—

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,"

is worthy of a place alongside some of his later and most mature poems.

A few examples from the first volume will show his great fault was not in the deficiency of his vocabulary, but in his too luxuriant use of words:

"From out the middle air, from *flowery nests,*
And from the *pillowy silkiness* that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars."
—I Stood Tiptoe Upon a Little Hill.

This is very beautiful, but to extract the meaning from "flowery nests" and "pillowy silkiness" requires considerable mental effort, even after we have figured out the meaning of the words "flowery" and "pillowy."

We have the testimony of his young friend, Charles Cowden Clarke, telling of Keats's joy at the beauty in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," that "he ramped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow." To continue, Clarke says: "A fine touch of description, or of

imagery, or energetic epithets such as 'the sea-shouldering whale,' would light up his face with ecstasy.'' Is it surprising, then, that in his first volume, eighty-six compound words occur in half as many pages? Not in Spenser alone did he find a precedent for this kind of diction, but his reading of Shakespeare, Chapman, Milton, Chatterton, and Leigh Hunt, had given him a relish for it which, together with his natural predilection for excessive imagery, made him out-Herod Herod.

''Eye'' occurs seven times as one part of the compound word, as: ''eye-lids,'' etc.; ditto of ''sun,'' as: ''sun-beamy,'' etc.; ditto of ''half,'' as: ''half-smiling,'' etc. What an unusual coinage we find in such words as ''out-flew'' and ''up-springs,'' both used as verbs, formed by a combination of adverb and verb; ''down-dropping,'' in which the participle, ''dropping,'' is reenforced by the adverb ''down;'' ''under-song,'' a word which performs the double function of adjective and noun. Further words of an interesting formation are: ''sweet-lipp'd,'' ''fair-hair'd,'' ''deep-brow'd,'' in a class to themselves, the noun element of which has gone through the intricate process of being formed from nouns by adding ''ed,'' and then annexed to a descriptive adjective; ''star-cheering,'' ''money-mong'ring,'' ''sky-searching,'' noun and present participle serving as adjectives; ''ice-drop'' and ''ocean-waves,'' two nouns to form one, expressing the same idea as a genitive noun with ''of'' by use of the ever present hyphen; ''fresh-blown,'' ''dim-seen,'' adjective and past participle united, adjectival in meaning, with the real adjective doing adverbial duty.

Nor was this long list of compound words sufficient, and he either drew from the store-house of the past, using many archaic words, or coined entirely new ones. Here again he followed the example of Shakespeare and Milton, of Spenser, and of his contemporary, Leigh Hunt. The following words used by Milton or Spenser, ''youngling,'' ''teen,'' ''sphery,'' ''feathery,'' ''honied,'' were intermingled with other unusual words like ''boundly.'' And still other picturesque words were: ''nested'' and ''lawny,'' a class of words which Shake-

speare was fond of using and which were familiar to Keats through his knowledge of this great poet.

Some of the peculiar words have been pointed out; most of them not inharmonious, many of them veritable word pictures, but a number so obscure as to be well-nigh meaningless.

The most of what is printed in Volume One is poetry of an inferior quality, not comparable to the finished, restrained, and altogether charming diction of the odes, nor to the romance and narrative poems in his third volume. It seems incredible that the same poet composed and published

——"When many lines I'd written,
Though with their grace I was not oversmitten,
Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter."
—Epistle to Chas. Cowden Clarke.

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown."
—Ode to a Nightingale.

In 1818 appeared "Endymion: A Poetic Romance." This poem is a romance in which Keats's passionate love for beauty in nature, or more nearly, beauty in everything, shows itself without restraint. Obscure as the poem is, yet we are made to feel that Keats was trying to realize his opening line:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

We are told by the biographers of Keats that he was particularly interested in the study of Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," Tooke's "Pantheon," and Spence's "Polymetis." No doubt largely to the influence of these special books is due the great preponderance of Greek myth of which the poem is mainly composed. "I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more, before I bid it farewell."—Preface to Endymion.

The diction of the poem is full of fancies and immaturities, but the poet is writing, now, independently, though still in-

fluenced by his contemporary, Leigh Hunt, who was avowedly opposed to the mechanical method of Pope. Hunt went to extremes in both diction and versification. Keats has fallen into the same error both in his early poems and in Endymion, but in his diction, if not in his versification, there is less of the effected ease and semi-vulgar familiarity which was mistaken by Hunt for poetic grace.

In a letter to James Augustus Hessey, October 9, 1818, Keats wrote: "J. S. is perfectly right in regard to the slipshod Endymion. . . . I have written independently, *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment*, hereafter. . . . In Endymion, I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks, than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and took tea and comfortable advise."

It is not clear what Keats meant by "with judgment" and "without judgment," but that his fondness for elaborate description induced him to digress at pleasure and wander into by-paths, even labyrinths, of gorgeous imagery at the expense of coherence, is evident to his most ardent admirers. Keats became intoxicated with the wealth and richness of his own description, and gave himself to it without reserve. Its very excess and vagueness, which at first reading are almost intolerable, become charming to the poetically minded reader who realizes that Keats is in pursuit of the beautiful and is not primarily writing a narrative poem. The familiar strain, almost gossip, of the earlier poems is singularly absent from Endymion, and it possesses the elements of his best poetry.

The too frequent occurence of the interjection O is as striking in this poem as its absence is noteworthy in the "Revised Hyperion." Keats must have undergone considerable change of opinion in regard to its use, since he has discarded it altogether in the latter poem, after having employed it more than one hundred times in the former.

In the case of the compound words in "Endymion," we should have to cut out one hundred and forty-nine, or nearly

fifty per cent. of them, if they are to occur no more frequently than in his earliest volume of printed poems. This particular excess of compound words is not a mere accident, since he has got farther away from the influence of Hunt, and has, as he himself says, "leaped headlong into the sea" of experimental writing, independently and without check. Those qualities of his poetry, imagination and verbal form, which stand out so prominently, become richer by this experimental and rash use of all kinds of words coupled together to suit his fancy. A look at a few will show not only a greater variety of these compounds, but likewise a skill in their formation and use not hitherto seen—"night-swollen" mushrooms, one felt "heart-certain," sweeping "eye-earnestly," "sigh-shrilled adieus."

There are three hundred and fourteen more of these compounds, and taken all together, they present an interesting array of words worth studying.

Keats coined many of the misnamed "participial adjectives," which are not participial at all, except in appearance. His familiarity with them in the writings of Shakespeare early accustomed his ear to them, and if, as Charles Cowden Clarke says, "his eye lighted up upon hearing read Spenser's 'sea-shouldering' whales," what must have been his feelings upon reading "delighted spirits bathed in the fiery flames of hell?" This trick of forming adjectives from abstract nouns by adding "ed" is one of the beauties of his later poems, and in his "Ode to Psyche" we find "soft-conched," "cool-rooted," "fragrant-eyed," "soft-handed," "sapphire-region'd," "pale-mouth'd," "dark-cluster'd," "wild-ridged." Their picturesqueness early appealed to him, and of the fifty-four in "Endymion," observe such as: "garlanded," "poppied." "Nested" occurs three times and "feather'd" five times.

With the Greek classic myth of the shepherd-prince, Endymion, are interwoven other myths—those of Alpheus and Arethusa, Bacchus, Circe, Cybele, Glaucus and Scylla, Neptune, Pan, Venus and Adonis. To what extent Keats was influenced by other writers in his use of compound words and unusual adjectives is hardly calculable; but we see the influence of

Lempriere's "Classical Dictionary," Tooke's "Pantheon," and Spence's "Polymetis" in the pouring out in boundless and indistinct profusion of Centaurs, Cupids, Fates, Fauns, Muses, Naiads, Nereids, Nymphs, Oreads, Powers, Sea-Kings, Sirens, and half a thousand gods, goddesses and personifications. They appear on land, in air, and under sea in the "sparry hollows of the world."

The harsh and unjust criticism that appeared in the "Quarterly Review," April, 1818, says: "The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd." Keats was not a copyist of Mr. Hunt to any considerable degree except in his early poems, and there the influence is evident in the puerile style of expression rather than in his use of words. By the time he is writing "Endymion" he has left off the mannerisms, commonplaces and sentimental nonsense of his first volume. Though the poem is vague, effusive, discursive and unsatisfying, yet it was the means to a greater end—the workshop in which he trained for better workmanship. Quoting again from the "Quarterly Review:" "We are told that turtles *passion* their voices; that an arbour was *nested,* and a lady's locks were *gordianed up*; and, to supply the place of nouns thus verbalized, Mr. Keats, with great fecundity, spawns new ones, such as *men-slugs* and human *serpentry,* the *honey-feel* of bliss, wives prepare *needments,* and so forth." Yes, he has done all of this, but from the point of view of the author it was done advisedly. In a letter to Mr. John Taylor, February 27, 1818, he writes: "Poetry should surprise by a fine excess. . . . Its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content." If Mr. William Gifford (the editor of the "Quarterly," and presumably the author of the critique) had read the whole poem—he professes reading only the first book—he would have seen that a tremulous shower . . . *medicined* death; that an embrace had *zoned* a maiden, and lovers *trembled* to each other; that the Indian maiden *companions* Endymion, and the teeming tree *greens* the pious charactery. These,

too, would have been ridiculed. He was not in sympathy with the poem and, had he read more, he would never have been able to feel "embracements" warm nor the charm of "breathlessness." But enough of Mr. William Gifford and his attack on Mr. Leigh Hunt.

Much that is meaningless in the poem, the lack of clear-cut words, many of which are only pictures and luxuriant images, without directness, is due both to his theory of poetry and to his natural love of beauty for its own sake. In a letter to his friend, Benjamin Baily, November 22, 1817, he writes: "What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be truth. . . . O, for a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts." And in his poetry we find the same idea in terms that have become proverbs:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
—Ode to a Grecian Urn.

If we apply to "Endymion" the test—that poetry, to be good, must be translatable into good prose—then, the poem cannot measure up to that standard. We do not believe this is a correct method of estimating the genuineness of poetry; but it is true that it would be more enjoyable if such a test could be applied successfully to parts of it. But in spite of its faults, some of which have been noted, it is beautiful and its failure to please the public spurred Keats to greater efforts, and this fact, together with his independence in its composition and the experience in writing it, made possible the later poems upon which his fame as a poet rests.

Two years after "Endymion" was published Keats issued a third volume of his poems in which we see his best writing, and so we must conclude that his development was rapid. His reaction against the mechanical school of Pope to the wild excesses of his second volume was too great and Keats himself saw it, fortunately not too late to redeem himself. At last he has thought and expression—matter and content—in a pleasing proportion, not found either in the poetry of the school of

Pope or in the poetry of the opposition. Not all his weakness is thrown off in these later poems but through them there breathes a spirit of repose.

In his great odes—"To Autumn, "Ode to a Nightingale," "Ode to a Grecian Urn," "Ode to Psyche," "Ode on Melancholy," we find his mood has changed, his rhetorical flourish has disappeared, and instead a naturalness and restraint takes its place. The charge of "emotion without substance" cannot justly be laid at his door in the composition of these. All his love of sensuous beauty pervades them, but the beauty now is of a higher order and is under control. There is luxuriant imagry in profusion still, but it is distinct. The adornment is perhaps greater, and certainly more effective since it is in harmony with the thought. For instance, in the second stanza of the "Ode to a Nightingale," the description is gorgeous but the verbal embodiment is definite:

"O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, blissful Hippocrene,
  With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
  And with thee fade away into the forest dim."

He has not ceased from the use of compound words, for the proportionate number in "Ode to Psyche" is more than twice as great as in "Endymion;" nor are they less picturesque than in the latter poem, though he has employed neither the "passion their voice" type, nor another class that is equally unusual—the "honey-fell of bliss" formation. In three lines there are four of these living epithets, each one a picture, painted by words aptly chosen:

"'Mid hush'd, cool-rooted flowers, fragrant-eyed,
  Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
  They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass."

Who could add to their beauty or who would dare take one compound away? Again note the word-painting in the following, also from Psyche:

"Far, far around shall those dark-cluster'd trees
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;
And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lull'l to sleep."

Throughout all these odes there is a rhythmical flow of language, a "golden cadence of poesy" (the phrase is Shakespeare's) that has seldom if ever been surpassed.

Not so carefully worded nor so free from blemishes is his narrative poem, Isabella, whose subject is taken from Bocaccio's Decameron. The length of the poem, which contains twice as many lines as the entire five odes named, may have made him less pains-taking than in the case of the odes. There is, however, abundant evidence that he made many changes in words and sentiment before placing his manuscript in the hands of his publishers. For instance, Stanza IV. l. 6, was changed from "Lorenzo, if thy tongue speak not love's tune," to "Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune." A lover's tongue speaking it would not cause the pulse to thrill as lips breathing it, especially in the case of Lorenzo who only sighed to his pillow and did not have the courage to tell fair Isabel outright.

Again, the following change has been made:

"Go, shed a tear upon my heather bloom,
And I shall turn a diamond in my tomb,"

now reads:

"Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb."

Changing the conceit of Lorenzo's turning into a diamond, and making a pure and rational line is significant, because it gives us a peep into his workshop and shows that he is endeavoring to discard the far-fetched ideas so prevalent in his earlier poems. That he made a compound word of heather and bloom is evidence of his constant belief in the poetic quality of this kind of word. This is best seen in his "Ode to

Psyche," as has already been pointed out, in which this persistent tendency is not only seen but also where the poetic quality is admitted.

Though the few changes from the original manuscript form we have cited above improved this great poem, still there are many instances of relapse into his earlier style of effusive writing. In the following we might, with reason, suppose we were reading a couplet from some rhapsodic passage in "Endymion":

"His erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And posied with hers in dewy rhyme."

Despite a few blemishes Isabella is charmingly written and contains many beautiful descriptions, veritable pictures of nature, for instance:

. . . . . ere the hot sun count
His dewy rosary on the eglantine." And
. . . . . "to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself was dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets."

These passages are definite, picturesque, true to nature, and we cannot find a misplaced word. And for the most part, the passages throughout the poem are refined, though written with less ease and grace than the odes, which are a later product.

"The Eve of St. Agnes," a romatic poem, owes its popularity not to its narrative quality, for therein lies its weakest point, but to the glory of his words, and to its gorgeous phrasing and imagery. In describing the tinted glass of Madeline's window the words glow with color:

"Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask's wings."

Here the decorative art of Keats is seen to an eminent degree.

In conclusion, Keats, perhaps more than any other of the Romantic Poets, rescued English poetry from the barren and mechanical method of treatment practiced by his predecessors, and infused into it sensuouness, beauty, and, in the end, sim-

plicity. Keats hated the school of Pope and thus his style, metre, and diction, were distinct reactions against its formalism and dullness.

He has made poetry alive and gained a mastery of verbal expression only surpassed by Milton and Shakespeare. He has helped to bring out a revival in English poetry.

How he has accomplished it, in a measure, by his diction at first crude and mawkish, next experimental and wildly extravagant, but finally reaching a height of perfection in his most mature work, has been the burden of this paper.

Since his influence on later English poetry has done much to fix its form, we may well conclude that his writing has not been in vain, as some of the estimates of poets and critics testify.

Matthew Arnold says: "He is with Shakespeare." Ruskin adds: "I have come to that pass of admiration for him now that I dare not read him, so discontented he makes me with my own work."

Swinburne: "Greater lyric poetry the world may have see than any that is in these; lovelier it surely has never seen, nor ever can it possibly see."

Despite his epitaph, "Here lies one whose name is writ in water," no modern poet has written more beautiful verse.

EDITORIALS

Eleanor Horton

At this, our first opportunity, we wish to extend, through the Message, our greetings to the new members of our college. We are glad that you came to Greensboro College for Women rather than to some other college; not because we think less of other colleges, but because we think more of our own alma mater. We feel sure that you will be loyal members and supporters of our Y. W. C. A., of our Students' Association, of our Societies, of our Athletic Association, and of our Message.

The Message, our college magazine, is published jointly by the Emerson and Irving Literary Societies; therefore, each member of either society is expected to give her personal support to the Message in any way in which she is capable.

Formerly, the student body, as a whole, has not given its interest to the Message. The magazine is published for the enjoyment of each and every girl in the student body, therefore, each and every girl should contribute something, however small, to the Message at some time during the year. If only a small proportion of the students hand in contributions, can we then expect the Message to represent us in the other colleges where it goes? How are we represented, and how else is the work which we are doing shown if not by our magazine? We have no inter-collegiate debating, no inter-collegiate athletics; then let us try in every way we can to make our magazine a fair representation of every phase of our college life, so we can be proud of every number of the Message everytime we read it.

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS

Let friendships begin on a common basis. Two people must have interest and ideals in common in order to be real friends. The strongest elements of friendship are faith, loyalty and sacrifice. Two people can be friends and still not

give account to each other of the actions and movements of each. A true friend will understand, and will not want the details of every happening, but will be content with the knowledge which a friend gives concerning his experiences. What is so great or so worthy as making a sacrifice for a friend? Even tho' we may be misjudged by the world, still we feel a secret satisfaction in knowing that our friend has been benefited by us. Real friendship finds expression in many ways, and a true friend will not look for a reward for any kindness which he may have done. He will not seek to hold us back, but will help us to give to the world our best, probably at the cost of his own advancement.

The test of friendship comes to us all. Will we be ready when it comes? We should ask ourselves this question, for a great deal depends upon the friendships which are formed in college.

College acquaintances are many, but too often, college friends are few; and, often acquaintances are mistaken for friends. How may we tell our friends? This question arises time and again during the course of a year in college. At first, it seems that we have so many friends that we can never be homesick nor discouraged. As events take their course the circle of friends grows smaller. Of course, we are attracted to the same girls and we like them, but, somehow, they are not the girls to whom we want to tell our secret thoughts. We feel that they could not understand our longings and desires, so we refrain from telling them to those girls. Instead, we go off to ourselves and think things over, and that is why some of us are homesick and dissatisfied. This state of affairs does not last long, for soon a girl comes along who seems to have a perfect understanding of what is wrong. Therefore, she cheers us up in some way, and we think again that surely we have found a friend. However, after a short time, she seems to become less interested, and our hopes again fall. We then take warning, for we have heard that the wonderful "crushes" begin in just such a manner.

Who, then, could be a friend to us? Surely the girl who

was so enthusiastic about the "box" from home, who even helped us bring it up stairs, could not have other than friendly intentions. But how her interest lagged, and how quickly she hurried away to keep the "date" she forgot when nothing of the box was left but the crumbs!

Again our hopes of friendship are dashed to destruction, but before the last flickering spark dies away we experience a great awakening. We long to tell some one of our troubles, and we feel that the girl who would give us the most comfort is the one who does the little things for us which every one else seems to forget. Surely we had never before thought of her much, but all the time she had been making things pleasant for us in her quiet, unobtrusive way.

Let us try to form the right kinds of friendships, and those which will be most conducive to the right ideals of life; and let us, too, remember Emerson's words: "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Y. W. C. A.

Edelweiss King Ethel Barbour

The annual Y. W. C. A. reception, in honor of the new girls, was given Saturday evening, Sept. 11, 1915. The Rotunda Porch was attractively decorated for the occasion. The girls were introduced in a unique manner through a game of Progressive Education. Other entertaining games followed. A delightful musical program, the chief attraction of which was a human music box, was given. After ice-cream cones had been served, the good times came to an end, as all good things must, and the girls reluctantly left for their rooms.

The first devotional meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held in the college chapel Sunday night, Sept. 12. The meeting was led by Miss Gertrude Falls, president of the Association. She introduced each member of the cabinet, who in turn gave a brief explanation of her work.

On Sunday night, September 3rd, the vesper service was led by Miss Pegram and Miss Anice Siler. They gave interesting reports of the first two days of the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Blue Ridge, at which we had ten delegates last summer.

Misses Ethel Ross and Lucile Dixon conducted the service Sept. 26th. Miss Ross told about Student's Association Day at the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Blue Ridge. Miss Dixon gave a vivid and interesting account of her San Francisco trip.

Miss Zung We Tsung made the service of October 3rd interesting by her description of the life at McTyeire School in China, which she attended before coming to America.

The vesper service of October 10th was led by Ethel Barbour and her missionary committee, Misses Zung We Tsung, Catherine Hubbard and Frances Farrell.

The regular Sunday evening service was led by Misses Gertrude Falls and Lucile Abernethy October 17th. The subject was "Bible Study," preceding the organization of the Bible study classes.

Interesting and beneficial Thursday evening prayer meetings have been led by Misses Grace Huckabee, Catharine Hubbard, Alma Poindexter and Frances Mann.

ATHLETICS

Irene Broome Myrtle Bruton

Play Ball! Basket-Ball! Volley-Ball! Tennis! Croquet! There is no season for outdoor sports like autumn. The warm sunshine calls us out of doors and invites us to join in the games on the athletic field. The bracing air makes the blood race through our veins until every muscle is set tingling. Energy is renewed with every breath. Come out and play ball!

We want to begin training especially for the Thanksgiving tournament. On that day the two best class teams in college will play basket-ball for the cup. The Juniors have it; the Freshmen ought to have it, by reason of numbers; the Seniors and Sophomores want it. Who gets the cup? We will also play the final games in tennis, and have walking contests and races.

There is nothing so good for the health of the body and mind as plenty of fresh air, sunshine and exercise. Take your recreation out of doors, and let us make Field Day a red letter day on the college calendar.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Ohna Poindexter

The Dramatic Club held its first meeting October 1st. The following officers were elected: Miss Jennie Turnage, president; Miss Eleanor Horton, vice-president; Miss Ohna Poindexter, secretary; Miss Mildred Spiers, treasurer.

Several new members, Reube Alley, Helen Earnhardt, Clara Gurley, Mattie Bell Godwin, Mary Goode, Ila Harrell, Catherine Hubbard, Ellen Jones, Iris Pitts, Lillian Perry, Mildred Spiers, Grace Stroude, were taken into the club. Discussions were held as to the plays we should attend this year for critical purposes. Our first was a farce, "It Pays to Advertise," on October 11th; the second, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," on October 18th. At the next meeting these will be discussed.

We decided to spend the money which we had left from last year by buying curtains for the stage, and ordering several books and plays. "The Doll's House" is the first play that we will study, and we hope to present it in the near future.

That the Dramatic Club is rapidly growing in the esteem and appreciation of the college is obvious from the fact that a mahogany table and mirror have been presented to the club by the institution, and, we extend to them our sincere thanks.

Miss Moss has inspired the club with more enthusiasm than ever and our outlook for the year is very encouraging. We are striving to give to the world the best that we have and will be satisfied with nothing less.

ALUMNAE

Eugenia Franklin Jeanette Pearce

Misses Helen Weaver and Edith Petree, of the class of 1915, are now teaching in the High School at Jonesboro, N. C. Miss Weaver spent a few days last week with friends in the college.

Miss Helen Sparger, who was graduated in 1908, is now visiting relatives in Greensboro.

We are glad to learn that Miss Marion Woodley, a studdent in the college in 1912-'13, is now studying at Columbia University, New York.

Miss Mary Dosher is teaching at her home, Southport, N. C.

Miss Hettie Rochelle, a graduate of the class of 1915, is teaching at Atlantic, N. C.

Mrs. Ross Archer, nee Miss Jennie Hunter, is living in Greensboro, N. C.

Misses Vada Wynne and Hazel Denny, of the class of 1915, are spending the winter at their respective homes, Everett and Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Ina Pegram, a student last year in the college, is now teaching at the Asheboro Street school, Greensboro, N. C.

Miss Estelle Bullock is at her home, Oxford, N. C.

Miss Laura Clement, of Mocksville, graduate of the class of 1915, is now at the head of the English and Latin Departments at Bergaw, N. C.

Mrs. J. C. M. Vann, nee Miss Janie Gulledge, of Wadesboro, is living at Monroe, N. C. Mrs. Vann spent several days in the college as the guest of her sister, Miss Marjorie Gulledge.

Misses Lucy Belle Totten, of Yadkin College, and Sybil Cox, of Jacksonville, N. C., are spending the winter at home.

Miss Aleez Aycock is assisting in the departments of History and Latin in the high school at her home, Pantego, N. C.

Miss Ruth Gillikin, formerly of Beaufort, is living in Greensboro, and teaching at the Asheboro Street School.

Mrs. Ben Royal, of Morehead City, nee Miss Annie Adams, of Four Oaks, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Clem Boren, Jr., at Pomona, N. C.

Miss Willie Griffin is teaching in Winston-Salem, N. C.

Miss Anna Neal Fuller, a member of the class of 1915, is teaching at her home, Lumberton, N. C.

Miss Lucile Umstead is teaching in Roxboro, N. C.

Miss Hattie Stevens is this year teaching in Dunn, N. C.

"AS YOU TAKE IT"

Edith Savage Alice Clark

Table Etiquette for the Freshman at Irving-Emerson Banquet:

1. Don't try to eat the toasts, they are merely for the ears.

2. The forks which you find at the left of the plates are for conveying different foods to the mouth. Be sure to use the right one.

3. Don't leave the table between courses.

Freshmen must not call for more milk, nor Seniors for greens, as they will have sufficient.

5. All expenses will be borne by the "Fresh," so Seniors need not call at office to pay bills.

6. Do not engage in conversation with the waiters, as they will doubtless be afforded enough amusement without this.

7. Freshmen, don't let anybody know you never went to a banquet before. If you get in a tight place watch Mrs. Siler.

8. Don't give yells between courses.

9. Don't try to satisfy your hunger during the first course for there will be others.

10. By all means talk in a loud voice.

11. If you spill coffee on the cloth, cover the soiled place with buttered bread, and it will not be noticed.

12. By all means don't fail to stop by Greensboro Drug Store and buy a big bottle of Pain Killer.

HALLOWE'EN

On Hallowe'en night the Freshmen were hazed,
And afterwards, turned on the campus to graze
On the fresh, green grass, their favorite flower;
It grows dearer to them each passing hour.
To each "Fresh" a ghost was sent,

And in the "gym" they were content;
Peanuts and popcorn, the well known fare
Of the college girls, were eaten there.
The Seniors had told them to leave at nine,
So they, in their innocence, left on time.
Then the upper classmen drank punch and gin,
But one of the faculty came at ten.
The Seniors their "dear privileges" lost;
The Juniors, too, have paid the cost.
Hallowe'en night has lost its charms
Since "that faculty" caused these alarms.

Freshman, please tell me where to get those green stripes of cloth with G. C. W. painted on 'em.

E. E. S. would like to know if "The Ancient Mariner" wrote Silas Marner.

Freshman to Art teacher: "I do not want to take art, but I would like to take painting lessons."

Mr. B. (In English VI.): "This poem reminds us of 'Absalom, my son, my son, etc.,' Saul crying for his son."

Willie Black: "When I come back from these long walks, I am so exhausted."
Annie P.: "I'm not; I am always so tired."

Edna B. to M. Benton: "What is the name of the Bella Donna who is going to sing tonight?"

Miss J.: "I just can't keep up with all those bells."
Rena P.: "Chapel throws you off doesn't it?"
Miss J.: "Off of what?"

Miss Pegram's table would like to know who looks like Caesar.

O. Raper: "I know the names of every girl in school but two."
R. Perry: "Who are they?"

A Freshman informed us that she could have entered Soph. in music if she had studied enough Bosh (Bach).

An original conundrum by one of our Seniors:

Why is making a cake like playing in a crowded bowling alley?

All answers must be sent to this department.

ADVICE OF A PESSIMIST

When you're feeling sad and lonely
  And your heart is full of pain;
When the day is dark and dreary,
  And the clouds are full of rain;
When the sun has gone and left you
  Feeling lifeless, full of care;
When it seems that even heaven
  Shuts her ears unto your prayers;
When you find that all your loved ones
  Have deserted you for good,
And your closest friends have left you,
  Though you never thought they would;
When you've nothing left to live for,
  When your hopes and dreams are dead;
When you're even without a shelter,
  Not a place to lay your head;
When you're feeling much discouraged,
  And your heart with misery squirms
Then just seek a lonely garden,
  And just eat your fill of worms!!

LOCALS

Elizabeth Derrickson Gaynell Callaway

A new college year is well on the way and it promises to be a very successful one. The dormitory space is all filled with business-like girls, bent on getting alll there is out of college life. About eighty-one new girls have registered, and we have seen very few homesick faces.

The first welcome to the "new" girls of G. C. W. in a social way was the Y. W. C. A. reception, given on the Rotunda Porch.

On October the second the Y. W. C. A. entertained the entire school with a "tacky" party in the gym. Faculty members and students were there in their "tackiest" attire, and the evening was passed merrily by all.

Miss Hixie White, while visiting Miss Mary Ruth Angle, of Greensboro, spent much of her time in the college.

Miss Londa Shamburger was here for a week end with Miss Mary Belle Herring.

The Emerson Literary Society has adopted Mortimer Browning, Jr., as its sponsor.

Invitations to the marriage of Miss Mabel Herman, a former student of G. C. W., to Mr. Philip Caraway, of Wadesboro, have been received.

We regret very much that one of the music teachers, Miss Urban, is unable to return; however, we are glad to welcome Miss James.

The Annual Banquet of the Emerson and Irving Literary Societies was celebrated jointly this year, on the sixteenth of October. The reception hall and dining room were beautifully decorated in the colors of both societies.

Mrs. Robertson presided as toast-mistress, and, during the evening, Our New Members, Our Societies, Our President, Our Faculty, and Our Friends were toasted.

Six courses were served, during which music was played by the orchestra.

Many of the "old girls" were here for the Banquet, among whom were: Misses Kathryn Crowell, of Concord; Martha Livingstone, of Wadesboro; Elizabeth Merritt, of Mt. Airy; Rachel Summerow, of Charlotte, and Elizabeth Hutchinson, of Lexington.

Most of the students attended the first attraction of the Lyceum Course at the Normal. They were highly entertained by the delightful contralto voice of Miss Frances Ingram.

Miss Grace Munger paid a short visit to Miss Temperance Aycock

Quite a number of the girls have been made happy by the visits of their mothers, among whom were Frances Mann, Lola Woltz, Elizabeth Penry, Clara Gurly, Sadie and Verdie Trollinger.

Toast: Our Mission

In Part

DR. S. B. TURRENTINE

The true college should breathe the atmosphere of academic freedom, where the humble, inquiring mind, with open vision, is trained to careful, honest thinking and investigation; should teach the fine art of living, blending individual character and happiness with unselfish, efficient social service; should be the alma mater to welcome alike the rich and the poor into the noble fellowship of Wordsworth's ideal of "Plain living and thinking," admonishing that idle luxury and true learning are ill companions; should teach that haste is waste in education, where time exposure is required in photographing the student's studies to be indelibly blended with the rest of thinking and living; should recognize that moral discipline is better wrought through appealing to permanent motives, including the approval of superiors respected and loved, than through artificial demands enforced by dread and fear.

The college mission, then, is to solve the problem of preparing the masses of youth to meet the demands of the world's life and work, training in the chivalrous spirit of self-respect that triumphs over the proscription of fashion, the ridicule of folly and the sneering of vanity; ever maintaining that the true democratic nobility excels in correct ideals and delicate tastes, worthy motives and meritorious deeds.

This college, would accordingly, build the type of womanhood capable of being adapted to any of life's conditions, whereby woman has been put in sympathy with town and country, wealth and poverty, work and play, culture and labor; the type of womanhood blending modesty and frankness, gentleness and bravery, interdependence and strength, magnanimity and self reliance.

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Edelweiss King ..... Second Vice-President
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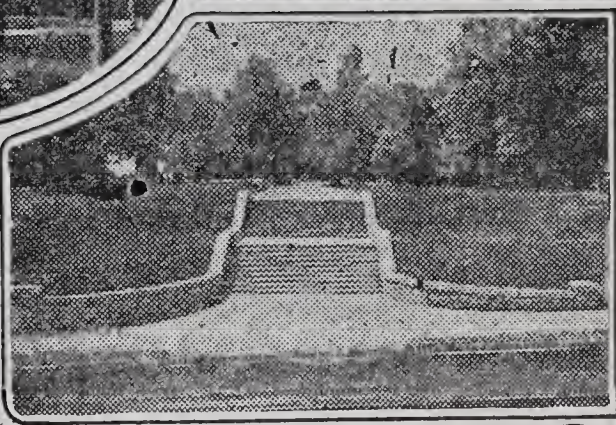

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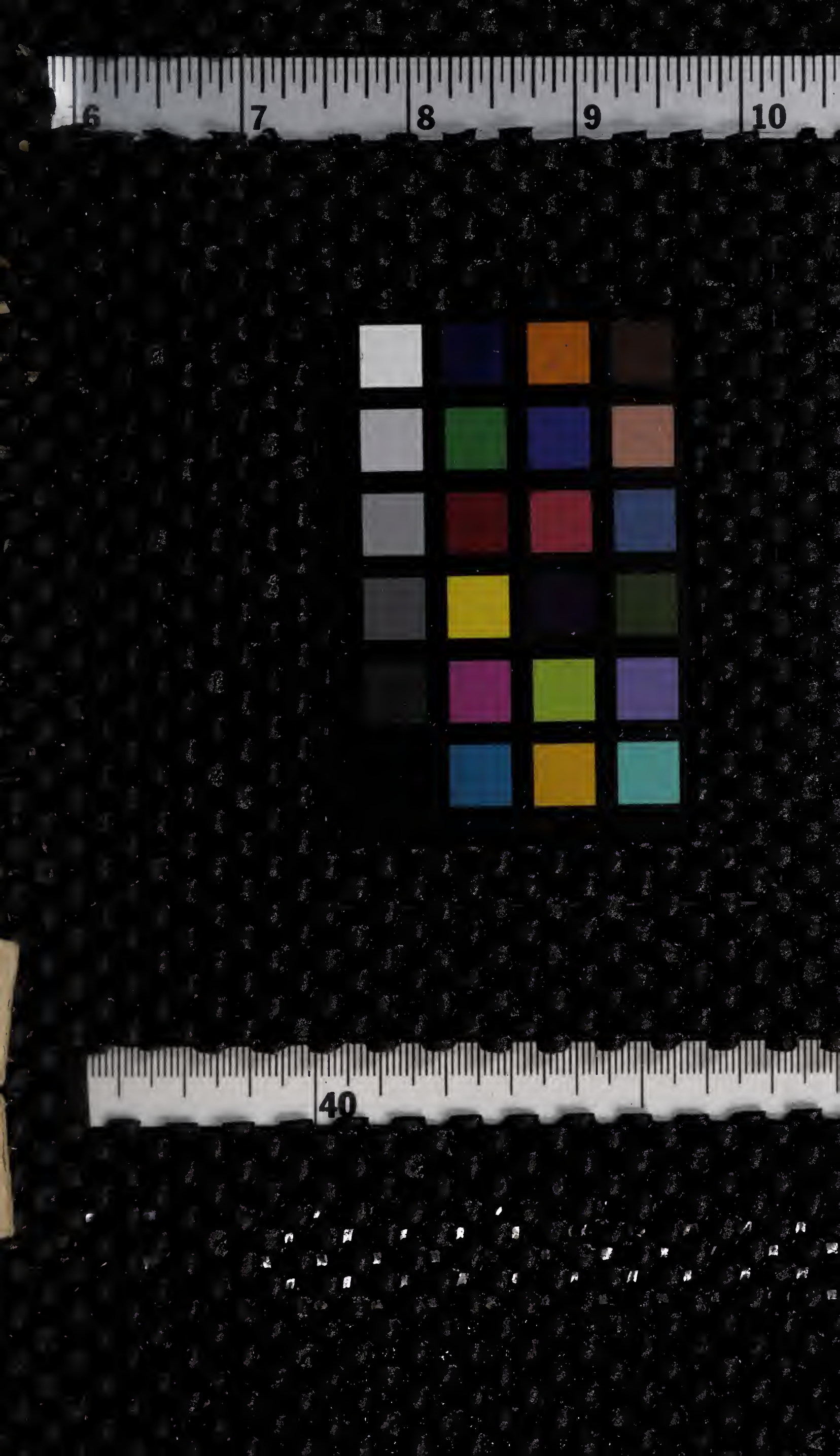
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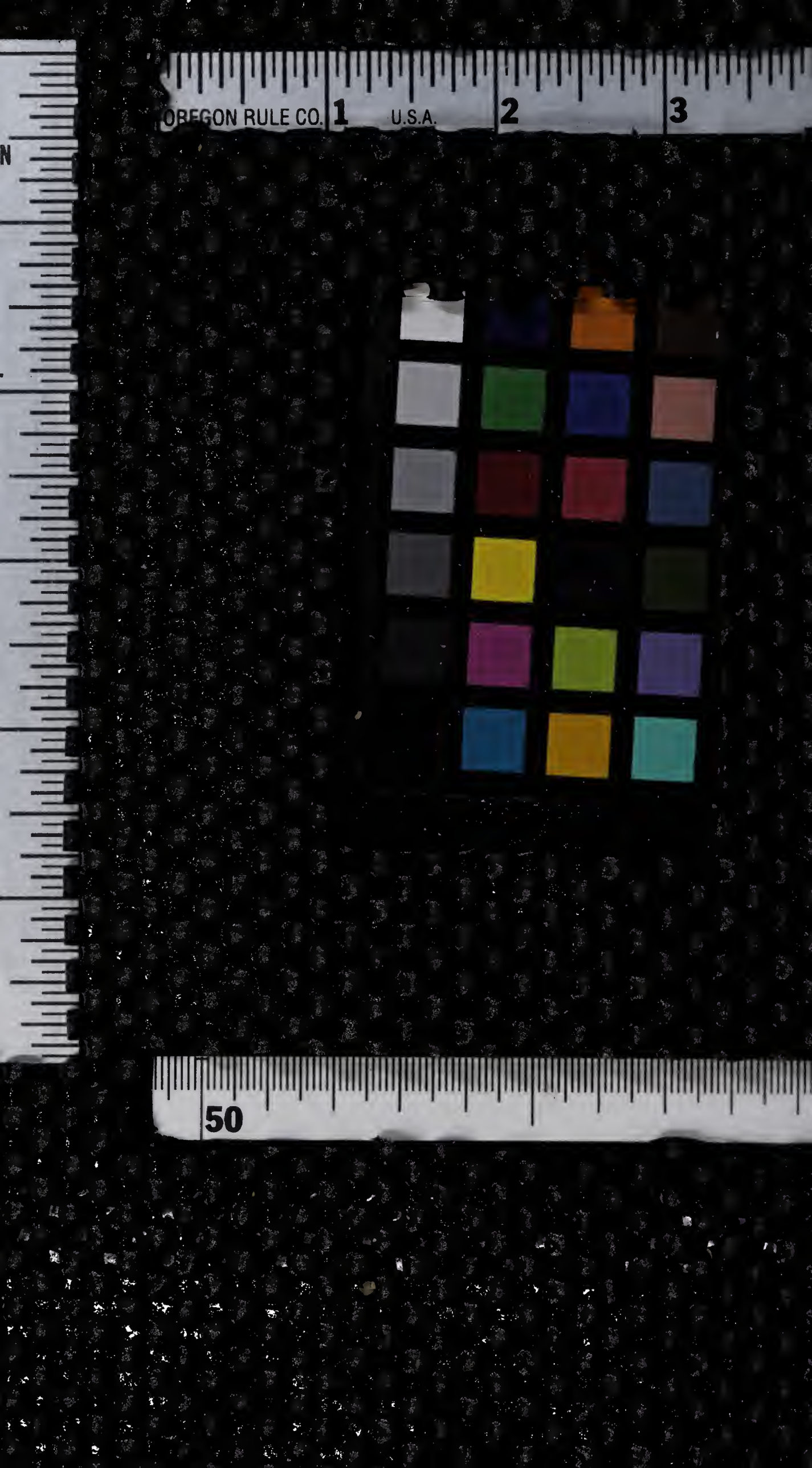
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Vol. 24 No. 2

The COLLEGE MESSAGE

Greensboro, N. C.
December
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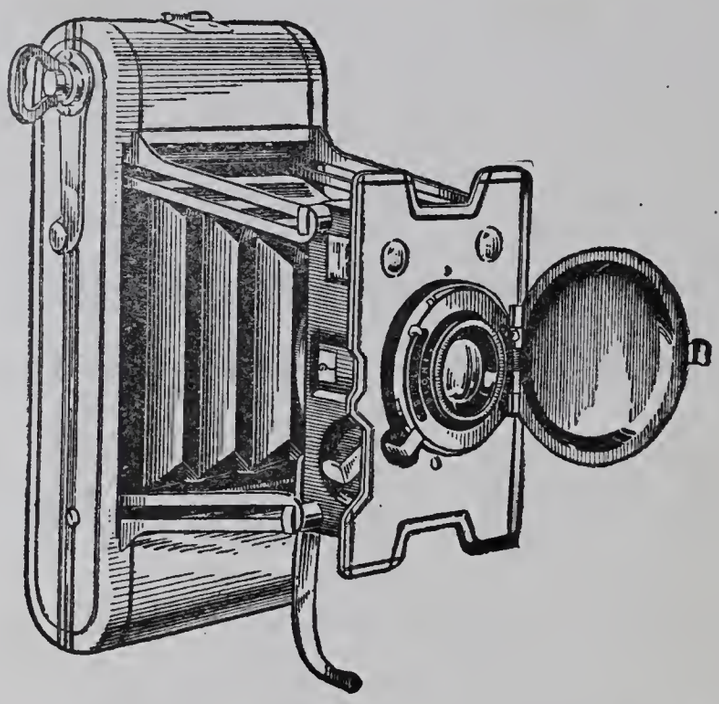

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Seasoned Timber

FRANCES FARRELL

"What is the best of life, the most perfect time of love?" I asked my muse. She would not answer, but bore me with her through time to

Spring

Sunrise. The last gray note of night is dying in the softly shaded harmonies of dawn. It is springtime. The hand of the Divine Painter has touched the face of the earth with transforming fingers, and a new covering of verdant splendor has replaced the aged tatters of winter's cloak. The air is full of joyous music, melodies that sound wild and free, and the sweeter, silent ones. The clear call of the robin to his mate; the care-free song of the brook; the whisper of the breezes to the wistful violet; the timid anemone blushing at the kiss of the golden sunbeam; the exulting trees lifting proudly their living emeralds to the sun; the sparkling dew-drops bidding farewell to the slender blades of grass. The morning of life is here. Surely this is good.

Two children are coming along the path that leads from the farm-yard through the grove to the moss-covered bank of the brook. They have reached the bank where they stop and seem to deliberate on some weighty matter. The unruly brown locks bend close to the long, yellow curls, two small chubby faces are twisted in deep perplexity. They do not lose much time; soon they shout with childish glee and dance about with unrestrained joy. They have solved their first problem. They discover a smooth, mossy place which looks to their uncritical eyes like a wonderful fairy throne. Quickly they find some vines with queerly shaped leaves, a few violets, and with these treasures they run to the chosen place. The owner of the tawny yellow curls seats herself gravely on the throne and begins to fashion a wreath with the aid of the owner of the unruly brown locks who sits on the "make-believe" stool at her feet. All the while the little boy is

telling of the wonderful deeds he will do when he grows to be a man, of the bears he will kill, and the giants he will overcome—all for the little girl who smiles on him with queenly approval, and adds occasionally an idea of her own to his glowing plans. A butterfly appears and the future is forgotten in careless abandon to the present. Nature smiles on the whims of her innocent children. Surely this is good.

But we come to

Summer

Noonday. The sun shines greedily from a cloudless sky on a clear, lazy stream. The slothful water longs to play with the sun, but its efforts accomplish nothing save the stirring up of tiny ripples here and there on its good-natured face. It seems content to reflect the blue sky above, and to glide indolently over its bed of smooth, white sand like a huge, endless, shining snake, creeping out of sight in hidden curves beyond. Its only burdens are the water lilies, cool and fresh under the glare of sunlight, and the tiny fish that swim nimbly in and out of their rock castles underneath. The trees along the bank, laden with luxuriant foliage, bend over that they may have a better look at themselves. The water-oak shakes with envy of the willow whose dainty branches come nearer this crystal mirror than its more stately limbs. The still atmosphere is burdened with delicately mingled perfumes from the valley and the wood beyond. Surely this is good.

Into this place of rest there come two intruders rudely disturbing the quiet water with their light canoe. A strong, dark-haired youth and a slender maiden, whose curly, light brown hair is scarcely concealed beneath a chic panama, are the invaders of this tranquil spot. They come here, apart from all human eyes, out of the toil and bustle of the world, far from its failures, successes and hopes, to tell each other what is in their hearts; to dream dreams; to paint pictures of future days with the brush of hope and the hand of love on the unsoiled canvas of the future. Morning and spring-

time have gone. They have successfully met the difficulties of preparation for life and now they are going to join their strength in the fiercer struggle of the noonday years. But they are not thinking much of the battles of life. This is the wonder of young love—that it cannot see the storms to come, only the days of sunshine are marked on its calendar. They live in romance, believing it to be as lasting as time. Truly time and romance meet, but their walk together is short. Romance flees from aging time who, grasping vainly after her, clutches only a mystic memory. The dreams of today in romance are the memories which crown tomorrow's sorrowful time. This day—is it not the best?

But we come to

Autumn

The old brick house with its wide veranda and noble columns stands in the midst of a large lawn, a picture of colonial glory, its own beauty mellowing into indistinct lines as has the memory of that once illustrious time. To one side is an old-fashioned garden with its rosemary, crepe myrtle and myrrh growing together in riotous confusion. Stately oaks, monitors of many generations past, are gravely standing guard over the memories of yesterday, not loath to express stern disapproval of changing customs. Outside the picket fence that marks the end of this lawn stretch large fields of grain ready for harvesting, and clover hay already stacked up for winter's use. Indian summer, the harvest time, is here in the summit of its glory of richly variegated green, gold, brown and red tints. The very air of the whole place carries thought back a generation, and lets the mind wander with chivalrous gentlemen and queenly dames among sunlit gardens where there are no aloes for regret. This day has passed, because it is no longer practical. Mourn its loss. Do not wish to recall it. But it is good to remember.

Along the road that winds among the fields of waving grain is seen an approaching cloud of dust. Soon it is near enough to see that it is caused by a large, high-speed auto-

mobile. The shrill horn strikes a discordant note in this harmonious whole. But its call brings two beautiful old ladies and a very dignified old gentleman to the door and down the wide steps of the veranda to welcome the occupants of the car with old-fashioned hospitality. A tall, carefully-groomed man with iron gray hair, a handsome woman of about forty, a youth with light brown hair which shows an irrepressible tendency to curl, a saucy, black-haired girl who bears a marked resemblance to the man, step out from the machine and warmly greet their courteous friends. This man and this woman come from the outside world where people are too busy fighting for existence to see the Indian summer day. They come to talk to each other, and to again weave webs of future plans. But there are other persons in these visions. They are thinking of the future of their two children. For themselves, theirs is the present. Life has not been a rose-strewn vista, trellised with cool, shading vines. They have had many disappointments. Many times in the thick of the fight they have been almost ready to give up in weariness. But through it all they have clung to their love and hope, their belief in each other. Now surely they are living their ripest years. Their lives are full. The future of their children is bright and promising. They are living in the harvest time, the time of the ingathering of the fruits of labor. They put away the thought of the swiftly approaching north wind and its winter tale. Surely this is life; this is love.

But we reach

Winter

Twilight. Out of doors the snow is falling softly, as if afraid to disturb its own rest. The ugly places, the failures, the sins of the world are covered with this pure veil of atonement. The lingering light plays with the fantastical snow crystal figures. Several redbirds, looking like living drops of blood from the heart of the white earth, are impatiently waiting outside the window of a large, silent home for their

usual evening crumbs. They shake their heads with disapproval at the north wind that alone breaks the stillness of the world, sighing through the trees, whizzing around the corners and knocking rudely on the window panes in anger at its own helplessness.

Inside the fire casts playful shadows over the big room, giving fantastical life to the objects around. It shines brightly but lovingly on the faces of two thoughtful figures sitting side by side. There is a tender smile on the wrinkled face of the man, and a sadly whimsical look in the eyes of the woman. In the physical flame they trace the course of the unquenchable fire of love. They have met the trials of life bravely and unflinchingly, and now at the close of their years they are happy in the thought of a life well spent, a rest well earned. They see the day of spring in the frisky young flames; the passionate summer month, as the fire gets a stronger grasp on the fuel; the season of autumn, while the fire gives out its strength in many colored lights; the year of winter which comes with the glowing embers. They are tired, the day has been very long. Their sleep shall be sound and peaceful, with no fear of the coming morning's light. The embers have cooled. The room is dark. Outside the snow breathes its benediction and all is at rest. This is life. This is love.

Aunt Maria at College

ANNIE MAE SUTTON

Aunt Maria climbed weakly into bed and dropped her head on the hard, old pillow, utterly exhausted. She was spending the night in college with her niece, Maybelle.

As soon as she arrived, there had been a feast given in her honor. She shuddered at the recollection of it. Such a mass of giggling, screaming, twisting girls she had never seen before. We might as well tell it now—Aunt Maria was an old maid, and a very orderly, dignified one at that. But never had her dignity served her to less purpose. The moment she entered the room she had been besieged on every side by Maybelle's chums, who vied with each other in seeing who would squeeze Aunt Maria the hardest and kiss her most. There had been refreshments—yes, Aunt Maria was sure they had called them by that name—but here she buried her face in the pillow and tried to think of other things, for Aunt Maria had all an old maid's notions about cleanliness. After the party she had been promenaded up and down the halls, jerked first this way and then that, until her whole body ached, while her toes had been one-stepped upon until they were almost lifeless.

While Aunt Maria was mentally undergoing these tortures, again the door was suddenly thrown open and several girls rushed in. Before she could find breath enough to utter a protest she had been dragged across the hall into a room opposite, and thrust upon a window seat in front of an open window through which the cold wind was blowing a gale. They told her afterwards that the boys were somewhere on the outside serenading, but Aunt Maria, who was straining her ears to catch the sound of a pistol shot or a scream of murder, probably would not have noticed the singing had she heard it.

In her niece's room again, Aunt Maria asserted herself enough to lock the door and place the key under her pillow.

At last she was almost asleep when, suddenly, she raised up with a start. There was a bell ringing somewhere in the darkness outside the window. Now wide awake, she realized that it had been ringing insistently for some time. Upon being reassured by her niece that it was only a train bell, she settled down once more and sought in vain to find the sleep which before had come unasked. Bells continued to ring, now on this side of the window, now on that. Far down the track somewhere an engine started, puffing and blowing; up the track it came, growing louder and louder. Aunt Maria rolled and twisted, stuck her fingers in her ears, but all to no purpose; the train came on with a deafening roar. Stopping deliberately in front of the window, it backed and sided, roared, shrieked, and clanged its bell until Aunt Maria thought the thing surely could not be just an ordinary train. Why in the world its boiler didn't burst from over-exertion she couldn't understand. At length the thing started off again. Several times she raised up to make sure that it wasn't coming back, for it took so long to get away.

The train was gone. Aunt Maria folded her hands over her breast in silent thanksgiving—when suddenly, she heard heavy footsteps in the hall. Without question it was a man. Aunt Maria, unable to restrain herself any longer, screamed at the top of her voice. Maybelle jumped up, frightened half to death. "A man," gasped Aunt Maria, "in the hall!" Maybelle, after what seemed ages of searching, found the key, unlocked the door with trembling fingers and ran out. The hall was filled with kimona-clad figures frantically clinging to one another. The teachers, despite the fact that their knees were trembling, assured the girls with shaking voices that nothing had happened. Finally, summoning all her courage, Aunt Maria ventured out into the hall and listened, unobserved, to the tales which the girls were excitedly telling the teachers. A man had climbed through the window into Maybelle's room, almost smothered Aunt Maria with a pillow, stolen all her jewels and money, and escaped through

the hall. Now, Aunt Maria, feeling somewhat guilty, timidly explained that she had only thought she heard a man in the hall. Finally, it was decided that she had heard the night-watchman on his rounds. Peace and order were once more restored to the household.

Aunt Maria, consulting her watch, found it was time for her to dress in order to catch the early morning train.

Mary Allen's Thanksgiving

ILA HARRELL

It was Thanksgiving! Thanks for this fact! For if it had been Christmas, or some other holiday, this little romance never would have occurred.

The students at Glenwood College were given holiday from Wednesday until Friday; and on the eve of Thanksgiving there was much excitement when many of the girls were leaving for home.

Altho Mary Allen lived quite a distance from Glenwood, her parents would not tolerate the idea of passing Thanksgiving without her. In spite of the fact that she was the only child, and had been accustomed to having her every wish gratified, she had a remarkably sweet and unselfish disposition. Her heart was so big that she seemed to be interested in the welfare of everybody. And to this fact was due her much envied popularity at school.

This was Mary's first experience in returning home from college, so both she and her parents had been looking forward to her home-coming with a feeling that it would be one of the happiest experiences of their lives.

On Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock Mary bade her friends "Goodbye!" and boarded the train for home. She passed from one crowded coach to the next, hoping to find a vacant seat, but there was not one to be found. At the rear of the car there was a seat occupied by a little boy, apparently about twelve years old, and so she sat down beside him.

The little fellow looked very tired and sad, and he was very poorly clad. Around him were cake crumbs and scraps of newspaper. When Mary sat down he raised his large gray eyes to hers with a very wistful look. Mary's sympathy was aroused for him, and she began a conversation with him, with the hope of cheering him up.

"Are you traveling alone, little boy?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am," he replied.

"You look as if you have been traveling a long time. Aren't you tired?"

"Yes, and the conductor says I won't get to Thornton until tomorrow. I have to wait over at Branden tonight, and I don't know how I will manage. I've got only enough money to take me to Thornton and I don't know a soul at Branden. If I could forget the last sight I had of mother and the rest I could get along better."

By this time Mary's curiosity was aroused to its fullest extent. She knew from his conversation that he came from intelligent surroundings, and she would not stop at anything shorter than a definite knowledge of his circumstances. She questioned him further.

"Why are you going on such a long journey by yourself?"

"Well, you see, it's this way," he replied. Then he told how his father died and left his mother with six small children to take care of. He was eleven years old, and was the oldest. His mother worked mighty hard trying to keep her family together, but her health soon broke down and she could not provide for them any longer. Something had to be done. Mrs. Larmer, a friend of his mother, advised her to put three of the children in the orphanage at Fairmont, and she offered to see the superintendent about getting them in. His mother agreed. But the thought of having her family separated grieved her so much. Yet she felt that the orphanage would be the best place for them since there was no other help to be had. But in a few days Mrs. Larmer came with the sad news that she had seen the superintendent personally and he said that they could not possibly make arrangements for another child on account of the lack of funds. His mother was more disheartened than ever. She didn't know what to do. She called them to her bedside and prayed that some means might be provided for them. Like a flash this thought came to him: "I'll hire myself out and support the family myself." He had heard of the big cotton mills in Thornton and made up his mind that he

would go there to work. He told his mother his plans. She didn't want him to go so far away, but he was determined. He spent the night in getting ready to leave and left that morning at 7 o'clock.

This story caused Mary to think very seriously. The week before, a motion had been brought before the student body to the effect that instead of giving Christmas presents among themselves each girl would make a Thanksgiving offering to the orphanage at Fairmont. The motion was not carried, and Mary Allen was one of those who voted against it.

"Suppose," she thought, "that by refusing to make the Thanksgiving offering we've caused circumstances like this." She wished again and again that she had used her influence to have the motion carried.

Few words passed between Mary and Freddie Saunders—for that was his name—until the porter yelled out, "Branden!" And that was the place that Freddie had to wait. Mary drew a five-dollar bill with which he might defray his expense at the hotel that night, out of her purse and gave him. His face lighted up, and he thanked her very courteously. The train reached Branden, and Mary bade her little friend "Good-bye."

A new experience had entered Mary's life. She sat deeply in thought. It was not of Thanksgiving, which heretofore, to her had meant only a good time and everything to make her happy, that she was thinking, but she had realized for the first time the true significance of Thanksgiving. She contrasted her circumstances with those of Freddie and of others who were perhaps even less fortunate—if such a contrast could be made, for Mary was accustomed to all the luxuries that wealth could afford—and she realized how much she had to be thankful for, and what Thanksgiving should really mean to her.

"I know what I'll do," she thought. "Just as soon as I get back to school I'll tell the girls about Freddie and I'll not stop until the motion that we make an offering to the or-

phanage at Fairmont instead of giving Christmas presents, is carried.''

With this determination Mary returned to Glenwood after the holidays. She began, from the first, trying to make her wish prevalent thruout the student body.

On Monday night a meeting of the student body was called and Mary laid her plan before them. A long discussion followed. Mary made a very earnest speech on the subject. She made them all see the proposition in a different light from that in which they had seen it before. As a result the motion was carried by a great majority. They decided upon the last night before the Christmas holidays as the time to make the offering. When the time came $100 was contributed. This amount was sent to the orphanage with a request that they take three of Freddie's little brothers into the orphanage. They received a very gratifying letter from the authorities. Mary read it before the student body and the girls felt that if they had sacrificed any happines in not giving gifts among themselves, they were fully repaid with the thought that they had made circumstances better for Freddie's home, and perhaps, many others.

After this it was an established custom in Glenwood College that on Thanksgiving the students would give an offering to charity rather than give Christmas presents among themselves.

College Medley

RUTH BARDEN

(With Apologies to Longfellow)

Frightfully, spitefully,
  Dongity, ding;
The rising bell
  Is beginning to ring.

Half an hour until breakfast,
  I've plenty of time;
That old bell disturbed me
  When sleeping just fine.

The minutes pass by quickly,
  And before I'm aware,
Peals from the breakfast bell
  Are piercing the air.

I spring from my bed
  In very great haste,
Knot up my hair,
  Wear a coat, but no waist.

Then rush to my breakfast,
  But grace has been said,
And I'll be marked absent.
  Oh, I wish I were dead!

I'm so tired and sleepy
I don't clean my room,
Mrs. Garner, inspecting,
  Suggests using a broom.

I don't know my History,
  My English or German;
When my grades are sent home
They will call forth a sermon.

But, girls, in spite of
  Their troubles and tears,
The days we spend here
  Make our happiest years.

The Legend of Blowing Rock

LOUISE TODD

On an unusually warm summer afternoon ten or twelve Boy Scouts were lying under the trees near their tent, in all stages of exhaustion. For two weeks, with their Scoutmaster, Mr. Robert Schuyler, they had tramped thru the mountains of western North Carolina, climbed lofty peaks, and followed icy streams thru their deep, narrow gorges, until their wanderings at last had led them to Blowing Rock.

Altho they were tired just then from their long walk, they would soon be rested enough to want to do something, but what could they do? That was the question over which they were wondering as they lay there. That it would be something new, something entertaining, they did not doubt, for Mr Schuyler had never failed them, and they were prepared for something especially interesting on this last afternoon.

After allowing the boys to rest until he went to the village for some supplies, Mr. Schuyler came back and sat down among them. "Well, boys," he began, "have you anything you would like to do this afternoon?"

Receiving a chorus of negatives in reply, he said: "If you have not, I have a plan to suggest. Of course, all of you know of the famous Blowing Rock, but I do not believe you have ever heard why it received that name."

Weariness and heat were forgotten as all the boys sat up and began to clamor for the story. But their leader smilingly continued, "I want you to know the story just as much as you do, but I will take you to some one who can tell it much better than I. He is an Indian. Yes, a sure enough Indian," he answered the inquiring glances of the boys.

"His ancestors were chiefs, and when the rest of the tribe moved to the Indian reservation his father refused to leave this place where his people had lived for so long, and was allowed to remain. Now, this man is the only member left

of his tribe. I once heard him tell this Legend of the Blowing Rock and I believe you would all like to hear it.''

By this time the eagerness of the boys to see the Indian chief and hear his story was so great that they begged to be taken to him at once. In single file they followed a narrow path along the edge of the mountain until they reached the ''Blowing Rock,'' which was a huge boulder jutting out from the side of the mountain. Here the Indian had his home.

As they drew nearer they could see that it was only a small log hut, before which, in spite of the heat, a bright fire was burning. The chief sat close beside the fire, wrapped in a gay blanket, but when he saw the approaching visitors he rose to his feet. He made a strange picture, this old story-teller of a fast dying race. He was tall and, altho the passing of many years had whitened his hair and seamed his face with wrinkles, his form was still erect, his step firm, and his voice clear and strong as he approached the party and asked: ''Why do you come here?''

Mr. Schuyler replied gently: ''We have come from far to hear the great chief tell the story of the Blowing Rock, if he will.''

The chief was pleased by this request and motioned for his guests to sit down. Then, standing erect before them, he began his story.

''The Blowing Rock got its name many, many years ago, in the days of my father's fathers, before the great spirit hardened his heart toward his red children and sent the pale faces across the Big Water to drive them toward the setting sun.

Then a mighty chief, Stoneheart, ruled over this tribe and they were a happy, prosperous people. They caught fish in every stream, they chased the deer over every mountain side, and they were rich in furs, for then my people were lords of all these mountains and valleys

Stoneheart loved no one as he loved his daughter, Laughing Water. She was beautiful, the most beautiful maiden ever seen. Her eyes and her long hair were as dark as mid-

night; her cheeks were like scarlet maple leaves in autumn, and her lips were like the crimson berries of the dogwood tree when the leaves begin to fall. Her voice was like a mountain brook rippling over the pebbles in its course.

"The chief was becoming an old man, he knew that soon he would be called to the Happy Hunting Grounds. Since he had no sons, he was anxious to have his daughter marry a brave warrior, who could become chief after his death. But Laughing Water would not marry any of the warriors whom her father favored, for she loved some one else. He was Swift Eagle, a young warrior, but handsome as the sun god, and skilled in hunting and fishing.

"It was no wonder that he loved beautiful Laughing Water, for every one loved her and stories of her beauty were told around many a camp fire; but the wonder was that she, a chief's daughter, who could choose from all the warriors of that tribe, should love him, a young warrior, whose rank was much lower than hers.

"Laughing Water was afraid to tell her father of her love for Swift Eagle, for she well knew how terrible would be his anger, and she feared that he would injure Swift Eagle. Therefore, they met in secret, deep in the forest, or by some crystal spring. One night they met beside that huge rock which hangs out over the valley far below us. He begged her to leave her father and go with him to a neighboring tribe. She, however, was firm in her decision. 'No,' she said, 'My father is old and my brothers are all dead. If I should leave him he would surely die.'

"But Swift Eagle begged her, until, at last she said she would do as he wished, and promised to meet him next day at sunset in the same place. They hastened back to the camp, not knowing that their meeting had been watched and their plans overheard. One of the warriors whom she had rejected had seen them and had crept nearer to listen. He at once went and told everything to the chief, who was very angry. He was afraid to seize Swift Eagle at once, as he wished to do, but his medicine men told him that if he con-

cealed his warriors around the rock and captured Laughing Water and Swift Eagle together every one would think it right to kill the young man. Stoneheart was delighted with this suggestion.

"The next day Laughing Water was allowed to come and go as usual, and as the sun began to touch the tops of the western mountains she slipped away and ran like a hunted deer toward the rock. But her father and his men were there before her and from their hiding places watched her approach. Swift Eagle was waiting beside the rock.

"When he saw her coming he exclaimed eagerly: 'So you are really going with me! I feared you could not come. Listen, I have found a way to escape. By climbing down below this rock we can enter a cave, which has an opening far down the mountainside. Your father will never find us there. Come, let us go!'

"Laughing Water hesitated only a moment, but just then Stoneheart led his band upon them. Swift Eagle saw that they could not escape. With clasped hands and smiling lips they stood a moment on the very edge of the rock. Stoneheart started forward with a wild cry. Then, like a stone sinks in a deep pool, they dropped down, down, until they crashed into the tree-tops far below.

"Since that time many people call that rock 'Lovers' Leap', but my people call it 'The Blowing Rock,' for always a gentle breeze from the valley beneath blows over the rock. The Great Spirit sends the breeze from the Happy Hunting Grounds to say that the beautiful Laughing Water and her true Love, Swift Eagle, are happy there together—forever."

The low voice ceased, the old man sank trembling to the ground and pulled his blanket closer around him. The sun was sinking and the level rays touched his face with all the sadness of his people. A single tongue of flame flickered a moment from the gray ashes of the fire and then died out. Mr. Schuyler and his companions rose and tiptoed away. It was all over. The Legend of the Blowing Rock was told.

A .G. C. W. Honeymoon

JENNIE TURNAGE

Gurley and **Groome** left the **Chappell** after the **Bishop** had married them **Goode,** and, accompanied by the **King, Gentry** and **Millers,** made their way to the station amid a **Long** string of girls throwing **Rice.**

The bride, before the ceremony, had repaired to the **Garrett** and cried for rejecting **Fortune's** sons—**Richardson, Tyson, Wilkinson, Derickson, Gibson, Robertson,** and the two **Smitherman.**

Yet she was happy then and did not **Stanback.** With her head wrapped in a red **Hood,** to keep out the **Wynne,** she gave one the idea of a red **Byrd.**

A **Palmer** had prophesied **Brittain** as the place of their honeymoon.

The train **Rodwell,** until it hit a **Rountree,** then they were captured by a **Savage,** but the **Somers** weather softened his heart of **Stone** and he released them.

Upon gaining the boat and having refreshing **Beveridge,** they rang the **Bell** for the **Porter** and retired. For every meal on shipboard they had **Herring** caught in the eddies of Niagara **Falls.** For Sunday **Aycock** was served. Their appetites were **Duls** by seasickness, but they revived.

On landing, the hotels looked like **Barnes** but, through Mother **Hubbard's** guidance and that of their **Muse,** they were **Ledbetter** and found a place done up **Brown.**

The lamp in their room exploded, but by using a **Broome,** they extinguished the flames, however, not without sustaining **Burns.** They finally laid their weary heads on the **Pillows** and dreamed of the exploits of Captain **Perry,** brave **Wallace,** and of the poems of **Browning** and **Lanier.**

The next morning they explored **Bristol** and wandered by the **Callaway** out in the country; to the **Westbrook,** over the **Canfield,** through the **Musgrove,** sat and talked a while on **Zerock** and came back by **Tuthill.**

They became home sick for the dear old **Hall** and green **Moss** banks of G. C. W. Even a hospital **Ward** in Greensboro would be welcome. Oh, just to **Garner** in some more peas! A grass **Hopper** would be no more happy there than they.

Therefore they left for home. They came by the St. **Lawrence** and **James** rivers and around by **Wilson,** occupying a private **Pulliam** car. They reached G. C. W. amid the yells that **Pierce** the air. On their re**Turnage** seemed to have struck them, yet they seemed as happy as **Franklin** when he discovered electricity.

Everyone was excited. The talk at a distance sounded like hundreds of **Huckabee** and **Whedbee.** The girls, led by a **Mann, Hunt** the couple everywhere; **Moore** and greater joy is wished—in fact, the girls nearly **Worsham.**

Her Spirit of Christmas

MARGUERITE TUTHILL

The dormitory was alive with Christmas preparations. Red and green ribbons hung carelessly from study tables; tell-tale bits of tissue paper and ends of shining twine lay about on the rugs. The most apparent sign that Christmas was at hand was the continual counting of days. "Only twenty-three more days! Do you realize that we will be starting home three weeks from tomorrow night?"

But, the pity was, Marie Rankin did not want Christmas to come. She hated the preparations, she hated the presents she had bought, and, worse than anything, she hated her classmates because they had not thought of her homeless plight. No one had asked her if she was going home; and, in fact, she was very glad that they did not. It isn't a very pleasant feeling one experiences when one says "I haven't any home." Then the pitying glance, the incredulous wonder in the questioner is often harder to endure than the no home condition.

To enjoy holidays the minds have to be free from care and thought of study. To attain this the girls were working hard during these days before vacation. But Marie had no incentive for hard study. Why, her holidays would be unbearable unless she were busy, and so she must not get all done now.

Marie's room-mate, Evelyn Burns, was very busy making Christmas tree decorations for her small brother's tree; and, as Marie watched she thought if her brother had only lived he would have been ten years old and most interested in engines and other things dear to the heart of small boys. What a pleasure it would have been for her to select gifts for him and to plan to make his Christmas a happy one!

The days dwindled away; there were just three days before the girls were to leave the college. Everything about the dormitory was in a continual uproar—the girls thought

of nothing but "Christmas" and "going home." Marie was the bluest girl in the college. Never before had she thought of herself as being so much alone in the world; surely the girls did not realize her plight, or they would have asked her to spend the holidays with them.

Evelyn's trunk was packed and ready. The time arrived for good-byes to her friends. When she came to Marie she noticed the sad expression on her face and suddenly the thought came that this unfortunate girl had no place to spend Christmas. Evelyn invited her to go home with her, and Marie gladly accepted. The two girls hurriedly packed her trunk and, amid joy and laughter, they started on their journey.

Everyone was busy in the Burns home. The children occupied themselves making idiotic presents out of paper for their mother and father, and were filled with the give-give idea; the older members of the family were busy preparing for the following day and made Marie feel so much at home that she forgot her loneliness, coming into the bustle of the big Christmas.

On Christmas eve, after the excitement of the great tree had quieted, Marie stole out into the cold, chilly night, sat down by a large tree, and cried, because she had missed the big love idea, which the Burns children and, in fact, the whole Burns family had had all through the month of December.

After the family had retired, Marie crept stealthily through the house and up to her room. Throwing herself on the bed, and burying her head in her pillow, she sobbed until her heavy heart was lightened. In the quietness of the night many thoughts flashed through her mind. She thought of the maids at the college who hardly knew the meaning of Christmas, and she resolved to do something to make them happy. With this resolve, she used her small bit of money in carefully selecting a useful gift for each maid, determining to find the true spirit of Christmas in giving as the Wise Men had in their gifts to the Christ child.

How to Run a Ford

VIRTLE CAVINESS

Now the first thing you want to do is to see if you have plenty of gas, oil, and water. Then be sure that the emergency brake, which is the large lever at the left, is pulled back, and the spark, which is at the left of the steering wheel, is in about the third or fourth notch; regulate the gas throttle on the right of the steering wheel, and place it in the fourth or fifth notch. After this, the magneto, which is a little key in the center in front, should be turned on. To do this, push it to the left, and then it is ready to be cranked.

Of course everyone knows you have to get around in front of a Ford, take hold of the crank and give it a vicious turn. When you hear a racket start up that sounds like some one beating on a dishpan, you may know it is cranked and ready to start.

There are three foot pedals at the bottom, about the center of the driver's seat. The one to the left is the clutch; in the middle is the reverse; and to the right the brake. When you get ready to start, put the left foot on the clutch lightly, let the large lever down, press gradually on the clutch, regulate the gas more freely, press harder on the clutch and you will roll off very smoothly. Let the clutch up after you get a good start.

When you want to turn around, be sure the machine has come to a standstill. To do this, press the clutch in half way, press on the brake, and pull the large lever up half way; give it more gas, press on the reverse, turn the steering wheel in the opposite direction from the way you want to go, and press on the brake when you want to stop. Then start again in the same way.

When you want to stop and leave the engine running, always pull up the large lever before taking your feet off the clutch and brake or you will choke the engine. In order to stop the engine, turn the magneto to the right, and your Ford goes dead.

A Hold-Up

RENA PERRY

It was a cold, snowy morning when the train pulled into the Western College station where a happy young girl boarded it. She was indeed happy, since she was on her way home to spend the Christmas holidays. The journey was a long one and if Ruth made connection she would barely get home Christmas eve.

Ruth's home was not a wealthy one; many sacrifices had been made there that she might attend college. In order that she might be able to give a few presents to her friends, as well as to the family, she had denied herself many little things at school. At last the long-looked-for day had arrived, the presents were packed safely in her suitcase, and she was on her way home.

Looking out of the window, Ruth noticed how slowly the train was moving. She was beginning to get anxious, fearing if her train was delayed she would be unable to make connection and would not get home until early Christmas morning. Ruth watched the snow growing deeper and deeper every minute. It soon became evident that the train could not go much further. Then she realized that it would be impossible for her to get home that night.

Snow was piled in fantastic shapes as far as could be seen from the slowly moving train. The snow crystals sparkled and danced like jewels. Snowdrifts are fashioned only by the north wind, and certainly he had used his skill and his handiwork that day. The mountains, silent, white and mystic, formed a sheltering background.

How disappointed and how lonely Ruth was! Everyone seemed disappointed too, when suddenly each awoke from his sleepy feeling to behold a band of train robbers coming into the coach. The leader cried out, "Hands up!" and up they went indeed. The robbers went hurriedly through all pockets, suitcases and bags, binding the travelers' feet

and hands, after taking all their valuables. Ruth rush into one corner of the coach, hoping to be passed unnotice but the leader had seen her and was struck with her inn cent looking face, so he ordered her to be bound and tak with them, telling her they needed a housekeeper.

Ruth was carried with them through the snow, but th had some trouble, for she kicked and bit at them until th were forced to tie her feet together and bind a cloth ov her mouth. What was she to do? was the question runni through her mind. At last she had it! If they would n let her go on appealing to their better nature they nev would. On reaching their cave she was set free, as th knew she could not escape through the deep snow witho aid. Ruth fell down on her knees, begging the leader take her back to the train for her mother's and father sakes, if not for her own. They would not listen to h entreaties, but, while she was on her knees the train cre which had loosed themselves, came to the rescue. They turn the joke on the robbers and the hands of the gang went u for it was such a surprise to be attacked by those who they thought were bound safely on the train. The robbe were bound and dragged to the train, with Ruth helpi all she could.

On reaching the train the manager, who had lately arrive asked that the robbers be unbound, for they were only movi picture actors who had taken advantage of the delay in th secluded spot for one of their snowstorm films.

A Burlesque

MYRTLE BRUTON

Oh, there is that four o'clock bell, and I have a class this period. Oh, well, I don't care. I am going to skip it for once. Maybe Mr. Clark won't miss me. I just have to see that basket-ball game. The Juniors are going to play the Sophs for the cup and Elizabeth is on the Junior team. The Juniors just have to win! Besides they have had that cup for two years. Of course it would be a disgrace if they lose it. Just listen at those yells! I can't get there fast enough!

S—o—p—h—o—m—o—r—e! Soph——

Oh, hasn't that whistle blown yet? Hello, Fay! I just had to come to this game! I hate old History of Music, and I don't care a rap if I do miss it! There goes the whistle!

J—U—N—I— Sophomore! Don't the Juniors look nice in their new blue suits? The Sophs have new ones, too, haven't they? But you know, Junior!

Oh, there—they have tossed for goals! I knew Clarice would get it, because she is so tall—but I don't care; let her have it at first; we'll see who comes out with it later. Now, they are beginning. Oh, Clarice has it again! Why doesn't Polly get to work! Just watch that guard! That was a pretty play!

Junior!

Oh, it didn't go in! Make it, Joe! You can do it! Take your time! Oh, what made her miss it! There it goes right back to the Sophs! How easy that was!

Sophomore! Sophomore!

Oh, well, let them yell while they can. There! Play it right, Polly! She did it!

P—o—l—l—y! Poll—

Put it in, Betsy! We knew you—— Sis! Boom! Cuckoo! Betsy!

Whoo-rah! Whoo-rah! Junior!

Team! Team! Team!

There it goes up in center again! Polly has it again! Play it, girl!

Double foul!

What? Missed that free throw? So did the Sophs!

Time!

Oh, I'm so—

Yo! Yo! Soph—

Ho! Ho! Junior!

Team! Team! Team!

This suspense is terrible! That was the shortest ten minutes I ever spent! Why doesn't that whistle blow. I know it has been over five minutes! There it goes! Oh, if the Juniors will just win! That is some playing! I am deaf and hoarse with those yells. Will either side ever make a goal? It goes from one side to the other all the time

Foul on Juniors!

Terrible!

Watch her miss it!

Watch her miss it!

Sh-h-h!

But she didn't! Oh, the Sophs are one ahead!

Play it out! Play it out!

Junior!!

There, Polly has it! Right in Betsy's hands—and in the goal!

Time!

Score: Sophs, 3! Juniors 4! Rah! Rah! Rah!

The next morning at chapel: Miss Clara Bivens will meet the committee on absences and tardies immediately after chapel.

Oh, well, I don't care. The Juniors won!

The Wishing Tree

CATHERINE HUBBARD

"Kyrie Eleisson" sang the north wind to the trees and the snow. "Christe Eleisson" chanted back the lofty stars—and it was Christmas eve. Each sharp-tipped little fir tree around the woodcutter's hut on the edge of the forest bore its weight of snowflakes as though they were so many candles.

Inside the hut the red glow of the yule log shone on six faces alight with the Christmas joy. All day mother and father and children had hurried about making ready for the Christ-child's birthday.

Hans and Gerard had gone with their father deep into the wood; and the walls of the little room were green with holly and yew and sacred mistletoe which they had brought.

All day the mother and Gretchen and Kate had worked, plucking and dressing the fat goose, and baking the last of the "Kuchen" and crullers. And now the very yule log seemed to crackle and sputter more merrily at the thought of the morrow's bliss. The cuckoo on the shelf over the hearth burst out of his doors and fairly shrilled his weird notes on the contented group—as much as if to say: "Father and mother, children, it's 8 o'clock. Old Kriskringle's coming. Are your shoes ready by your bed, Gretchen and Kate?"

And the mother, understanding what the cuckoo meant when he called "eight o'clock," said: "Hear, Gretchen and Kate, boys, up and go to your beds, or Kriskringle will surely send you rods in your shoes tomorrow." But Gerard, flat before the fire and staring into it intently, exclaimed, "There, look, see that little old man with the long white beard and red nose. What bright eyes! See him, mother!"

"Ach, to be sure," cried the mother. Have you children never heard of Dirk, the king of the elves? Well, listen now—" and before the cuckoo had called the half hour, she had told the children the most wonderful tale of how on Christmas eve at midnight old Kriskringle sends Dirk, king of

the elves, to the wishing tree in the heart of the forest to talk to children and grant their wishes.

Bright eyes are hard to close on Christmas eve, and four pairs of the very brightest in the world were wide open in the darkness, while four tongues were busy wondering and questioning.

"I say, Gerard," whispered Hans, "Do you believe old Dirk would give me that top I wanted?"

"Gretchen, I just wish I could ask him for a cradle for Mina."

Why not go and see him, and ask him for what we want? brother said—"

"Come on," excitedly whispered Hans. "The crust on the snow is hard. Why can't we go? I know where it is, and mother and father are fast asleep."

Four little figures slid out of bed and shivered into the warm clothes which woodcutters' children always wear. The latch was lifted and they were outside under the Christmas stars.

The north wind had gone whispering away over the tree tops. The very forest seemed to hold its breath as the children entered the shadows. The snow and the stars vied with each other in glistening, and, with a triumphant twinkle, the Christmas star outshone the rest and seemed to send a ray to earth to guide the children to the magic tree, not that they needed any guide, for the "Wishing Tree" was as well known to them as any familiar spot at home. And as they hurried on over the snow, their busy feet were outpaced by busier tongues.

And so, almost without warning, they came to the place. The "Wishing Tree" was an immense oak, the most remarkable for height and girth for miles around. And, as if to render the homage due, the other trees had stepped back a pace, and around the monarch was a symmetrical and clearly defined circle.

The children paused beyond this ring and, as they did so, the branches of the tree began to glow with myriads of tiny

lights, as though the goblins were hanging out their lanterns. And the snow gave back the lights in a thousand soft prismatic gleams.

"It must be twelve o'clock," whispered Hans. "Let's get behind this tree and see what happens."

And almost before he had said it, the strangest things began to happen. The very air seemed to be alive with the queerest little people imaginable. Up out of the snow they popped, some swung from the branches of the tree, and the returning north wind whistled with glee as he deposited his load on the snow. Strange little men they were, short, and some of them as bent and twisted as the branches they had leaped from. Long white beards flowed over their coats the hue of the fir tree; each mannikin swung a lantern, and each looked like a tiny lighted Christmas tree with its weight of snow.

"The elves," whispered Hans. "Where's old Dirk?" And, as if his whispers were the signal, each little man, with a look at his lantern, danced to one side of the tree. And then something wonderful happened; the bark of the tree slowly began to open, and, carefully stretching first one leg and then the other, out stepped the biggest, fiercest elf of the lot. The beard that floated to his waist looked like snow in air, so light and white it was, and his eyes were brighter and redder than the fairy spark he waved to and fro.

The tree closed with a snap and Dirk began to swing his lantern, and around the tree the elves began to form a ring, and then the revel began.

First, they circled slowly about the tree, then faster and faster, and the fairy feet scarcely touched the glistening crust of the snow. In and out they moved, and wove and interwove into mystic figures, and the lanterns cut the starlit darkness like a myriad swarm of fireflies. Wilder and wilder they danced, until their lanterns and fiery eyes seemed tangled together in a maze of snow.

At first the children behind the tree were enchanted by the weird beauty of the scene. But soon they grew bewildered,

and, as the dance grew more fast and furious, Gretchen began to sob; and Kate, terrified, began to reproach Hans and Gerard, who were too frightened to speak. One of the little creatures, bounding past their tree, caught the sound of Gretchen's sobbing, and, leaping behind the tree, discovered the children crouched in the shadow. Frantically swinging his lantern, and bounding about, he called his companions, and soon the children were surrounded by a shouting, gesticulating throng of elves. And before they knew what had happened they had been dragged and pushed and half carried before Dirk himself.

Then thy found how fierce he was and how harsh and shrill his voice when he shouted: "Earth children, and have they seen the Christmas revel of the elves?" Then in a sterner manner: "They must live in the shape of holly trees for a year and a day, till all remembrance of tonight is gone."

The children stared at each other, all thoughts of Christmas wishes to be granted chased from their minds. Hans shivered from head to foot and started to turn around, but he could not move a muscle, his feet seemed to be firmly fixed in the snow.

In the meantime the elves themselves had become quiet and seemed to be listening apprehensively to what sounded like footfalls in the forest. And in a moment a merry voice cried: "What, my elves, have you granted good wishes tonight?" And someone strode into the circle of now quiet lanterns that made the children's hearts leap and the elves lower their heads in shame. Who in the world could it be but old Kriskringle himself in the most marvelous red coat edged with the softest white fur, with a beard even softer and whiter than the fur, and with eyes that outtwinkled the very stars?

But the eyes grew hard and cold when he saw the terrified look of the children. Then he confronted the downcast Dirk, and when the story was out, the very lanterns of the elves blinked with shame.

"Now, go, and for a year and a day you, instead of the children shall repent this night's work."

And one by one the lanterns of the elves disappeared in the darkness of the forest.

"Now, children, on Christmas eve, what do you wish for most?"

"I want——" cried Hans.

"Give me——" shouted Gerard.

"And I—!" "and I," said Kate and Gretchen.

"Well, here," cried Kriskringle, with a laugh, "take each of you a sprig of this tree, and as long as Christmas lasts and you wish for good things, you shall have what you want!"

And with a last twinkle and smile he was gone. And the next thing the children knew, it was morning and they were warm in their own beds.

And perhaps it was all just a dream sent by the Christmas fairy.

Ode to Trinity Glee Club

EDITH SAVAGE

The happiest day in the whole year round
Is the day when the Glee Club comes to town;
Every girl then forgets her books,
Dons party frock and pretty looks,
When the Glee Club comes to town.

From each window a head appears,
While Mrs. Siler's shocked, "My dears!"
Seems to cause no visible fears;
The smiles go on; there are no tears,
When the Glee Club comes to town.

Each girl listens with bated breath
While "Ditty," Council, and the rest
Tell us, it now must be confessed,
"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;"
When the Glee Club comes to town.

The boys are rushed to the parlor in haste,
Where dainties are served, delicious to taste.
They have to look pleased when really they're not,
For talking to Seniors is such a hard lot,
When the Glee Club comes to town.

At twelve o'clock, by a well known sign,
We know that it is "good night" time—
With promises never to forget,
Oh! how they linger with us yet!
They give us yells; they yodel, too—
Our hearts go out to the Trinity blue,
When the Glee Club comes to town.

Yokoma: A Japanese Legend

MILDRED SPIERS

Yokoma was not as happy as a girl of fifteen should be. Chu-san knew that she was not, but the happiness of a small girl could not be considered when her future husband had to be chosen. Chu-san also knew that his social position and caste was of such that could demand the wealthiest and most desirable husband for his daughter and get him, too. But Yokoma and her father could not agree on the qualities of "desirability" in a husband. To be permitted to love Chan with all her young heart, forever, in the same unhindered way of the past (but the past ended when Chu-san saw Lang Cho and wanted him for his daughter), would be happiness fulfilled. In spite of her father's fruitless effort to persuade, she would answer him nothing but: "Meester Lang Cho is ver' nice, but"—and her little oblique eyes would avoid those of her father and follow thru the window, a small crystal stream as far as a quaint ichi on its bank. Chu-san had no need to pursue the direction of her dreamy gaze to know of what she was thinking, and why her rosy lips would part in a smile. To see her thus would occasion an outburst of wrath on her innocent head.

"You shall mar' the Meester Lang-Cho· He eez rich; he has a much high office and will mek me much moneys have."

Following this she would go to her room and cry, just a little soft cry that her father might not hear, for the fragile paper walls of the Japanese villa are no proof against sound.

One day after a very determined "No" Chu-san was more harsh than usual. "Meester Lang Cho is coming for to see. I have told him how beautiful, how much moneys he will have, and he is to see for himself. He eez coming at nine bells. Be in preparation for to see."

She climbed the narrow stair to her room, for the best of Japanese know not how to build others.

"Muira, my purt'est kimona, please put on, and my fan with the butterflies." In the long mirror she saw a shy

little black-haired girl with eyes bright and a spot in each cheek equally so. Voices were heard behind the tall fusuma as the "rich Meester Lang Cho" and her father entered.

"Yokoma, come at once."

Shyly seating herself in a corner of the big room, she allowed herself to be admired and stared at.

"Yokoma, you come and talk to the gent'man."

Her face changed expression as she slowly walked to the center of the room and gracefully dropped to a cushion behind the tiny tea-table. The light of conflict came into her now stony eyes. She clapped her hands almost viciously. The little maid appeared.

"Tea," she said.

The little maid brought the tea, and then the wafers, each time disappearing behind a dwarfed wisteria, which grew in a flat bronze koro, full of blossoms. With the light still in her eyes, Yokoma served the tea. With the air of a princess, she put on all the charm of a mousmee. Under the beaming smile of her father, she gave jest for jest, smile for smile. She begged the "high offic'al" to put away his cigar and smoke her shippo pipe. That was Japanese. The "seegar war Melican." She enveloped him with the perfume of her garments. He was bewitched.

"I will give you palace and as beaut'ful ichi as war seen."

"Oh," she murmured.

"And a thousand slaves."

Chu-san, with a mystery-laden expression, listened, and was silent.

"But, oh, I can no do it. I love"—and she waved her hand to the house on the stream.

Before her father could speak she continued: "Muira, the gentleman, who have done us the honor to call, he wish to go hurriedly. His shoes, will you not hasten them?" With this she vanished behind the wisteria and was gone.

To say the least, Chu-san was angry. He hoped the "honorable gent'man would forgive the unpoliteness of his daughter."

Lang Cho would not be satisfied.

"You have tricked me! I will have her! Give me back my thousand yen!" he stormed, and snatching the "thousand yen" from a small table, he was gone.

Chu-san had already begun to transfer some of Lang Cho's anger to Yokoma. "See what you have lost to me! I am ver' angry!" which was expressing it mildly by the expression his face had taken. Her father made a move to strike the small face half-turned to him. But Yokoma was quick, and darting into her room, she slammed the door and stood against it.

"I hav' not now the trouble of making you to go to your room!" at the same time turning the key in the lock. "You stay until you do what I say."

It was not Yokoma to let her temper have the advantage; instead she sat down by the window where the cooling breeze could fan her hot cheeks. A bloom of the near-by magnolia shared with her, its fragrance. Leaning far out she broke the blossom and put it in a small vase.

"Your honor'ble father, he say, you can no go out for a long, long time," announced Miura softly as she came from the adjoining apartment.

"Can I not at all see Chan?"

No, no, he say, too, again, that I am to say to my honorable mistress, she will no more see the honorable Meester Chan."

Yokoma was not prepared for this. "But I will see him," and flinging herself down on a cushion, she sobbed convulsively.

Three days passed slowly. Still Yokoma was unrelenting. the flush had not yet left her cheek, and as she stood behind the big koro of cheery blossoms, she was enough to make "the honorable Meester Lang Cho" say he had been "tricked," having lost her. She fingered the soft petals of the magnolia bloom at her side. "Oh," she breathed.

Where her fingers had been, they had left tiny bruised marks.

"I wonder if I could," she thought.

Taking a long pin from her hair, she printed carefully in odd little characters: "Father says I may see you not any more." Holding to the window ledge by one hand she skillfully threw the petal bearing the message out into the silver stream, which whirled and twisted it in impish glee, as if to tease.

"If he gets it he will come."

It was dark. Yokoma and Muira were alone. There was music soft and low stealing in thru the open window. On tiptoe, Yokoma glided to the opening.

"It is you, Chan?" she whispered.

"Yes; can you not be in preparation to go when the big moon comes up?"

"I will go," she whispered again.

The "big moon," playing hide and seek with the gently waving tree-limbs, was left alone to see Yokoma carefully guiding herself down a frail rope ladder which Chan had swung from the window. When she finally reached the bottom, and her lover, he gathered her into his arms caressingly (so the moon tells us) and carried her to the waiting canoe. There, one of Yokoma's disliked "high offic'als" awaited them, but he was not to be the cause of their separation as the former had nearly been, but he was to join them. The ever-to-lovers-friendly moon was the only spectator, and as she guided the small skiff over the water to their island destination she no less watched over them as the pair, Yokoma and Chan, found their way to an almost miniature house hid by the trees of the island. They were happy.

As Chu-san awoke he called for Muira. "Say to your honorable mistress that I wish her pres-ence." He accented each word with precision.

"I would say that I have been to her room and she is not," announced Muira tremblingly.

"She is not! Where is she? You have to escape aided her!" The infuriated Chu-san was already half way to his daughter's room.

"I will have my revenge on Chan! He shall no more live in this city! He has cap— cap— away with her!" his English failing him.

The little ichi on the stream-bank was searched and burned, the city was explored, but no trace of his daughter could be found.

A week later she had not been found. Chusan was comfortably stretched on cushions on a side projection of the house. He called Miura.

"Miura, who can you tell me lives on that island over there? I see a smoke."

Then the idea came.

"It is that Chan and Yokoma! Make ready my canoe. I will go."

Chan and Yokoma were, as was said, happy. They had no care. There was plenty of tea and rice, and Yokoma was content to explore the island, finding odd and curious plants and flowers.

As they sat together in their queer little pergola drinking their tea and wondering if there could be anywhere anyone as happy, Chan rose hurriedly and looking about him exclaimed:

"Yokoma, smoke I smell! Run quick!" It was too late; the doors around them were closed and they were unmercifully overpowered by smoke.

"Save us, god of Protection, known to the good people of our race," prayed Chan weakly, as Yokoma clung to him.

Above the flame and smoke of the burning house, the cruel Chu-san saw two snow-white doves, one supporting the other, slowly rise and drift away toward heaven. He turned and made his way to the water's edge. He had forgotten the "god of Protection of the good people of the Japanese race."

Music in Coleridge's Poetry

LUCILE ABERNETHY

Coleridge was a musician at heart; had he been unable to carry a tune or to play an instrument, I should still say he was a musician. Music must have appealed to his sensitive nature and no doubt he was a lover of the art which is closely allied to poetry. Perhaps it had the same soothing effect upon him and his restless spirit that opium had; may be it offered one of his means of escape from the real into the imaginary. Who knows? One thing we do know—that Coleridge thought and wrote in a musical manner. There is music in his poetry, a romantic rhythm to his verse that can hardly be equalled by that of any other English poetry. His poetic genius, rich in imagination and fancy, was likewise rich in the power to portray these thoughts and dreams in poetry has a fascination of melody which cannot be overlooked.

The rhythm and movement of his verse catch our fancy and through these we easily distinguish Coleridge's poetry from that of others. It is the dreamy, fanciful music of Chopin to which one may so aptly compare the poetry of Coleridge. Never is there a discordant note; always there is harmony of thought and form. The undeniable genius of the man makes possible this blending of context and rhythmic treatment. One often feels that his verse was made to be sung; in the songs from his dramas there is a decidedly lyric quality. Only in a few poems does Coleridge write in a mighty strain, one as vigorous and martial as his contemporaries used.

Can one deny the fascinating melody of the poem beginning:

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights," etc?

In the first four stanzas, the poet has given us the setting and the atmosphere of the poem—the ruined tower, the moonlight softly covering everything, the love-stricken minstrel and the lady of his choice. Then comes the sixth stanza,

the one in which his harmony of words and thoughts is particularly noticeable:

> "I played a soft and doleful air,
> I sang an old and moving story,
> An old rude song, that suited well,
> That ruin wild and hoary."

To my ears immediately comes a minor strain, passionate and sad, and I am beguiled into believing that I hear the minstrel's song. Again, in "Lines—On an Autumnal Evening," we find the following musical lines, which cast a spell over one's imagination; they are extremely beautiful:

> Amid the paly radiance soft and sad
> She meets my lonely path in moonbeams clad.
> With her I list the warblings of the grove
> And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
> Lone whispering pity in each soothing note."
> "O heed the spell and hither wing your way
> Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze."

The last line is unusually suggestive; one can almost hear a strain drifting on the breeze from some far away place. Coleridge reminds one somewhat of Poe in his power to produce musical effects. In "Kubla Kahn" he uses alliteration to insure a subtle, elusive, musical quality of the poem, making it all the more inexplicable.

> "Five miles meandering with a mazy motion."

Aside from this melody of form we find that in Coleridge's poetry there is mention of the songs of birds, and the music of well-known instruments. In nature, he heard the music of the breeze, the trees and every living thing. He knows the songs of the wild, free birds, and hears the song of the imprisoned matin bird as it "swells the chorus with a generous song." Many a time, with patient ear he listens to the skylark's warbling—an "inobtrusive song of happiness—unearthly minstrelsy."

In "The Ancient Mariner" there is a splendid example of the suggestive music which Coleridge often employs. He is

describing the sounds that greet the ears of the lifeless crew. Sometimes it was the lark's song, sometimes it was the "sweet jargoning" of all the tiny birds; again it was the music of a full orchestra, then like the haunting melody of a lonely flute; and finally, it was the song of an angel which held everything spellbound.

Coleridge, believing that we view nature according to our inner life, also holds that our songs come from a feeling of joy within us. It is from the love in one's heart and from the joy in one's soul that all the melodies which charm the ear, flow. These thoughts he gives to us in "Dejection: An Ode." These lines which follow, show and prove that he knew something of music and its source:

"And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!
O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
What this strong music in the soul may be!
    Joy is the sweet voice, joy the luminous cloud—
    We in ourselves rejoice!
And thence flows all that charms our ear or sight,
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light."

In this poem, too, we find a description of the effect of the wind upon the poet. At one time, it screams and screeches and the Aeolian harp gives an agonized cry, long and piercing. Its sound resembles the cries of a conquered army. But lo! the tone is changed to the solitary wail of a child lost upon a "lonesome wild," searching for her mother. The music in this poem is wild and almost savage; there is no haunting sweetness of melody, only an overwhelming terror of the wind in its fury.

The "Hymn Before Sunrise, In the Vale of Chamoune," pictures nature as helping the poet utter a song of praise to God, the creator of all the wonders before him. The torrent's mighty voices, the gladsome murmurings of the

meadow streams, the lonely soughing of the pines and the silent voices of the huge glaciers—all, he says, must lend a voice in praise to the Almighty Giver. The rich melodies of these passages remind one of the deep, sonorous tones of a pipe organ. The sublime musical theme is not inferior to that of Haydn's great Oratorio, "Creation."

"Kubla Kahn," which is essentially Oriental, as a complete whole, is a wonderful example of musical poetry. It offers exquisite bits of harmony, showing us here and there the sensitive musical temperament of its creator. Coleridge has taken us back to former times. The beautiful way in which he describes the Abyssinian maid playing on her dulcimer and singing, has a bewitching effect upon the reader. The following lines are truly wonderful:

"Could I revive within me
  Her symphony and song
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
  That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air."—etc.

One of the finest touches comes in the last two lines of the poem:

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise."

The highest tribute that Coleridge paid to Wordsworth is in the poem, "To William Wordsworth." He has just finished reading Wordsworth's "Prelude," and it is in these words that he describes it:

"An orphic song indeed,
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts
To their own music chanted!"

Surely, Wordsworth appreciated the tribute in these verses which in themselves are a noble strain, an orphic song!

Coleridge, in his most characteristic poetry, always leaves the impression of a hidden or veiled meaning; in his imaginative works there is ever an inexplicable atmosphere which puzzles one. When reading his poetry through, one becomes

so entranced by its melody that the meaning, if veiled, causes us no discomfiture of mind. We are content to drift with the poet in the hazy fields of imagination and fancy, and we revel in the subtle, suggestive music with which he charms our senses. We yield to the delicate touches of this poet musician, and acknowledge the genius of the man who could create such haunting, artistic music by marrying the thoughts of the verse to the words.

EDITORIAL

Originality

One of the greatest things a person needs is originality. Girls need it very much, and especially do they need it in college, for it is there that a girl learns to look out for herself, to depend upon herself for ideas, opinions, and decisions.

Most of us come straight from the high school to college, and often come when we are comparatively young. All our lives we have had someone upon whom we could depend for guidance. Why, we were all either Democrats or Republicans when we were six years old just by hearing our fathers set forth their party views at the breakfast table.

However, we find it different at college. Altho the teachers are above us in authority they cannot advise us about some things, which each girl must decide for herself. When once a decision has been made we become just that much more independent. It's a good feeling, too, isn't it, to know that we came to that decision just by relying upon our own common sense? When we have accomplished such an act, we find it easier to decide upon more important things, until, finally, we learn to "stand on our own feet." Not that we do not need advice and guidance, but that, together with these, we need more self-dependence.

The great result of self-dependence is originality, and this all of us must have in some degree in order to become good and useful members of human society. Where else than in college may we get more useful training for becoming members of the human family? There we meet girls from various parts of the state, and even from other states, and each, by showing her originality, may help the other. All of us can not show our originality in the same way, and that is why originality is valuable, for great decisions are not made thru

the medium of one person's opinion, but by the opinions of many people, which together make wonderful things, such as the Constitution of the United States which was brought about in just such a way.

In our own college many fields are open to originality. The Students' Association holds its meetings for the discussion of things pertaining to the welfare of the members of the college, and each member ought to express her individual opinion there, as well as in our societies and various associations, for originality is no good if not used.

Especially does our magazine offer a great variety of opportunities for the use of originality, and we are glad to observe that these opportunities are being made use of to some extent, altho some are going to waste. Our Annual is a place where our best literary achievements may find expression as well as approbation. Let us all try to work our originality up to the point where it will have to find expression in some literary production, and let us work our literary productions up to the point where they will be good enough for The Message; then let us have The Message as good practice, not for our worst, but for our best poems, sketches, essays, and stories, and let the Annual be the culmination of the very best of these.

The Ability to Say "No"

Perhaps the hardest thing in the world for a person to do is to say "No" at the right time; and it seems especially hard for college girls to say it. Why is this true? We may say that we do not know when the right time comes; but, deep down in our hearts, we all know when we ought and when we ought not to say "No." This inability to say "No" might properly be called indecision, and we all know how indecision interferes with our studies and with the upbuilding of our characters.

When we get together in a girl's room and begin holding a "truth meeting," or each girl begins telling of the wonderful house party she was on in the summer, and how she

met Jim, and how lovely he has been about writing, and when she tells of their wonderful plans for the future we forget to listen for the outside bell that every night tolls for the much dreaded "study hour." Oh, now, perhaps we did hear it, but it doesn't matter, for we are only going to stay for half an hour at the most; and what difference can half an hour make?

So we go on talking about Jim and the rest, blissfully unconscious of the swift passage of time, until we are suddenly brought back to earth by a none too gentle rap on the door and the voice of the "section teacher" as she asks, in sepulchral tones, for our names, and reminds us that it is now eight o'clock. Of course we are dismayed that an hour has passed so quickly, so we hurry to grasp a near-by book, and, casting many guilty and frightened looks at each other, steal quietly from the room. We have only an hour and a half left in which to study three classes. What shall we study first? We couldn't possibly read all that English in an hour and a half, and the Literary Digest goes with History, so we will just put that off. There's nothing left but French, so we decide to try, for the time being, on that. The time being proves to be half an hour, for, at the end of that time, the ringing of the bell, which is usually a welcome sound, is heard. Then a girl comes by, and, when she asks us to go to her room, we haven't the courage to say "No," altho we know we could finish that French in the half hour. Thus it goes on, until, at last, the reports come with the letters from home telling us to do better work. How may we do better work? By improving our opportunities, and by using our times for study to more advantage. Let us all try to make the very best use of our time for study, and the very best use of our time for play, and we may learn to make this distinction just by cultivating the ability to say "No" at the right time.

Y. W. C. A.

Edelweiss King Ethel Barbour

Miss Clarke made the service on Sunday night, October 24th, very interesting by reading to the girls a story that she had written, based on the latter part of the fourth verse of the fifteenth Psalm.

On October 31st the girls went down to West Market Street Church to attend the Thanksgiving cantata.

On Sunday night, November 7th, a beautiful and impressive candle service was held in recognition of the new members of the association. The service was in charge of the Y. W. C. A. president and her cabinet.

A short service was held on Sunday, November 14th, led by Miss Gertrude Falls, after which the girls under the chaperonage of Dr. Turrentine and some of the teachers went down to the Opera House and heard Hon. W. J. Bryan's wonderful and inspiring sermon, based on the First Commandment.

The World's Week of Prayer, beginning November 14th, was observed by the Y. W. C. A. Services were held every evening immediately after supper.

On Sunday, November 21st, the service was led by Rev. C. W. Bates, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church of Asheville. His address was interesting, inspiring, and impressive.

The Thanksgiving service, held on Thanksgiving evening at six o'clock, was led by Dr. Frank Siler. Miss Gertrude Falls read President Wilson's Thanksgiving Proclamation. Dr. Turrentine read an appeal for the Thanksgiving offerings to be made to the orphanages. During the singing of a recessional hymn, the girls brought money and the pledges made to the orphanages in Raleigh and Winston-Salem. It

had been decided the week before that Christmas giving should take this channel of expression.

A short but interesting meeting was led by Dr. Siler on Sunday evening, November 28th. His subject was "Journeying with Jesus, Godward and Manward." The service was very impressive and each girl left the chapel feeling refreshed in her spiritual life.

* * * *

Many currents meet and mingle in the intellectual and spiritual life of a college community. The last weeks have been especially full of interest in the religious activities of the college.

It has been good to welcome for another year our chaplain, Dr. C. W. Byrd, pastor of West Market Street Church. His Tuesday morning talks at chapel service are ever timely, showing keen insight into the needs and problems of a college girl, whether he gives sympathetic interpretation of the poems of Emily Dickinson or preaches a short sermon from "Honor them that are over you in the Lord."

One morning while the Methodist Protestant Conference was in session in Greensboro, Dr. Tagg, editor of "The Methodist Protestant," a man well known and much beloved in North Carolina, conducted one chapel service. In manner and appearance he bears a striking resemblance to Bishop Alpheus Wilson, the Senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, South, to whom he is a friend and neighbor in Baltimore. His venerable appearance and his simplicity of style made access easy to the minds and hearts of the girls for his fatherly message on "Making the Best of Yourself."

On Friday afternoon, Nov. 26th, at five o'clock, Bishop Walter R. Lambuth, the missionary bishop of our church, gave glimpses of missionary experience in China, Japan, and Africa. It was an hour never to be forgotten, not only because of the speaker's vivid presentation, but because one felt he was, himself, in an extraordinary degree a personification of the missionary impulse and purpose—a man wholly devoted to Christ and to the bringing in of his kingdom.

We felt he was glad to speak to us, because, as he afterward said, "Such opportunities are always to be taken advantage of, for one may plant seed thoughts and inspire purposes which will lead to a dedication of a life to the use of the Master."

The following morning at the chapel service, we were addressed by Rev. Henri Anet, the delegate of the Franco-Belgian Committee of Evangelization, the son and grandson of devoted Protestant pastors, born near Waterloo, a distinguished scholar of affable address and fluent English, he gave us a real sense of the supreme sacrifice Belgium has made and of her secure place in the heart of the world because of what she has suffered. He is hopeful that the outcome of the world's greatest tragedy will be a mighty turning to God of the nations of the earth.

ATHLETICS

Irene Broome Myrtle Bruton

The Fall Tournament Preliminaries

The four college classes played off the tennis preliminaries on Wednesday afternoon, November 24th. Misses Lucile Abernethy and Alice Clarke, for the Seniors, played Misses Lillian Cozart and Grace Osborne, for the Juniors. The Juniors won. Miss Irene Broome refereed.

The Sophomores, represented by Misses Mary Belle Herring and Lilly Lanier, won over the Freshmen, represented by Misses Pauline Beveridge and Elizabeth Westbrook. Miss Jeanette Pearce refereed.

The Sophomores and Freshmen played basket-ball on Monday, November 22nd. The Freshmen won. The game was refereed by Miss Fannie Ellinwood, of the city Y. W. C. A., with Miss Moss as umpire.

The Thanksgiving Games

The Greensboro College girls played the semi-annual games in tennis and basket-ball on Thanksgiving Day. The athletic program began at 9:30 with a tennis game between the Juniors, represented by Misses Grace Osborne and Lillian Cozart, and the Sophomores, represented by Misses Lillie Lanier and Mary Belle Herring. The Sophomores won a hard-fought victory. Great enthusiasm was displayed on both sides and the air was filled with the class yells of the Juniors and Sophomores. Mr. Allan Preyer refereed.

The crowd then moved to the rotunda of the college to witness the walking and running contests. The following young ladies walked for speed: from squad I, Miss Virginia Fortune; Squad II, Miss Elizabeth Barker; Squad III, Miss Lillian Barker; Squad IV, Miss Jessie Pillow. Miss Fortune won, with Miss Elizabeth Barker as a close second.

In the contest for grace and ease in walking, Miss Velna Canfield represented Squad I; Miss Ohna Poindexter, Squad II; Miss Ethel Ross, Squad III; Miss Lillian Brendall, Squad IV. Miss Canfield won, with Miss Poindexter a close second.

The Seniors, being too dignified to run, were not represented in the races. Miss Ellen Jones ran for the Juniors; Miss Reube Alley for the Sophomores; and Miss Margie Worsham for the Freshmen. Miss Alley made the round in 20 2-5 seconds, and Miss Worsham in 20 4-5. Both runners broke the record of last year which was 21 seconds.

The basket-ball game was played by the Junior and Freshman line-up. Juniors, Frances Farrell, center; Rena Perry and Ruth Barden, forwards; Myrtle Bruton, captain, and Mary Smitherman, guards. Freshmen: Leona Muse, center; Nancy Tyson and Audrey Stone, forwards; Fannie Belle Rice, captain, and Mary Miller, guards.

The score was 7 to 4 in favor of the Freshmen. The playing was good on both sides, and the score very close until the last five minutes of the game. This is the first game the Juniors have lost since they entered the college in 1913, and we are still trying to find out where they learned to take defeat. They did not learn by experience, but they must have had a teacher quite as good; for the magnanimous spirit of the Junior class has never been shown to better advantage than after the game. Mr. Ralph Lewis refereed, and Miss Moss was umpire.

After the basket-ball game the spectators returned to the college campus to see the folk games played under the personal supervision of Miss Moss, the supervisor of physical culture. The girls, in white, playing the old folk games, made a very pretty picture with which to close the day, which we consider one of the best in the history of the Athletic Association of Greensboro College.

ALUMNAE

Eugenia Franklin Jeanette Pearce

Misses Helen Weaver and Edith Petree came up from Jonesboro to spend the Thanksgiving holidays with friends at the college.

Miss Aleez Aycock, of Pantego, spent Thanksgiving in the college.

Miss Lucile Umstead, who is teaching school in Roxboro, N. C., visited in Greensboro last week.

Miss Hilda Crawford, of Williamston, was the guest of Miss Gaskins a few days last week.

"AS YOU TAKE IT"

Edith Savage Alice Clark

Miss Moss would like to know if automobile tires are "blown up" with gasoline.

A Freshman, when told that the Senior Expression rings represented a comedian, wanted to know if "Comedian" was a great expression teacher.

Julia B. (to member of Trinity Glee Club): "Do you sing?"

Life in a Boarding School

First you hear the bell,
Then up you get,
Scramble for your shoes and you jump in your dress,
Make a dive for the door and away you go.
You have to go fast, you'll get left if you're slow;
Shoot down the steps in an awful tear.
You haven't brushed your teeth
And you haven't combed your hair.
With a Ty Cobb slide you reach your stool—
That is life in a boarding school.—Selected.

Eleanor H.: "I saw the Pleides going to church Sunday night."

Lucile (innocently): "What church did they go to?"

Mr. N. (in history class): "What was Joan of Arc maid of?"

Hazel L.: "She was made of the same material the rest of us are made of."

Mr. N.: "No, Miss L., she was maid of Orleans."

Junior (when selecting name for club): "Why not name it 'Pals' and use the Greek letter 'E'?"

Mr. B.: "If you are cold you may move near the refrigerator.

Senior: "Are Hallowe'en parties given on Thanksgiving night?"

Miss Gaskins: "Do you all know that fish is good brain food?"

Kopelia: "I didn't know we had to feed our brains."

Mr. Bennett (on Eng. VI): "Doesn't this story remind you of the one about Noah and the whale?"

LOCALS

Elizabeth Derickson Gaynell Callaway

We have had the privilege of hearing two good lectures at the State Normal. One of these was delivered by Hamilton Holt, editor of the New York Independent, on October 29th. The subject of Mr. Holt's lecture was Peace, and he dwelt upon the many different organizations engaged in the peace movement and the earnestness with which they are working. The other lecture was given by Frederick Warde, on November 5th. His subject was The Women of Shakespeare, and he advised, first of all, that people form their own opinions of Shakespeare's plays before consulting any commentator.

The annual faculty recital was the first musical event to which the public was invited. The recital was given in the colege chapel on November 9th. The program was well selected and varied, and each number received hearty applause.

On October 28, one of the most helpful lectures we have heard this year was given by Mrs. Kate Brew Vaughn, on the subject, "Womanhood." Mrs. Vaughn was supervisor of the new Home Economics School opened in Greensboro during the last week in October, and we were indeed fortunate in having the opportunity to hear her.

Miss Blanco Belvin, a former student here, but now at Trinity, came up to the Sophomore-Freshmen entertainment on November 13th. While here she was the guest of Miss Claire Harris.

Misses Annie Somers and Annie Winkler, from Wilkesboro, spent Thanksgiving with their sisters, Misses Sadie Somers and Mildred Winkler, in the college.

One of our last year girls, Miss Brownie Ezzell, from Dunn, was the guest of Miss Eva J. Lawrence for Thanksgiving.

Miss Nannie Thompson, of Goldsboro, visited Miss Ruth Barden during Thanksgiving.

Mr. Savage, of Corapeake, was in the college for a short time on November 9th, visiting his daughter, Miss Edith Savage.

On the evening of November 13th, the Sophomores entertained the Freshmen. The gymnasium was attractively decorated in the colors of the two classes; the floor was strewn with toys, the special features being a big sand-pile where several freshmen busied themselves happily with buckets and shovels. The Freshmen were dressed as little girls and the Sophomores as nurses. A delightful evening was spent, with a varied and original program effectively carried out.

We are all very glad to know that Miss Lucile Dixon, who was operated on for appendicitis, November 24th, is improving daily.

Miss Mildred Wallace, of Morehead City, N. C., has returned to her home after spending a week with her sister, Miss Grace Wallace, a student in this college.

The Trinity Glee Club gave us an interesting entertainment, November 23rd.

The Board of Trustees had their annual meeting in the college, November 9th.

EXCHANGE

Jennie Turnage

Quite a number of college publications have been received and eagerly read. Even tho we, sister and brother colleges, like to criticise each other and stand for our own alma maters, there is within each one a spark, at least, of love for the other. We do not mind being knocked occasionally, for we have been told that each rebuff makes us stronger, therefore, shall not each of us be glad to bear and glad to profit by all criticisms?

The Acorn is a well-balanced and interesting number. The literary work is not crowded out by the general matter and advertisements. The magazine shows earnest cooperation and great promises.

The Red and White is too much like a high school publication. The material is crowded together without respect to importance. The parody, "The Mosquito Raid," is well written and witty.

The U. N. C. Magazine is the best that has appeared on our shelf. The material is well arranged, and the entire number shows good work. The stories, "A Memory" and "An Exchange of Compliments," deserve special mention.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: The Acorn, The Sage, The Red and White, The Ivy, St. Mary's Muse, The Limestone Star, The U. N. C. Magazine, The Trinity Archive and The State Normal Magazine.

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Greensboro, N. C.
March
1916

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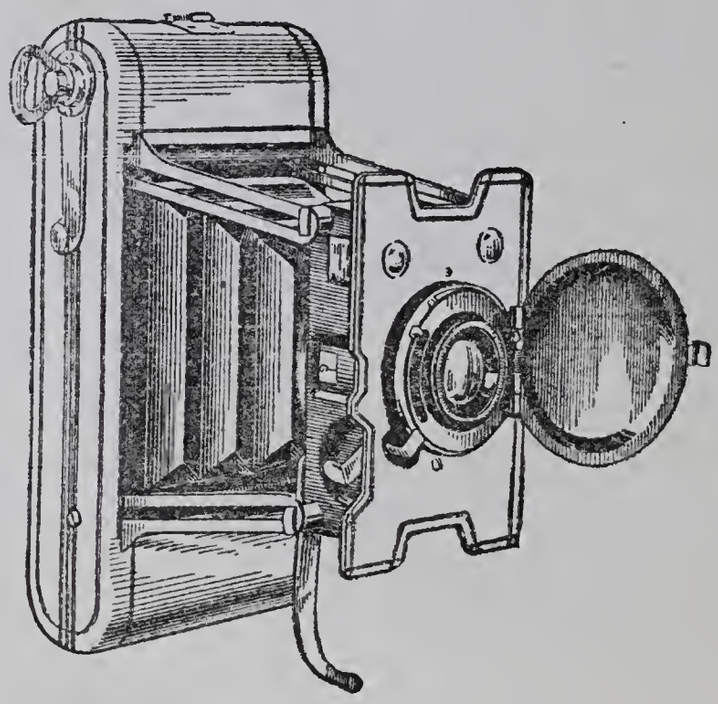

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THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

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To An Old Sycamore

LETHA BROCK

O matchless form of beauty, through whose boughs
The setting sun now casts its lingering rays,
Thou monument to His immortal power
Who guides us all, and plans our several ways;
O thou, that givest shelter to the birds
And bendest low to greet the rising gale,
Example far more beautiful than words
Thou givest thy companions in the dale.
How thou dost draw my loving thoughts to thee,
Exalted as thou are o'er trivial things.
To many thou are but a gnarled old tree
On which a careless axe full often rings;
Though time and frost take of thy beauty toll,
To me thou are a thing endowed with soul.

Modern Art

REUBE ALLEY

It is said that "America is destined to become the High Court of 'Modernists,' " and again, that "for the first time, Europe seeks America in matters of art." This is strange, for heretofore America has been looked upon as merely the Money with which to buy pictures—not the place for the growth of a new art. This is not the case, however, and there are just two great reasons for it—the first being the war in Europe, and the second, the kinship of the spirit of modern art and the American spirit. It is necessary to explain these reasons more fully, because they are the foundation upon which the magnificent structure of future art is now being erected.

The first cause of this "European Art Invasion," the great war, has sent many quiet, constructive, rather than destructive-minded artists to America. They cannot sit quietly in their studies and paint still life or landscapes when expecting a bomb to pay a hasty call any moment. Naturally they come to America, where there is peace, to pursue their work, unmolested.

Then we arrive at the second reason for the rapid development here of modern art—the sympathetic spirit. It is as necessary to the artist as are the palette, brushes and paints. These artists from Europe come into America with ideas and aspirations that are limitless. They are at the beginning of a great movement that seems all progress, with boundless possibilities. They meet business men with projects as infinitely broad, dreamers with ideas having no limit, crooks with schemes that outdistance the artist's broad views, and even children who have never known the meaning of a boundary. The consanguinity is perfect. It is just the American spirit. It caused the first sky-scraper to be built, the first "L" and the first subway. Lack of surface space was no obstacle to the American when there was room in the air and means of dig-

ging passage under the ground. These artists came to the only place for their art to grow, for modern art and modern America are one in spirit and aim, therefore, they will grow and develop together.

America cannot be readily associated with the old masters; they are essentially French and Italian, because there the growth of art began. It was in the Old World, not America, that primitive man painted his representation of some object he saw. It was a crude, ugly blotch, but it was wonderful, because a new idea had been conceived and put into the world to be developed and strengthened. Its outline could be surpassed by a small child of the present day, but its value can never be equaled. Upon this idea of the primitive man, all the art of Prehistoric, Mediaeval and Modern ages has been built.

Art has thrived under many conditions. It has been encouraged by the church and the state alternately for centuries, but never has the artist been a free man. He has been a tool of the church, worshipped by the common people because they were told it was their duty to worship. The artist, in the eyes of every one, was an esthete and not a human being. However, such a condition was too unnatural to last, for an artist should have freedom to work just as a man in other professions. Notwithstanding their awkward position, the art grew thru the centuries and reached perfection—the perfection of a kodak picture. An artist was any man, "who by dint of tremendous effort, had learned to copy every object on the globe, so that he could draw people, tooth paste, beer or churches, with equal fidelity to their external appearances." A poor goal indeed for the years of work, study and achievement by thousands of people. But is was reached at last, and then came the calm—a calm caused by lack of enthusiasm. So long as there was a goal to work toward there was a passion and desire to gain it, but when at last it was reached there seemed nothing but death left for art. However, death without a struggle is not tolerated in this present day, and Edouard Manet came to its aid as the great physician.

His revolutionary ideas opened up a channel of development that bids fair to excel the old in length, breadth and depth. He saw the mistake in the way in which art was regarded, as well as in the production. His first work was to strip it of the garb of superiority characteristic of the time of Valasquez, Rembrandt and Rubens, and to make people realize that an artist is as much a human being as a banker or a ditch-digger. He showed the artistic world that a picture did not only mean a faultless reproduction of an object, but as truly the representation of the impression the object made upon the mind of the artist. Manet's ideas were laughed at, he was termed a fool and a maniac, and refused admittance to art exhibits. But in spite of the opinions of his contemporaries, Manet is to modern art what the primitive man was to the art of yesterday.

Later Cezanne and Piccaso took up the work of reformation begun by Manet, and the number of these "modernists" increases every year. Their idea is to express in colors and relative tones their interest and feeling in objects represented. They endeavor to paint feelings, pleasant or unpleasant, as if forming a diary. Like the primitive man's pictures, they are now new and crude, but also like his, there is a vast field for improvement.

Now the question arises, "Will not this new art gain perfection just as the old, and like it deteriorate?" That is where the superiority of modern art is manifested. There can be no end to it until the end of time, for one goal is not a place for every man to attempt to reach, but each artist has his own goal. He can strive and work for the culmination of his own ideas, independent of any others. While there are new men, there are new goals, ideas, and impressions, consequently, new pictures. There is no fear of death hanging over Modern Art.

So art, as art, is not dead, but lives anew in a broader, more expansive sense. Let us watch the growth of this Modern Art—the art of America.

Blue Feather

GRACE STROWD

Once there was a beautiful Indian maiden. Her eyes were as bright as the noon-day sun, her hair was as black as the dark forest behind her wigwam, her round cheeks glowed thru her delicate complexion and her hair, which was the most wonderful crown of glory, always hung in two long, shiny braids over her perfectly curved shoulders. Around the crown of her head she wore a band woven of pure gold, slightly to the left of which a beautiful light blue feather was attached. This brought out the admirable features of the girl, and because of this touch of color she was given the name of "Blue Feather."

There was not an animal in the forest of whom she was not a friend, or a neighbor to whom she was not willing to offer her service at any time. However, she, like others of her sex, was human in many ways, but in one she was particularly so. Just at this time she was in love. No one could blame her when they looked upon the powerful youth of her dream. He was brave, courageous, handsome, and was everything to Blue Feather. She thought no human being could compare with her lover and he was positive no one could surpass her.

For almost a year they had known each other and they realized the result, the most blissfully fatal of all things or feelings—"LOVE." When they were not together they were thinking, dreaming, or mentally living over their past which they had spent together.

Each day her "Warrior," as she called him, came by her wigwam and talked with her while she did her morning duties. Then they would take their bows and arrows and go out into the great forest. Two people never existed in more perfect comradeship, without dissimilation, than these two. "But into each life some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary."

One morning, as usual, Blue Feather was busy with her morning duties, and her ears grew more sensitive every moment for the sound of her "Warrior's" footsteps. Morning passed and he did not come; noon, afternoon and night, still he did not come. Poor Blue Feather sobbed herself to sleep that night. Early the next morning she arose and with the dawn there came new hope that he would come back to her this morning.

However, the morning passed without him, so with her heart almost breaking she went into the forest hoping to find comfort from dumb friends. This, however, was impossible. Every moment her anxiety increased. A new idea suddenly came to her. She would go and look for her "Warrior." This idea was so inspiring that she did not give it a second thought. She did not think of the dangers which awaited her; she only thought of the dangers that might have befallen him.

Steadfastly she went in the direction of his home. On and on she went until the sunlight changed to twilight and it began to grow dark, but her heart was beating for another, and she was not thinking of herself. It seemed that she had been walking for hours and she was growing very weary.

Suddenly she stopped. What was that sound which she heard? Her heart beat so wildly that she could scarcely hear. Almost numb with fear she turned in the direction from whence it came. As she drew nearer it became more and more audible; it was the voice of humanity, crying out in utter desolation.

At the sound of her footsteps the youth opened his eyes and looked at her. There in the moonlight she looked more beautiful than ever. Weakly he stretched out his hands toward her, and said, "My Blue Feather, I thought you would come to me when I could not go to you. I love you, oh, I love you, my Blue Feather, but I must go. I promised I would when you came, so I must go now. Farewell," he gasped out, and a deathly pallor swept over his face.

"Oh, wait!" cried Blue Feather. "Are you going to the Eternal Hunting Grounds and leave me all alone? Oh, my Warrior, I cannot let you go!"

She flung herself on the ground beside him, and gazed painfully into his face, which had the expression of death upon it. Slowly she slipped her arm underneath his head and raised it slightly. He again opened his eyes and looked at her. "Do not keep me, my Blue Feather, when I have promised to go. I love you, but farewell again, my own, and remember I shall sit by the shady brook in the perfect Hunting Ground and wait for you. You will not disappoint me as you came this time. You will—to me—there.

"Then the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that invest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Firelight Reveries

VIRGINIA FORTUNE

The winds chanted a mournful lay to the pines. The rain fell mercilessly upon the tender plants beneath, and the very atmosphere breathed of despondency. Nestling closer in my big arm chair, I gazed with intentness into the open fire before me. Its roseate glow and cheery warmth were inviting to me, a pilgrim of the night, and the flames, as tho aware of this, leaped towards me, entrancing, challenging, alluring. My surrender was complete, and fantasy claimed her own. Looking into the fire, I saw that the flames had undergone a mystic change. Gracefully descending from a fellow flame, a fairy advanced toward me. He was golden from his shining crown to the tips of his feet, and in an instant I recognized the god of gold. Impulsively, with Midas-like grasp, I leaned forward to encircle him in my burning fingers, but he was gone! Gone! And then the thought came to me that wealth is not man's goal, and that not until he can dispel greed and selfishness is he ready for it.

I looked again into the fire. From a charred ember advanced an emaciated creature, pale, wan, and faint. She drew open her black mantle as if to envelop me. With a horrible shudder I drew back. But not before I had seen the skeleton underneath the garment. For the first time in my life I knew that Poverty and Death are kinsmen, both striving for victory on life's battlefield. I knew too, that death comes to both prince and pauper, but now came the added thought that the pathway leading from the hovel to death was the sadder. With my earthly riches I had been selfish, and poverty had always seemed a fancy rather than a reality to my unknowing nature.

With timidity, bordering upon cowardice, I looked for the third time into the flames. On a throne of now glowing coals, a strange spectacle greeted me. I recognized Love on the throne, but to my amazement I saw that Sorrow was her at-

tendant! For an instant I hesitated. Could I endure sorrow just to gain love? The lesson taught by the Man of Sorrows came upon me with overwhelming force. I opened my arms to receive Love when, to my surprise, Life in the form of infinite understanding, came with Love. God is love.

My dream was not an idle one. I am no more a pilgrim of the night, but a mariner on the sea of life, steering the good ship Happiness.

That English III

EDITH SAVAGE

(Apologies to Lowell)

I.

Prof. Bennett, a teacher here,
Teaches English every year.
He likes the Senior English class;
This fact he hopes will help them pass.
But Floyd S.
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Says he can't teach that English III.

II.

Prof. B. is strong and true;
He does the tasks he's set to do;
For him there is no idle pen.
O, Prof. B. is a very smart man.
But Floyd S.
Bennett he
Says he can't teach that English III.

III.

Psychology is his favorite book;
The class all wear a learned look.
"Judgment" and "Concept" to him are known;
One learns that quickly from his tone.
But Floyd S.
Bennett he
Says he can't teach that English III.

IV.

In everything that man may do,
He always aims to carry it through.

He helps each cause that seems all right;
But if it's wrong, he's sure to fight.
But Floyd S.
Bennett he
Says he can't teach that English III.

V.

My, my, ain't it terrible?
What ever shall we do?
Guess he'll just come around, don't you?
'Cause English III is in the course,
So if he talks until he's hoarse,
Poor Floyd S.
Bennett he
Just has to teach that English III.

The Trend of American Literature

CATHERINE HUBBARD

The average American, patriotic to the heart's core, would hotly resent an intimation that every phase of national present day life is not measuring up to past standards. But Henry Holt's statement that "American literature (one of the vital exponents of national life) is going to the dogs," though rather sweeping, seems to merit some degree of serious thought.

The inhabitants of the United States, though closely allied to other English-speaking peoples in many respects, possess characteristics which are totally foreign even to those peoples more intimately connected with us as to race, language and customs. One of the chief characteristics of the Englishman, if not the chief, is his steady going, unemotional manner of life. In sharp contrast to this, the Americans are noted, and justly, for their high strung nervous temperament, their "flightiness."

Another characteristic of the people of the United States shows up in comparison with that of a people which now seem to have the military world, at least, at their feet. The Germans have chosen "Duty" as their watchword; and their facility in making the pursuance of this one word the synonym of success to them lies in their methods. They are thorough to the last detail; everything is scrupulously worked out to the final analysis; nothing is left to chance or the luck of the moment. A professor, a native of Germany, and perhaps seeing America through clearer and more unprejudiced eyes than the most—for love of country surely makes men blind—accuses the American people of superficiality, an over-regard for what is "on top," and a fatal disregard for the fundamentals, the all-important understructure of things.

It goes without saying that these peculiarities of ours, so marked in our own private lives, are bound to influence every phase of national life. How many business men in this country of "money aristocrats" owe their success to one brilliant specu-

lation, one "get-rich-quick" inspiration? What is true of the business world is true along most other lines. Especially does it seem so in the literary world of today.

This is the age of the "best sellers" in books. And as for the dramatic tendencies, one of these "best sellers" vividly pictures the struggle of an artist—true to his ideals—in his attempt to stage some of his serious "uplift" dreams. The invariable reply to his application was: "Is it catchy and funny? Will the people like it?" To his reply that while it was not "funny" it taught a vital lesson, the manager whom he was interviewing would reply: "A lesson is all right, but the people want to be amused. If you can sugar-coat your 'message' so that your patient will be unconscious of the dose—then, all right! Otherwise, you and your class are back numbers."

A glance at the list of books leading the sales in the last month or so easily settles the question as to the type of literature that appeals to the modern reading public. "Michael O'Halloran," by Stratton-Porter, heads the list, closely followed by "Dear Enemy," by Jean Webster; "Felix O'Day," by F. H. Smith; "K," by Rinehart; "The Gray Dawn," by White, and "A Far Country," by Winston Churchhill. It may be that the American public ought to be glad that the tendency toward the bright and cheerful in writing is manifesting itself just at this time. The world seems to be in the "Valley of the Shadow," and it may be well that some still have the courage and spirit to do what they can toward brightening up the situation.

It is far from an assured fact, however, that this is the aim of the majority of authors of the day. Some one suggests that the vision of a "herd of automobiles" is the incentive which steels many of the popular writers to the herculean task of producing one, and sometimes, two, books a year.

When one compares the methods and results of this age with those of the age which produced "Ivanhoe," "Henry Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "Marble Faun," "The Cloister

and the Hearth,'' and those other books with immortal souls, one doubts whether in adapting the new methods, though producing results delightful, certainly for the moment, we of the present generation have not come off with a bad bargain on our hands.

One of the traits of our nation is originality. One is convinced of this by listening to a group of ''free-minded'' Americans in every-day speech. The sentiments they utter, and the language in which they speak—free, easy, breezy, racy slang—would horrify the average European. A product of this originality, and our innate nervousness and anxiety to take up something new, is the short story. And the short story, from the time that Irving ''discovered'' it, down through Poe's skillful manipulation of it, through Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and finally to the prince of story tellers, ''O. Henry''—has developed into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And this treasure is peculiarly America's.

It may be that the influence of the short story is responsible for the desire for something short and concise, a perfect but miniature picture of a phase of life, yet in more detailed form than the short story is capable of. The modern novel is the result—interesting for the moment in that it often deals with popular questions in a popular way, meaning by the popular way that neither writer nor reader is concerned in the least as to the use or abuse of the King's English, so long as the novel under consideration ''ends right.''

It seems that literature could be defined with fair accuracy as life, or the portrayal of life. And as long as American authors take American life as the basis of their writings in prose, poetry, novel, short story, or what not—the subject matter is always sure to be delightful, and when the pendulum begins to swing the other way, it is to be hoped that the handling of this same subject matter may compare at least favorably with it.

A Modern Cinderella

ANONYMOUS

The train could not make up the time. Charlotte Liebmann sat nervously in her seat in a west-bound passenger coach, with her watch in her hand. It was not a matter of life and death whether she went on the 12:35 train or not, but she shunned the idea of waiting three hours in a railway station, with nothing to do but gaze at the uninteresting crowd or try to forget herself among the leaves of a magazine. Yes, she must calm herself and not take the affair too seriously. The whole car of passengers must think she had never ridden on a train before.

Her cheeks were flushed to a pretty crimson. The dark waves of hair showed about her face underneath the light straw turban which was surely very becoming. Her nobby suit displayed good taste; it was tailor-made and of a dull blue, such as was suitable to her type. The slim face, fine features and slender form led one to compare her to a willow, for with as much ease as it bends with each gust of wind, she carried herself on all occasions.

With a somewhat downcast expression, she thrust her watch into her belt. The train which she wanted to get was then due to leave Richmond; but she should cheer up, perhaps it would wait a few seconds longer in that she was almost there. When the train stopped, Charlotte was the first one to alight. She rushed up to a porter standing nearby and asked if the 12:35 west-bound train had left yet. He said that it was time for it to, but that if she would run she might reach it as it was still in the station. Yes, she would do anything.

He took her traveling bag and after making way through the crowd with little difficulty, he started a rapid rate across the tracks toward her train. Charlotte had not gone half a dozen steps when one of her tan pumps came off. She quickly turned to pick it up, but it was gone. She now found herself in a worse plight than if she had had to wait three hours in a

dusty railway station. She could not call to the porter for he was too far away. The situation dazed her. She pressed her hands against the sides of her head as in agony, and then letting them drop, she boldly tripped over the rails to her porter and the waiting train. She seemed to fly up the steps and enter the coach. As she took a seat in the rear end of the car, she began to wonder if the people noticed her missing shoe. How could they when she flew along as if on the wings of Mercury?

As soon as the train was fully on its way she opened her traveling bag and took out a pair of bronze slippers. The contrast of street costume and dancing shoes was not very pleasing, but was better than having only one shoe for two feet. When some of her excitement had subsided, she hoped that whoever had her lost pump was enjoying the use of it.

About half an hour later her attention was attracted to a good looking man coming up the aisle toward the rear of the car. He looked wonderfully like her brother "Bob," but he wasn't expected home for six months yet, and then she thought anyhow five years wouldn't change him as much as that. This man was better looking than Bob, so straight and tall, and not nearly as fleshy; and Bob never had a brown face or such hair as this young man. She looked at him steadily as he walked toward her. The nearer he came the better he looked to her, and although she never believed in flirtations, she would not mind smiling at him. A gray suit could never have looked better on any man; but, oh—why did his pocket bulge out so? That disappointed her. She had thought his taste better than to stretch out his pocket in that manner. Such a splendid appearing gentleman should not be so near like a school boy as to chuck his cap in his coat pocket.

Just as the surprised look came over her face, he smiled. The blood rushed to her cheeks and her eyelids dropped. She could feel that embarrassment was plainly visible in her countenance as she turned toward the window.

Ah, what audacity! What boldness! He stopped and looked down at her. Charlotte was still turned from him. He

began to think that this was a fit setting for a pretty romance. Both were alone; he was not married; surely she wasn't; so what harm in a pleasurable conversation? He spoke to her.

"My dear madam, why do you turn from a lone stranger, and not deign to recognize a well-meant smile?"

Charlotte started. That voice sounded familiar—like someone's which she knew very well, but she could not place it. After hesitating a moment, she answered, "I suppose—I suppose I might have smiled, but—but—I was so deep in thought that—I forgot about it."

"I didn't want to startle you," he replied, "no, by no means. You can not be grieved by the loss of a relative, friend, or something?"

As he said this, she noticed a tiny smile and a strange twinkle in his eye. She thought he had a pair of merry blue eyes that deserved a smile, so she coquettishly tossed back her head and said, "Sit down by me. We might get acquainted, or perhaps, talk about old times when we played together."

He sat down. She thought about the filled pocket which happened not to come next to her. As she moved she incidentally thrust out her feet. He noticed them immediately. "Ah," he thought, "I have it. Those bronze dancing shoes and tan hose are an absurd match for such an otherwise tastefully dressed girl."

There was silence for a few minutes while she was looking out of the window and he was—thinking. When she turned toward him and noticed what he was doing she hid her feet underneath her skirts and tried to think of something to say. He was too pleased to contain himself, but he could not laugh, and how was he to approach his topic of thought? Finally, he said, "The story of Cinderella makes a splendid play. Did you ever see it? I saw it recently and my heart went out to poor Cinderella when she was trying to flee and lost that miserable slipper. But then, it brought about a thrilling romantic scene."

She quickly answered him, "No, I never have seen it played. How dreadful a thing like that would be in real life; I mean, losing the slipper."

He laughed. Her position was becoming too strenuous to suit her, while he was rejoiced in seeing her avoid the subject.

"We are nearing Summerset, and I must leave you here," she continued.

"You live here?" he interrupted. "Why, I do, also; or at least I think so. Undoubtedly the place has changed some, but I think not beyond recognition."

"Perhaps you know where 146 Burton Street is."

"146 Burton Street! That's where I thought my home was, but I may be mistaken. I never thought father Liebmann would sell."

"Father Liebmann! Is this Bob?" broke in Charlotte, rising to her feet.

"Yes, but this can't be Charlotte," he exclaimed, as she flung herself upon him.

Some ten or fifteen minutes later they were walking along the station platform when Charlotte turned over her ankle and said, "I lost my pump today, while running for my train, so I had to put on my dancing shoes."

Bob answered her by taking the tan pump from his pocket and remarked, "Some romance! Gee, I'm glad I found the pump. This is better than if I had stopped over at Richmond to see Grace."

Snowy Recollections

NAOMI HOWIE

"It's snowing!" The joyful cry recalled my thoughts from a peaceful journey through the lanes of memory, whither they had wandered, guided by the glowing flames on the hearth before me. Looking through the window, I gazed upon a scene of wondrous beauty—the white snow-flakes, in themselves emblems of purity, gently falling from a heavily laden sky. In the solemn stillness, broken only now and then by the glad hurrah of some happy youngster, the old and ever new recollections of days long ago were again reflected in the mirror of my mind.

I saw myself, a mere lad of twelve, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, standing on the top of a snow-covered hill, and adjusting a bright red sled for the downward plunge. Still, after so many years had passed, I could feel the cold wind lashing my face, and bearing into my soul on its icy wings a sense of exhilaration and joy, as my coaster bore me swiftly over the dazzling ice, and safely landed me in the snow-drift at the bottom. Then I saw myself laughingly shake off the clinging snow and ice and start the upward climb, only to slip and fall at every few steps. I remembered those days as a time in which I enjoyed the pleasures of every season as only a boy of the great out-doors can enjoy them.

Now this same lad, only a little taller, stood before a huge old-fashioned fire-place, gravely regarding a pair of rubber boots. They were beautiful boots and one of my most cherished possessions. Deep in my heart, I fostered the belief that they were the nicest pair in the neighborhood, and it was an air of conscious pride that I wore them whenever the weather offered the least excuse. On this particular morning, the snowy fields and the bracing air called loudly to the boys and men of the surrounding country to saddle their horses and follow the chase. So all through the bright winter day we rode over hills and dales, and then came home in the

late afternoon, utterly weary. Without removing my boots, I took my stand just as near the crackling flames of the large back-log as I dared, and, exulting in the events of the day, soon became oblivious to my surroundings. Suddenly my reflections were interrupted by the smell of burning rubber, and a feeling of intense heat. Looking down I beheld my cherished boots, no longer whole and serviceable, but in a half-melted state. My cheeks burned crimson many times afterward when that joke was told at my expense.

The scene now changed to one of mirth and merry-making. I saw a frozen pond gleaming beneath the cold rays of the winter moon. On the bank of this pond, a large bonfire lifted its fiery arms as if to embrace the tree-tops which stood silhouetted against the evening sky. Over the glistening ice, I saw the forms of many skaters gliding back and forth, and upon looking more closely, I recognized this jolly crowd of boys and girls as companions of my youth. Two skaters gliding directly into the path of the firelight arrested my attention, for there was something familiar in their movements. One was myself, a youth just on the verge of manhood, and the other was the most beautiful girl in all the world. The light was too dim for me to see her features clearly, but I knew only too well that her eyes were large and gray, and that her hair was red, not a common, ugly shade, but glorious streaks of gold. I had been happier that night than at any other time of my life. Then on the ride home, the sleigh-bells jingling on the frosty air set music to my thoughts, as we ploughed through the drifted snow. But more beautiful than the sound of the sleigh-bells, was the music of her voice. Ah, I was sorry when that joy ride had to end, as all pleasures must.

The fire cast its golden reflection on the walls of my study. The snow fell more softly and thickly. Still another picture was reflected in my mind. Slowly a large drawing-room came before me. Within, all was cheer and gladness; the guests were seated about the room with an air of expectation, and the minister stood before an altar of winter evergreens.

Without, the world lay wrapped in a warm, white blanket of snow which hid all of its defects and made a sacred setting for the important ceremony which was about to take place. The sweet strains of a wedding march began to fall softly on my ears, and my heart thrilled with emotion as I saw myself leading to the altar the girl who was now my loving wife.

The room was growing chill. With reluctance I left the past and returned to the present.

> "Clasp, angel of the backward look,
> And folded wings of ashen gray,
> And voice of echoes far away,
> The brazen covers of thy book."

A Letter

MISS RUPERT

Kobe College, Kobe, Japan, Jan. 6. 1916.

My dear Friends:

Since I came to Kobe College, last September, various duties have made letter-writing almost an impossibility. However, I have not forgotten my friends even tho they may feel that I have. During the vacation I promised myself the pleasure of writing many letters. The Christmas and the New Year celebrations are now over and I must tell you about my first Christmas in Kobe.

Before Christmas day several of our family were going to leave for their vacations, so we decided to have our little family Christmas on Tuesday evening before Christmas. Each one of us brought a dress tied up in a package to the breakfast table. We blindfolded each other and chose a package. We were supposed to wear the dress which we had chosen that night. Some of us American teachers are tall and some of us are short. I shall let you picture the costumes on the various persons. We prepared our little gifts for each other with an appropriate verse attached to each. Santa did well in remembering all our little hobbies. Our party lasted one hour and made us all feel that Christmas was here.

There is always a little entertainment at the school on the last day of the term. Christmas morning, about half past eight o'clock all the servants and officers of the school, as well as the teachers and students who are remaining in the dormitory during the vacation assembled in our reception room for a Christmas service. At the close of the service special gifts are given to the servants and each girl receives three oranges apiece. It is interesting to see how skillfully the girls can toss the three oranges up one at a time and catch them one at a time while the three are going all the while. I could not keep more than one going at a time.

The students of Kobe College have three Sunday schools which they superintend and teach. At each of these Sunday schools there was a Christmas entertainment. Besides these entertainments there were entertainments at all the churches. The Christmas spirit is here in full measure and one could not help feeling it.

Now the New Year spirit is abroad everywhere. In Japan the New Year celebrations mean as much to the Japanese people as our Christmas means to us. It has always been observed. The New Year decorations consist of two small pine trees, placed on each side of the gate entrance. Sometimes the tree consists of a large pine branch put in a tub made of green bamboo. Besides the trees on either side there are decorations on the gate arch. At this season the streets look very beautiful. The decorations in the homes also are very elaborate and pretty. The o-mochi cake which is made from rice flour, is the most essential feature of the New Year celebration. New Year's Day is a day for making calls. Early after breakfast the men of the home leave to make calls and the women remain at home ready to receive callers. Tea and cakes are always served to guests. Miss Hoyt and I also were at home to receive callers. Several of the teachers and students kindly assisted us. The first three or four days in January are national holidays in Japan. Business is suspended during this season.

The greatest event of the fall was the Coronation. The Emperor came from Tokyo to Kyoto where the ceremonies were held. A beautiful new arch was erected in front of the station and the streets were beautifully decorated. Street cars covered with paper flowers were run through the city. The decorations in all the cities were elaborate, especially the electrical display. About sixty Japanese warships were in the Kobe harbor during the month of November. Two nights these ships were illuminated. Several of us went to Suwayma Park, which is ten minutes from the college and overlooks the city and harbor. From here the illuminations could be seen to the best advantage. Fairyland is the only word which can

describe the view. The search lights from the ships were powerful and when thrown upon the mountains back of Kobe the sight was magnificent. When the Emperor reached Kyoto on Sunday, Nov. 7, the fleet fired a salute. Wednesday afternoon, November 10, about 3:30 o'clock, "Banzai, banzai, banzai," was shouted all over Japan. At that time another salute was given. There was a flash of light, then a sound like distant thunder. The salutes were fired successively from the different ships. In every school in Japan there was a service on the afternoon of the Coronation. A throne was prepared for the Empress, but on account of illness, she could not be present at the ceremonies. The schools of Japan have been making excursions to Kyoto to see the remains of the Coronation. We made our excursion Thursday, Dec. 16. The buildings were very pretty, especially the Banquet Hall. In the center of this hall there was a stage where the imperial dances took place. These dances represented historical or other subjects acted out to the strains of music. The color scheme of this building was red and gold. The U. S. flagship "Saratoga" was here during the Coronation. A party of us visited the ship and were shown over the boat. It was my first visit to a man-of-war and I was very much interested in everything which I saw.

During January we are planning to celebrate the Fortieth Anniversary of the founding of Kobe College. The college was opened October 12, 1875. We had a special chapel service October 12th, to commemorate the event. Miss Barrows, who came to Kobe in the spring of 1876, was one of the speakers. She told how the college looked in those days and how a group of students came to greet her with these words, "We are very glad to see you." Mrs. Ichida, a member of the first graduating class, gave a stirring address in which she exhorted the students to guard and foster the high ideals of Kobe College. The anniversary was postponed until the return of Miss Searle from America. Miss Searle has been president of the college for many years but was obliged to return to America last summer on account of a serious accident. An anniversary

without Miss Searle would be like "Hamlet" without a Hamlet. Miss DeForest, our new president, will be inaugurated at that time. We are planning to give a pageant representing the history and growth of the college as a part of the exercises during that week. We now have 280 students in the college and academy. They are lovely girls and good students. It is a real pleasure to teach them.

In addition to my teaching and work in the college, I have an English Bible class composed of young business men. Miss Coe also has a class. We are planning for a joint social meeting January 8th. As Miss Coe went with Miss DeForest to Sendai to attend the funeral of Miss DeForest's mother, I have been training the young men of her class as well as of my own. Miss Coe dramatized the "Other Wise Man" by Van Dyke for the class. They are doing well with it.

New Year's Day has passed but every day thru-out the whole New Year

"God send you, dear, a bright New Day.
May every joy be yours,
True love to guide and by your side
The gladness that endures."

With love and best wishes, I am,

Nettie L. Rupert.

Why?

FRANCES FARRELL

Why walk in a maze of doubt and pain,
  Why flag the horns of fear?
In life ne'er more will come again
  This day, this month, this year.

Why fill a single ling'ring hour
  With thoughts too dark for night?
This earth is ours; we have the power
  To clothe it all in light.

Why sigh, and say the school of life
  Is hard, unjust, unkind?
To others give, tho inner strife
  Torments the selfish mind.

Why bitter grow in scorn's array
  When men misunderstand?
It has been so, will be for aye,
  Till comes another land.

Why mourn the death of cherished hopes
  In grey days of defeat?
The world was never won by "mopes,"
  Nor vict'ry thru retreat.

Always the "whys" of life unwist.
  There's joy for those who would;
There's faith, and love, and aims not missed,
  And our own God is good.

"Jack"

GERTRUDE FALLS

Have you ever had your feelings completely disregarded? At least, this was what happened to mine when I had my meditation shaken so completely that I have never remembered exactly of what I had been thinking.

I had arrived at Melba, on the 9:30 train, to visit my friend, Bob Cole. As Bob did not know of my coming, so had not met me, I decided to walk to his home, rather than trouble him to come for me. I was walking rapidly, busy with my thoughts—when—"Jack! Oh Jack! Where is Jack?" awoke me, with a start, from my day dreams.

I looked in the direction of the sound and saw a middle-aged lady, who was apparently in deep distress. Her pleading look immediately won for her my sympathy and assistance. She, at once, made use of both.

"Oh, sir, won't you please help me to find him?" she begged.

"Find whom? When did you see him last?" I quickly asked.

"The nurse says she hasn't seen him since 8 o'clock. I can't get him to answer me. I can't find him anywhere. Oh, to think of my little Jack lost and not yet three years old," she sobbed.

"Please," I tried to talk comfortingly, "do not distress yourself like that, we shall soon find him."

"Oh! but you do not know Jack. He is the dearest, cutest, sweetest little fellow in the world. I believe someone has kidnapped him. He is the pet of the town and anyone would love to have him."

"No doubt of it, ma'am, but I think he has only wandered away, seeking other play-mates."

"Oh! if my husband were only here, I should have some one to sympathize with me and help me find Jack." She began sobbing hysterically.

Once more I offered my assistance, and in my masculine way tried to assure her that I would do everything within my power to find Jack.

I rushed to my friend's home, astonishing him, both by my unexpected presence and the excited manner in which I announced that I was there.

"Old man," I shouted, "I am glad to see you, but I haven't time for any formalities."

"Heavens, Sam," my friend replied, "I am not deaf. I certainly am glad to see you, but what on earth is the matter with you?"

"Bob, if you could have seen her standing there wringing her hands, even your hard heart would have been melted. You would be trying to do something for her, like I am, instead of standing there with your mouth open gazing like you thought I had gone crazy."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Sam," he continued in an even tone, "I have never heard of any lunacy in your family, but it seems you are trying to introduce some."

His even tones irritated my disturbed senses and I yelled, "Bob, you have a heart of adamant! Why, man alive, why don't you do something? Oh, if you could only have seen her!"

By this time my friend was thoroughly alarmed. He took me by the arm and tried to push me into a chair. All the time talking as a mother would to soothe a nervous child.

"Whoever this woman is makes no difference, you sit down here in the cool and try to forget about her. Poor chap, I thought last winter when I saw you in the city that you were working too hard. I wish you had come sooner. But a few days of quiet will fix—"

"Bob," I exclaimed, "there isn't anything the matter with my nerves. I was as calm as a summer zephyr, until I heard that woman begging piteously for her lost child."

"Lost child?" Bob exclaimed.

"Yes, lost child. I have told you about four times since I have been here that that poor woman has lost her child. I

am glad to see that I have at last awakened a little feeling for humanity in you."

"If you told me, Sam, I was too dense to take it in," Bob replied. "We must do something, Sam. How and where shall we begin?"

"Now you are talking with a little sense," I answered. "Is your car here?"

He said it was, and motioned for me to follow him to the garage. All the time he was getting out the car, I volubly lectured on the density of the human mind. I gave Bob my opinion of a fellow who never paid any attention to a lecture until the speaker had finished and then asked what the address was about.

Bob managed to break in on my rampage long enough to ask if I had notified the police. We were soon at police headquarters. The chief called one of the men and told him to go with us. I told Bob where to go, and we were soon rushing towards the house of grief.

On the way I tried to impress on the policeman's mind how hard and nobly I had worked to get Bob interested in helping humanity. By this time I had again worked myself into a frenzy. By the time we reached the home I was talking at the top of my voice concerning the trials and griefs mothers have over mischievous boys who will not stay at home.

When we reached the house I was too excited to notice that the woman was not wailing as she was when I last saw her. I jumped out of the automobile before it had stopped and rushed up to the house. Bob and the policeman quickly followed. She was sitting on the porch sewing. She came to meet us. I afterwards learned she knew Bob.

"Pardon me, ma'am," I stammered, for I suddenly remembered that I did not know her name. "When I—er—passed a short time ago, you were—er—distressed—er—er—about your little son. I hope he has been found."

"My son!" she screamed. Then began laughing. "Come here, Jack," she called to a little dog which was on the swing.

"Come shake hands with the man who tried to help me find you."

I suddenly remembered that my collar was too tight. Bob half carried my limp body to the car. I knew he was laughing but he was kind enough not to say anything but—

"Poor chap, she is rather nice looking, and to think she is married, too."

A Morning at G. C. W.

VELNA CANFIELD

"Surely that isn't the five-minute bell! It doesn't seem a minute since that pesky janitor woke me with inside rising bell." I tumbled out of bed, gave Betsy a yank to wake her, scrambled into my clothes, put on a cap to hide my uncombed hair, raced to the other building, and turned the corner in time to see Lillie Mae close the doors. I slipped in while the blessing was being asked, ate a hurried breakfast, was excused early, and rushed back to study for a test at eight-thirty. Of course it was my day to clean up. I threw my scattered clothes into the closet, carefully spread the counterpane over the bed, and swept around the rugs. School bell rang and I scurried over with a sinking heart to stand my test. I managed to get through that class and the next. Grace asked me at chapel to come over and get some of the contents of a box from home, she had received that morning.

"If you don't come right away you won't get any," was her parting threat.

I went immediately after chapel, was late on my next class and meekly took a sarcastic remark from Miss Clarke. I had been lucky on my first three classes, but at exactly twelve-forty-eight a question was popped at me that I knew I could never answer. I looked vainly out of the window for inspiration. What was that joyful sound? Twelve-fifty bell! We were one morning nearer spring holidays.

Remark: I found out later I was campused two weeks for coming in the dining-room after the doors were closed.

Why the Lighthouse is There

LILLIE MAY DULS

The season was mid-winter. The beach was uninhabited save for the coast guards and a few resident families. The cottages seemed mere dots among the sand dunes, which had been heaped up by the blowing of the wind for the last half hour.

It was just about dusk and numerous lights twinkled from the homes of several families. But, well knowing what the roaring sea and howling wind foretold, the dwellers had battened down their homes and now all was darkness save for the one clear stream of light from the light house tower.

Then from the blackness of the sea came the first breath of the storm. The long grasses swished and hissed in the howling wind and the sand was blown into large dunes beside the cottages and board walks.

Around the warm fire, in the small upper room of the light house, sat six big, muscular men. In their faces one could read a tale of woe, for every one knew what the blowing, hissing wind and the splashing breakers meant. They could hardly hear each other speak, because the roaring of the sea and the dashing of the breakers against the base of the tower drowned every sound.

The men took turns on the watch and so far the guard had reported, "Coast clear." But suddenly there rushed from the outer darkness the watchman crying, "Man the boats, a distress signal has been sent out from the south."

This command was enough. In a few moments the room was empty. Below on the sands could be seen six pairs of brawny arms struggling with all force to launch the boat. Seven times they tried and seven times were repelled. Yet they did not give up for it was their duty and work that they loved. At last the captain ordered the boat stranded, and standing in its bow he tried to discern the wreck thru his glass. It was a Norwegian fishing schooner with two masts. Just as

the captain raised the glass to his eyes the foremost mast dashed into pieces upon the deck and the whole ship turned upon its side. It was only a tiny fly caught in the fine mesh of a spider's web. Just then the sea seemed to calm, and above it all was heard a piercing cry, one of distress and fright, the voice of a woman. This shriek seemed to grip the very heart of the men, and they immediately rushed for the boat and attempted once more to launch it, but in vain; the fierceness of the sea could not be mastered.

In the far east appeared a faint light—the forerunner of the sun. At the sight of this there seemed some hope of giving assistance to the lives aboard the vessel, for there were persons on board, the captain had just seen. Just as the sun ascended from the waters, as it seemed, one man made a leap for the surging waves. Again and again he tried to swim past the mighty breakers but he could not. Finally, determined to win, he swam past the breakers and turned in the direction of the sinking vessel. All of his comrades stood open-mouthed, staring at his wonderful strength.

Reaching the side of the schooner he climbed over the rail. There, tied to one of the mast heads, was a woman, almost exhausted. Scattered around upon the deck were several men beaten to death by the lashing waves. First, the mighty swimmer went to the rear of the boat where he found the woman's husband gasping for breath. He tried to revive him but he could not. The man died in his arms from the knocks and blows he had received from the storm. But just before he died he asked the swimmer to save his wife and he would be happy. So, unbinding the woman from the mast head, he lowered himself from the deck. Just as he reached the water, the boat gave one plunge forward and went under. In the suction the woman, weak from exhaustion, was drawn under and parted from the swimmer. But his determination and courage lead him on until he found her slowly drifting outward. Holding her head above water he turned towards the shore.

After swimming a few yards he met the other men with the boat, who had succeeded at last in launching it. He was drawn into the boat and the woman was taken immediately to shore. On landing the woman seemed to have revived from the awful exposure to the water and cold, but the swimmer in one last effort gave forth his last breath.

As the meaning of it all gradually dawned upon his comrades they, one by one, removed their hats, and stood there in fear of the Almighty, who had brought home one life, but who had taken away one of their most beloved comrades.

Later it was found that all of the crew, including the captain, were drowned; and the ship itself nothing but a wreck. The woman proved to be the daughter of a wealthy man, and in loving memory of her husband and the heroic efforts of the swimmer, she erected a light house on the opposite side of the beach. Today one can see the tall tower reaching sky-ward and at night for miles around can be seen the clear stream of light as it steers vessels clear of the rocks and shoals.

A Plea for the Study of Latin

MIGNON SMITH

There has been much discussion lately about the decision of the educational board of Southern Methodism, which has declared that no longer need the colleges of our Southland have Latin as an entrance requirement, that a pupil can come from the high school with a certain number of units, having never studied Latin or Greek, can go through college without them and still obtain his A. B. degree. Do we realize what this means? Do they, learned men as they are, realize it? Why do they make such allowances? Needless to say it is the result of the ideals of the age in which we live. Educational theories have changed. Today, there is a cry all over our land for vocational education. Let the pupil be efficient. Let him sacrifice his higher development, his understanding of the richer, fuller life. For whom? The Materialistic Age. What matters that the poetry of the ages, the gems of ancient thought, be set in precious silver? "All, all is vanity!" How will this help in the mighty, ever-increasing cry for gold, more gold? What good does Homer do when the body cries for nourishment? Develop your resources so your animal nature will profit, then later, when you have satisfied your baser self, develop the higher nature, if you care. But when will the greed for gold be satisfied, and when will the man care for higher things? When the leisure moments come, it may be too late. The appreciation of the most beautiful is past; the poor, starved soul lingers on the earth deprived of the ability to catch a glimpse of heaven through the medium of the greater learning. For him the stars ne'er shine in their splendor, the birds never carol their songs of praise, the flowers spread not their fragrant perfume o'er the earth in glad joy to the Creator; music breathes not its songs of love and joy, pleasure and pain; poetry brings not its message of living, breathing humans and lifts the soul into the ethereal regions—for him all is waste, desert land. These do not appeal to him. Why? Because the schools sought to

confine education to a single aim—the training for a vocation.

Indeed, it is time that the schools take up the question of vocational training. Too long has the world been filled with those who could ill perform their work. Well should the old maxim, "Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well," be impressed upon the minds of the oncoming generations. No more should want and desolation arise over this land because one person was unfitted for his tasks of life.

But even with this demand and the fast arising satisfaction of it, there should not come the neglect of the Latin classics. The children should be forced to study it four years, if it were not required in the college. Some may ask what good results can be obtained from the study of Latin. The knowledge imparted in the Latin classics can be obtained quicker and possibly more correctly by a perusal of their splendid translations into English. This is true, but many good results are thus lost.

In considering the educational value of Latin, one must think of the inherent worth of ancient civilization for the modern student and the extent to which the thoughts, feelings, purposes, aspirations and spirit of ancient times are portrayed in its literature. There is an absolute need of the study of the earlier stages of our development to an understanding of its present greatness. What do we owe to Rome? Our political and economical life. With their Roman ideas we have united others, thereby perfecting higher forms of industry and civilization than the ancient world ever knew. But Rome was our model.

You ask whether the true essence of this culture can be obtained only through a study of the language in which it is embodied. It may not be so, but it has long been admitted that the language of a people is the mirror of its inner life, the expression of what is best and deepest in moral, intellectual and aesthetic life. Only in literature can one see the emotions of the soul. Only by penetrating into the artistic perfections of the Roman masterpieces can the student feel the pulse of ancient civilization, the thoughts and emotions of a nation

that is no more. The pupil feels with the Roman. His sympathies become broadened, his views more numerous. He learns to study life, devoid of its conventionalities, in its deeper, truer meaning. He looks under the surface of things. If he is a careful student, he soon feels the beauty of the Latin verse. What can be more sonorous, majestic as the rolling of far distant thunder, or what more soft, dreamy, musical, with its minor notes and wailing, sad appeal, than the masterpieces of Roman poetry? Who could fail to be moved by the eloquence of the orators? Who can listen to the harsh grating of our words and then declare that the Roman language is not pretty?

Not only has the study of Latin these advantages, but it increases one's vocabulary. Through the aid of Latin we learn the fine discriminations, the sharply defined conceptions. Many of our English words are from Latin roots. We have a clearer understanding of the meaning of our literature, and a more thorough appreciation of its beauties.

What is the value of Latin in mental training? It is a trainer of the memory, of quick thinking, accurate expression and accuracy of learning. It is hard exercise, but if the brain is not required to perform hard tasks, it stagnates and soon becomes incapable of great difficulties.

The present trend of learning also demands "Back to sources." How can any one investigate sources if he knows no Latin? The tools are essential; without them, he is as a man in a dense fog, striving to find his way out.

What would be the result if Latin was not required in our schools any longer? Who can estimate the loss occasioned to civilization by the discontinuation of the study? Whither are we tending? There is a need of another Renaissance, a new awakening to the beauty of Latin classics.

The A grade colleges of the South see the need of Latin and refuse to accept the offer of the Board of Educators. But will they be forced to change their entrance requirements? Will the public schools of our lands refuse to demand Latin as

essential to graduation? The result is to be feared. We only hope they will carefully consider the results before they take such a rash step and will conclude that the study of Latin is essential to higher culture.

EDITORIAL

THE Y. W. C. A. STORE

We are well acquainted with the Y. W. C. A. store as we hear the bell rung before, behind and around us, every afternoon, bidding us "come and buy." In the "Little Store" is everything that could possibly satisfy the appetite: candy of sundry varieties, sugar, chocolate, and alcohol for the manufacture of some other varieties, should these not suit; pickles, peanut butter, crackers, cakes and almost as complete a line as the corner groceryman carries and at the same price. And yet it seems that we prefer to patronize the "corner grocery." We are loyal to our college, to our fellow-students, but we are not as loyal to our Y. W. C. A. as we might be, considering the fact that the proceeds of the sales of the little store go to pay our delegate's expenses at Blue Ridge during the Summer Conference. Perhaps we may attribute it to thoughtlessness or the wanting-to-go-somewhere idea, that we register "to the grocery on the corner," when our little store is open and the bell is ringing for us.

When we call from the window, "Please bring me a box of crackers and some peanut butter," we are not being loyal to the Association or to the girls in charge of the Blue Ridge Fund. As we said before, we may get identically the same crackers and peanut butter from the Little Store for the same price. It has been suggested that the advertising is insufficient, that if the girls were reminded to purchase their "eats" on the campus that they would not hesitate to do so. Considering that the bulletin board is never used for posting "losts" and "founs," and that there are seldom any announcements in the dining room, it might vary the order of things to advertise the produce of the Little Store thusly! The girls know that at certain time the edibles

are for sale, edibles often more or less fresh than those got off the campus; fresh for the reason that some supplies have to be replenished frequently.

Doubtless the corner groceryman would suffer from lack of customers, but let's give the Y. W. C. A. store a try and send a large number of girls to Blue Ridge this year.

* * * *

CHRONIC GRUMBLERS

The world is full of this class of people. They may be found in all stations of life, but nowhere do so many come together in one small community as in the college, and nowhere is their constant fault-finding more annoying or more destructive to one's peace of mind. The extent of their grumblings is limited only to the number of activities of the college life. Their discontented murmurings begin with the first ray of morning's light, or the first one they see, and continues thru each grating minute of the day, until weariness sends them into the land of nightmares.

The grumbler's day is typical. The rising bell rings too early, too late, too loud, or is entirely inaudible. After many grave complaints against the world in general, the grumbler arises, and it becomes necessary for her to prepare for breakfast. The right dress is never found, the water is never within 50 degrees of the desired temperature, whatever that is. The breakfast is always just exactly what she would never have deigned to taste at home; or it might have been fit to keep off starvation if it had been cooked properly.

There never is time in the half hour after breakfast to clean up the room, prepare the first class, which is probably "quiz," and finish writing the letter home. Then the classes are never interesting. The teachers fail to keep her sufficiently amused, and nothing valuable could possibly be gained from giving any attention to the different subjects.

The practice inspector actually dares require her to be found gracing her practice room at the schedule hour. The pianos are out of tune, or she is unable to understand why she is not given the very best ones.

She has four "straights" on the next day, and only the whole afternoon and the following evening study hour in which to prepare them. There is no use profaning her mind by trying to learn anything in such a short space of time; consequently, she goes down town to grumble because the college authorities do not know her well enough to appreciate how much she deserves unusual privileges.

Dinner suffers the scornful abuse of her varied remarks, and is a worthy follower of the luncheon which was "not fit to eat." The study hour is always too short in which to accomplish anything, so she does the natural alternative—nothing; nothing, but wear everybody's patience to frazzles, and ingrain her own disagreeable, dissatisfied mutterings still deeper in her character. The weather changes; others find new interests in both old and new things; new people come, and the old grow better; but nothing pleases her. The Golden Age might come and she would grumble on entirely unconscious of its perfection, or else grumble because of it.

* * * *

Editor's Note:

The following should have been annexed to Sic Semper in the February issue:

"This is an expansion of thirteen lines from Ingomar, Act II. It does not claim originality."

A few of the exchanges were sent out before the omission was noticed.

Y. W. C. A.

Edelweiss King Ethel Barbour

On the afternoon of Feb. 6, our girls attended the first of the Jubilee services at the First Baptist church. Miss Katherine Hawes, president of the Richmond Association, was the speaker. She gave us an interesting talk on the meaning of the Jubilee, and told how it was being observed by associations all over the United States.

* * * *

Our Association has had another profitable pleasure in being in the same town where the Laymen's Missionary Conference met last month. The Conference was entertained at the college at an informal reception and recital on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 10. Some of our members heard Dr. W. T. Ellis give his famous address, "When the Boys Come Home from the Trenches."

* * * *

A joint jubilee service was held by City, Normal, and Greensboro College Associations at West Market Street church on Feb. 20. Miss Helen A. Thomas, one of the National Field Secretaries, gave a full history of the Young Woman's Christian Association.

* * * *

We had the pleasure of having Miss Thomas with us on the afternoon of Feb. 22. She gave us a short talk on the Jubilee and what it was meaning to other associations.

* * * *

On Feb. 27, the girls attended the second musical at West Market Street church.

* * * *

We were given an unusual pleasure on March 5, by having as our speakers Miss Yopp, Secretary of the Greensboro Travelers' Aid; Miss Sallie Phillips, of Greensboro; Miss Martha

Dozier, an alumna of our college, also from Greensboro, and our own Mrs. Siler. Miss Gertrude Falls, our president, in a short talk, gave us a happy greeting, and introduced the speakers.

Miss Yopp told us of her work at the Greensboro station. It was an interesting and helpful talk, and we are indeed grateful to Miss Yopp for her words of love and admonition.

In a pleasing and attractive talk Miss Phillips told us what the Y. W. C. A. meant to business girls. She told about the organization of their Business Girls' Club, their athletics, and their social gatherings.

Miss Dozier, a former president of our Y. W. C. A., gave us the history of our Association since its organization in 1896. She told us what the Y. W. C. A. meant to the college.

Mrs. Siler told us of the work of Miss Grace H. Dodge. Envelopes were given to the members for the Grace H. Dodge Memorial Fund.

* * * *

Thursday vesper services have been led this month by Misses Poindexter, Callaway, Farrell and Brittain.

* * * *

The girls are finding the Bible study classes intensely interesting and helpful. The classes meet for one hour every Sunday night after services. We are studying Student Standards of Action, and we find it a most wonderful little book. We wish that every girl in school belonged to one of the classes.

ATHLETICS

Irene Broome Myrtle Bruton

The place of athletics in the college has grown so much that we decided we needed more officers to carry on the work of the Association. We met on Feb. 24th and divided the Association into three clubs, i. e., basket-ball, tennis, and walking clubs. We elected a president and secretary-treasurer for each club. The following officers were elected: Reube Alley, president, and Myrtle Bruton, secretary-treasurer of basket-ball club; Mary Belle Herring, president, and Marjorie Worsham, secretary-treasurer of the tennis club; Ohna Poindexter, president, and Jessie Reaves, secretary-treasurer of the walking club.

We have not done much work in out-door sports lately; but, on account of the inclemency of the weather, our best work has been done in the gymnasium. There we have been paying a great deal of attention to the attainment of perfection in walking, running, jumping, vaulting, and other healthful exercises. A great deal of interest has been shown in this part of the work. As spring is approaching now, with its beautiful days, we hope to have an especially good report to make in the next issue of the Message.

ALUMNAE

Eugenia Franklin Jeanette Pearce

We are always glad to receive notes concerning former students. Even a post card and a few moments on your part may be the means of great joy and gladness to many readers of the Message. The following article will be of much interest to all alumnae and former students:

Mrs. W. J. Woodley and Mrs. J. W. Foreman, of Elizabeth City, N. C., entertained the former students of G. F. C. (in urbe) on January the twenty-first, in honor of Miss Fannie Armfield, of Belhaven, N. C. For twenty-five years Miss Armfield, who was affectionately called "Aunt Fannie" by the girls, was connected with the college. She was known as a friend in need and indeed by all the girls present except two. These were Mrs. Ellen White Willis and Mrs. Hettie Lumsden Rudd, who entered G. F. C. in 1859, and graduated two years later.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent in sewing and talking of old happy days at the college. Mrs. Woodley was voted a G. F. C. girl by adoption and by proxy, having had two daughters study at G. F. C., Mrs. J. W. Foreman, and Miss Marion Woodley, now of Columbia University. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses.

Those enjoying meeting with "Aunt Fannie" once more were: Mrs. Ellen White Winslow, class of 1861; Mrs. Hettie Lumsden Rudd, 1861; Mrs. Florence Holder Cox, 1892; Mrs. Ida Holder Jones, 1892; Mrs. Annie Baker Martine, of Belhaven, N. C., 1893; Mrs. Mary Gibbs Adams, 1895; Mrs. Sallie Carter Jeannette, 1898; Mrs. Minnie Parker Morgan, 1901; Mrs. D. M. Harris, 1900; Mrs. Maude Tyer Sawyer, 1901; Mrs. Rida Derickson Hollowell, 1903; Miss Emma Willis, 1904; Mrs. Emily Hall Sawyer, 1905; Miss Maude Kramer,

1906; Mrs. Celia Winslow Atwater, 1906; Mrs. Augusta Kramer Walker, music class of 1905; Mrs. Louise Hall Brock, 1908; Mrs. Rosa Jackson Sawyer, 1909; Mrs. Annie Woodley Foreman, 1911; Mrs. Iola Gibbs Hathaway, 1900.

* * * *

Mrs. B. F. Royal, of Morehead City, formerly known as Miss Anne Adams, of Four Oaks, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Boren, Jr., of Pomona, N. C. Mrs. Boren will be remembered as Miss Ruth Adams, of the class of 1912.

"AS YOU TAKE IT"

Edith Savage Alice Clark

"PRIVILEGES"

Have you been walking lately?
Or chanced to look out at all?
Have you had a lonely feeling
When you happen to walk the hall?

I will tell you why I ask it:
The Freshmen have had a surprise.
Mrs. Siler has given "privileges"—
Something great in the Freshmen's eyes.

You meet them on the campus,
You see them on the street;
They chaperone the Juniors,
They run into all they meet.

Their heads have reached the limit,
The doors are all too small.
Please remember, Freshmen!
"Pride goeth before a fall."

* * * *

Miss P.: "How long has Mercury been known to astronomers?"
S. R. S.: "Since time 'immaterial.'"

* * * *

"To what object **on earth** may the reflecting power of Venus be compared?"
S.: "The moon."

* * * *

Mr. N.: "Who was the great pioneer of the West?"
Ethel R.: "Daniel Webster."

"How do you reckon Mr. N. remembers how many times he has had his tooth filled?"

"Because he carries it in his head."

* * * *

"There was a young man who had one good eye.
Listen, girls, listen to my rhyme;
But he ruined that peeper working over time,
Standing on the corner watching the girls go by."

* * * *

Madam: "Put plenty of nuts in the cake."

Cook: "I'll crack no more nuts today, me jaws hurts me already."—Selected.

* * * *

"How doth the college laundry
Search out the weakest points,
And always scrape the buttons off
At the most strategic points?"

* * * *

When the trustees meet we're a merry bunch,
For they are always asked to stay to lunch,
And such lunches we have then are hard to beat,
The trustees (and us) "sure do" love to eat.
We get nothing but peas a month ahead,
But on "trustee day" we get rolls and bread,
Bananas and steak and dressing, and cream;
I'll tell you the truth, it seems like a dream.

LOCALS

Elizabeth Derickson Gaynell Callaway

An informal reception and recital was given to the Methodist members of the Laymen's Missionary Conference, on February 10th. The gentlemen were taken first to the chapel, where the following program was given:

ORCHESTRA—*Mendelssohn* .. .. Festival March

GREETINGS .. .. *Dr. Turrentine, Miss Gertrude Falls*

CHORUS—*Cadman* .. .. .. From the Land of the Sky-blue Water
The Nordica Club
Miss Mary Smitherman, Accompanist

PIANO—*Rachmanioff*..Prelude, C Sharp Minor, Op. 3, No. 2,
Bells of Moscow
Miss Lucile Abernethy

VOICE—*Gilbert* .. .. Bonnie Sweet Bessie
Miss Elizabeth Westbrook

VIOLIN—*Beethoven* .. .. Minuetto
Miss Virginia Siler
Miss Annice Siler, Accompanist

READING—*Foss* .. .. "Hullo"
Miss Eleanor Horton

Mr. C. H. Ireland responded to the greetings by introducing the lay leaders of the two Methodist Conferences of our state, Mr. Weatherby of the North Carolina Conference, and Mr. E. A. Cole of the Western North Carolina Conference. Both these men gave us encouraging and helpful talks and promised to do all in their power to raise an endowment fund for our college.

The college song was sung and then the visitors were shown to the reception hall, where punch was served. They were then conducted over the building and the various interesting places were pointed out to them.

We were very glad to have the laymen with us and hope that they will come again.

* * * *

On February 22, Mr. Robert Douglas, ex-postmaster of Greensboro and grandson of the famous statesman, Stephen A. Douglas, spoke to us on the problems which are confronting our country today, as a result of the war in Europe. This address was listened to with interest by his audience.

* * * *

A Browning recital was given by the expression students in the college chapel on Monday night, February 7. It was an entire success. The program was as follows:

INTRODUCTION .. .. *Frances Farrell*

The Story of the Pied Piper of Hamlin.. .. .. *Ila Harrell*

MONOLOGUE—One Way of Love .. .. *Jennie Turnage*

LYRIC—Home Thoughts from Abroad .. .. *Jessie Reeves*

MONOLOGUE—Confessions .. .. *Eleanor Horton*

PIANO SOLO—Hummel Sonata (*First Movement*) ..*Myrtle Bruton*

MONOLOGUE—A Tale .. .. *Edith Savage*

Evelyn Hope .. .. *Gertrude Falls*

MONOLOGUE—The Patriot .. .. *Ohna Poindexter*

The Story of Pippa Passes .. .. *Virginia Gibbs*

* * * *

Miss Emma Pillow and Miss Lola Woltz gave the first of a series of Junior recitals, on Monday afternoon, Feb. 28.

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Miss Beulah Norment and Miss Annie Mae Sutton visited Miss Fannie Rountree in Morganton on February 10.

* * * *

Mrs. Howard, from Weldon, visited Miss Willie Blackwell Musgrove during the first week in March.

* * * *

We were highly entertained on the night of March 2, by hearing Leland Powers read his dramatization of David Cop-

perfield. This was one of the numbers of regular Lyceum course at the Normal College, and was instructive as well as enjoyable.

* * * *

The members of the Students' Association gave a public function in honor of George Washington's birthday. The affair seemed to be a complete success. The colonial idea was carried out in the costumes of the students, and many characters noted in history were represented; probably the most noteworthy being Betsy Ross, Martha Washington and Priscilla, of Puritan fame. After the rendition of the program the audience scattered for an informal good time and to partake of the refreshments that had been prepared.

One of the principal events of the evening was the slight of hand performance given by Mr. James Albright, a friend of the college, which was followed by the minuet and costumed songs performed by some of the girls.

* * * *

The sympathy of every member of our college is extended to Miss Mary A. Jones, one of our loved faculty, in her recent bereavement. Our hearts go out to her in loving thought, and we wish that the sunshine of hope may dispel the cloud of sorrow.

EXCHANGE

Jennie Turnage

The Focus, in its last issue, is a wholly unique and well arranged number. It is truly a magazine befitting our time of college and city jubilee. In our month of participation in rejoicing, distinguished leaders have come to us, bringing messages from our various sister institutions. Our visitors have often talked of the same things we may read in your magazine. The short tale "Millie" brings out realistically the active work in which our Y. W. C. A. engaged last summer at the great exposition. It is a true-to-life story and well written. The sketch "The Association of the Open Country" is a splendid appeal to us girls who live in the small towns and in the country. We should do well to rally to its call, if not in exact answer, at least in proving thoroughly that we are proud and loyal members of the Y. W. C. A.

* * * *

The Brenau Journal is an excellent magazine. It is well balanced and arranged. "Mandy Comes Thru" is a witty story. The underlying motive held as it is, creates a laughable climax. "Water Lilies" is a beautiful legend of our country. The plot is well formed and carried out. The scenes of pathos and sacrificial tone are touching. "The Coming of Winter" is an exquisite piece of verse. The rhythm is excellent and the thought well worth grasping. In fact the poem shows an imaginative and clear mind. The story "Polly Carrington—Freshman," is vivacious and breezy. It is totally interesting and witty. The form is unusual and well brought out. "Spiced Pollies" is also a very good tale. In fact Brenau has one of the best numbers on our shelf.

St. Mary's Muse is a magazine of rather a brief character. There is not enough material and that material is too sketchy. There is one bright, humorous sketch, "The Schoolroom Clock Gives His Views on Strikes and Strikers."

* * * *

The magazines seem slow in coming out since the Christmas numbers. Possibly they are out but not on our shelves. We are always glad to hear from our brother and sister institutions, therefore, do not cut us from your lists of friends.

* * * *

Those magazines on our shelves since our last issue are: The Concept, The Davidson Magazine, The Focus, The Brenau Journal, The Chathamite, St. Mary's Muse and The Ivy.

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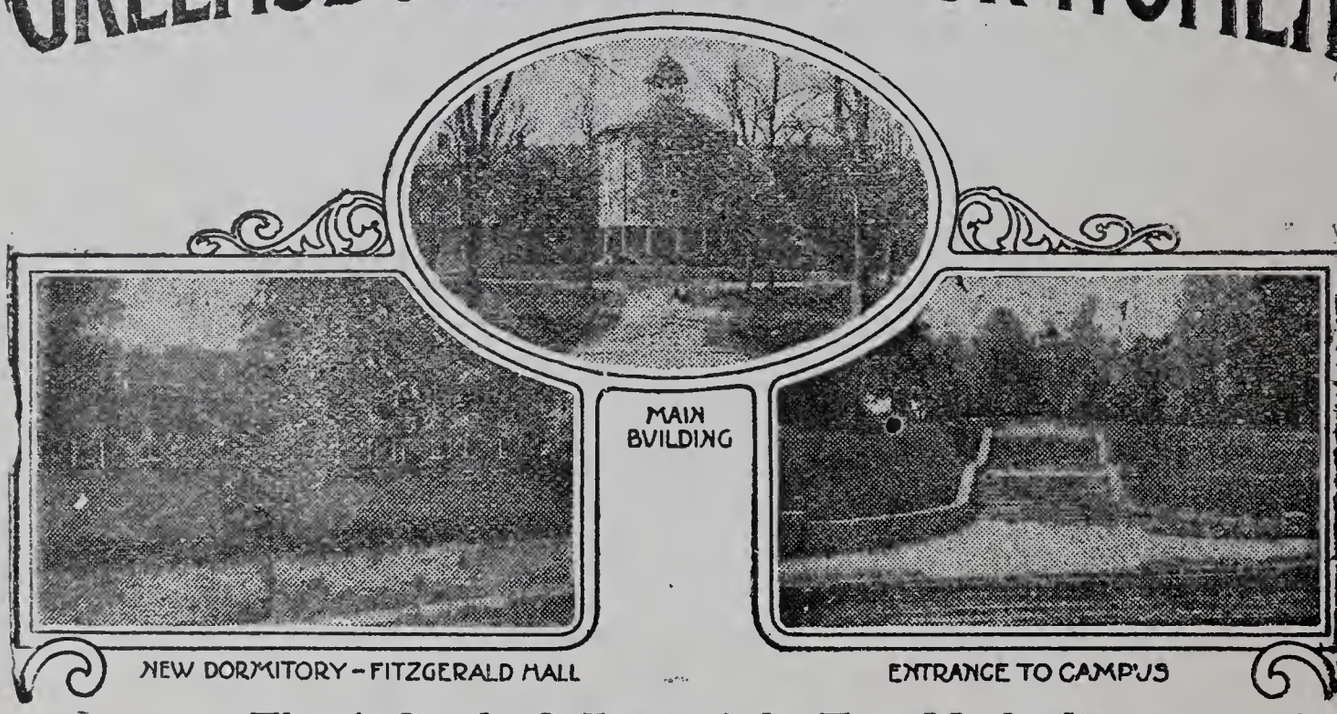
SPECIAL REST AND WRITING ROOM FOR LADIES

THE HENNESSEE CAFE
342 S. Elm St. Near Passenger Depot. J. R. Donnell, Prop.

GREENSBORO COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



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Vol. 26 No. 3

The COLLEGE MESSAGE

FRESHMAN NUMBER

Greensboro, N. C.
February
1918

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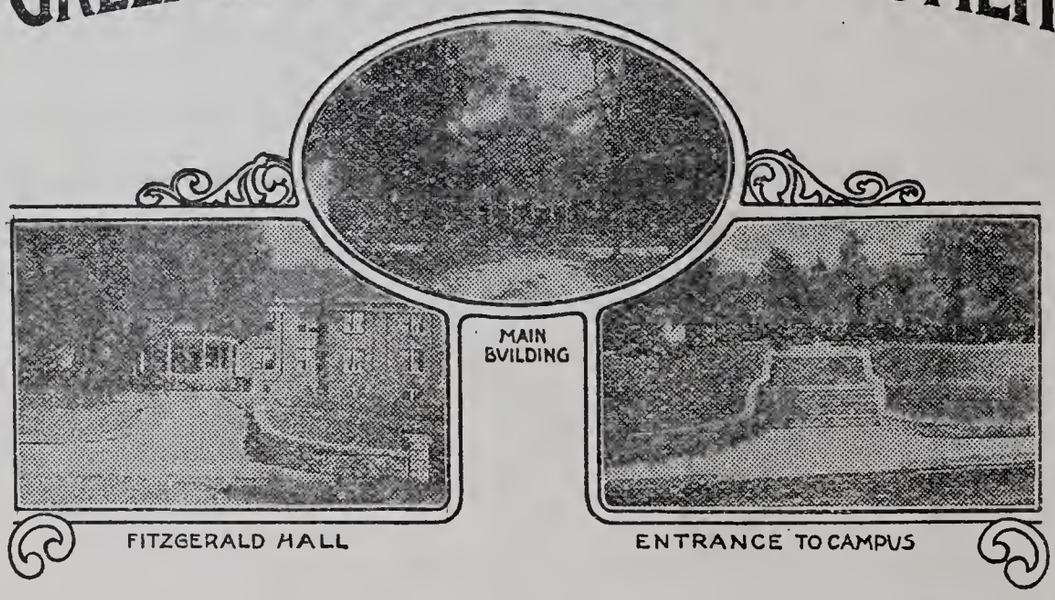

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Re . S. B. TURRENTINE, A.M., D.D., Pres., Greensboro, N. C.

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THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

Vol. XXVI Greensboro, N. C., February, 1918 No. 3

PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF GREENSBORO COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Message will be published in October and December, February, March, April, and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion. ELIZABETH DERICKSON.

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A Negro Debate

Olivia Woosley '21

Debating is probably one of the oldest arts in existence. It is very likely, judging from Biblical accounts, that Adam and Eve had warm discussions, and from that time until now the art has been practiced by both sexes of the human race. Modern civilization has seen fit to make it a thing worthy of much study, and students are being taught that debating is an art.

Last summer I was a visitor in a village of North Carolina. While there, I had the opportunity of attending a negro debating society. The negroes, eager to show their meager stock of knowledge, thought it could be done best in this way. The president of the organization was the supreme being. He was president, marshal, judge, and critic. Since he determined the victory of the debate, his opponents, who had become excited and a little enraged over the decision, often would have been unruly, if it were not for the president's protector, a "Bull Dog" revolver.

There were four in our party, and to the men the president conferred his right of judge. Of course they accepted the honor, and took their places. The president, commonly known as Si Grub, announced that two speakers were drunk and would not be present, but Tom Stovepipe, who would defend the affirmative, and Joseph Huckleberry, who was "exponent" of the negative, would give us something to think about. He then read the question: "Resolbed, dat de pen am mightier dan the swode," and called the first speaker. This speaker struck me as being the better of the two, and since he won the question, I will give as much of his argument as I remember, and in the words in which it was delivered.

"Pres'dent Si Grub, most distinguishable, learned and all-powerful ob jedges, immodess disagreer, ladies an' genlemen! Hit gib me a whole heap o' pain to 'pear on de pin side ob

dis question,—hit allus did gib me pain ter be on a pin anyhow. But since I'se up hyar, I'se gwine ter approve ter yer ignunce dat de pin sho am mightier dan de swode.

"Now de fust pint am dis, dat anything dat hab a pint am a pin. Now! Whut you got ter say ter dat, Joseph? Ob course we all knows dat dar am many diffrunt kinds ob pins. Dar am de couplin' pin, de rollin' pin, de chicken pin, de bull pin, de cow pin, de hog pin, de calf pin, de ox pin, de shuck pin, de stick pin, de pin-intentiary, an' many odder pins dat I'se done gone and fergit about. Darfore, most illiterate jedges, when my 'ponent make a pint, hit am a pin, an' he am debatin' on my side of de question. 'Member dat! ! ! I'se gwine 'proach dis subjeck some mo by menshunin' a pin I lef' out while ago, an' dat am de brooch pin. Den agin, Joseph, a swode hab a pint, and darfore hit am a pin, so you see I'se got you dar.

"Now agin, Mister Jedges, s'posin' dar warn't no pins, whut would de wimmen folks and de chilluns keep dey dresses hooked up wid? In fac', genlmen, dis am de only safe side of de question anyhow, fer who eber heard of a safety swode, an' ebery one ob us am more dan extryordinerily an' 'scruciatin'ly well familiar wid a utinsil known ter all humanerty as de safety pin.

"An' you, Pres'dent Si Grub, an' you, most cantankerous judges, an' you, Joseph Huckleberry, how would you all fasten yer crib dore ef hit warn't fer a wooden pin? Den dar am annuder pint I wants ter pint you ter, and hit hab mo dan a pint ob influence ober my 'ponent, an' dat am de pint of good ol' co'n whiskey. Glory! ! ! I kin almos' tas' ' er now.

"But ter my mind an' nose, I knows dat de bes' pint I hab am de pin we's all familiar wid; hit am in ebery back ya'd in dis town; hit'll make yer run when de swode won't, and dis pint am de *hog pin!* Now on dis pint alone I hab de question so I'se gwine ter remit de flo' to my disgussible negitature so dat he kin show his ignunce."

A glance from the judges gave us the assurance that Tom

had won the debate. His method of delivery and personal appearance added much to the eloquence of the speech, and as our party later declared, it was rendered to perfection. Many thanks and nods were bestowed upon us by the shy negro audience as we made our way to the door. On going home, each member of the party commented on the features of the debate, and all came to the conclusion that we had never before had so much fun in one night.

My First Party

Helen McCrary '21

I, like Annabel McCarty,
  Was invited to a party,
And my spirits very buoyantly did rise;
  For now that I was four
And could open any door,
  I was quite a fine young lady in my eyes.

Well, the bright day came at last,
  "Hurry, nurse, and dress me fast,"
Was my eager cry as up the stairs I sped;
  She, of course, complied with haste,
Tied my sash just to my taste,
  And placed a big pink bow upon my head.

When I reached the festive place,
  I walked in with modest grace,
Took my seat upon a little rocking chair;
  Then was opened wide the door,
Children flocked in by the score,
  Handsome lads and dainty lasses all were there.

Very soon the games began,
  How the children laughed and ran,—
Blind-man's buff and games of many kinds were played.
  Though you hardly would believe it,
You surely could perceive it,
  That I was not in the tiniest bit afraid.

Then intensely to the joy
  Of every girl and boy,
We were urshered to the table with much state;
  And there we were delighted,

And very much excited,
  To find an ice-cream angel on each plate.

Soon my angel was all gone,
  Left me feeling quite forlorn
As I watched the other children eat their share,
  And my heart was filled with pain,
As I looked for more in vain,
  And my soul was filled with hunger and despair.

When a servant passed me by,
  Though I felt a little shy,
"Bring me two more angels, please," I softly said.
  Tho he seemed a bit surprised,
There was laughter in his eyes,
  But to do my modest bidding, off he sped.

Soon the evening's mirth was done,
  All its laughter and its fun—
But the memory of its joy is with me yet;
  And I think with fondest truth
Of that party of my youth—
  And those angel forms I never shall forget.

Knitting Sweaters

Izetta Edwards. '21

When the Red Cross called for more knitted sweaters, did the G. C. W. girls respond? Emphatically—they did. They thought, talked, and dreamed in terms of stitches.

The girls who did not knit were regarded as objects of pity by all who did. How dull and aimless their lives must be! To brighten a few of their lonely hours they were often allowed to pull yarn off for their friend who was knitting, and sometimes they were even allowed to knit a few stitches, when a girl who could knit held their hands and threw the thread over for them, with a promise that some day they could knit two or three whole stitches right by themselves.

It occupied the day, and at night it was not neglected either. The knitting bag and contents was carried everywhere the girl went in the day, and Red Cross directions disturbed her mind at night. For example, one Senior was startled in the night to see her roommate sitting up in bed crying piteously, "That boy fell on my needle! Knit two, purl two; knit two, purl two. I wonder if it hurt?" But the senior calmly went to sleep again, realizing that her roommate was just "knitting sweaters."

On class it was more absorbing than the subject discussed. This was proven one day on Biology, when the teacher asked Miss B—— how large a bacteria was. Miss B., who was intent upon her knitting, absently replied, "It is about twenty-four stitches around the neck."

Not only the students, but even the mighty are fallen. Mr. Nicholson, who loves Shakespeare with a sublime passion, stooped to compose the following poem (?).

"Knit, knit, knit with care;
Knit in the presence of the professair.
I hope it will not you annoy,
For I'm knitting for my Soldier-boy."

Many strange things could be seen in those first knitting

days. Haughty Seniors who could not knit were seen sitting at the feet of even the greenest Freshmen knitters, listening and looking on with wonder and awe, as they explained the simplicity of purling, when for any cause less worthy the Senior would have blushed with shame to have been seen in such a position.

We soon learned not to start screaming "Fire," or wonder who was dead, when a white-faced, wild-eyed girl came rushing down the stairs, for it was nothing more tragic than a dropped stitch in the sweater she was knitting.

Many of the girls knitted for their sweethearts in preference to the Red Cross. And some of the sweaters were very fearfully and wonderfully made. Often the neck was several sizes too small, the back longer than the front, or dozen of stitches dropped, making lovely drop-stitch patterns. But little things like these did not worry the girls, for they sent them just the same. And wise was the boy who wore his sweater when his girl came home Christmas, and who, though threatened with strangulation, managed to articulate on the advantages of sweater necks made to fit tight, for his girl would come back to college and call him blessed.

So it goes. The scene is now a little altared. Everyone can knit; stitches are never dropped; necks are always the correct size, and the boys in France do not face strangulation but wear perfectly made sweaters.

THE SONG BOOK

FRESHMAN CLASS SONG

Mary Frances Rankin '21
(Tune, Auld Lang Syne).

O we're a bunch of freshman girls.
And a lively bunch, you see.
We came this year, from far and near
To work at old G. C.

Chorus

Hurrah for freshman girls; hurrah!
We're bright you must admit;
When e're we sing our freshman song
We're sure to make a hit.

We're working and we're trying hard
To take the Sophomores place.
And if the Juniors don't watch out
We'll make them run a race.

Oh yes you call us college "babes."
Wee freshman is our name.
But you just wait a few more years—
We'll change our name to Fame.

Sometimes the very smallest things
Are to be feared the most.
Dear Seniors take this gentle hint—
Do anything but boast.

Bill Shakespeare says a candle small
Sends far its tiny beam
And so we freshmen brightly shine,
Though slightly green we seem.

The Heart of a Thief

Winnifred Davis '21

> "T. C. Johnson, a Young Clerk, Newly Married, Found Dead in His Office This Morning. Killed While Trying to Protect Safe. No Trace of Murderer."

These startling headlines glared from the Morning Star and many people, men of business, men of leisure, housewives, and high school girls and boys, paused to read the long column, telling of the young man's brave struggle with the unknown thief, who left behind no trace, except bruises on his victim's neck and a bullet through his heart. It was evident, thought the reporters, that Johnson had remained after office hours, as he often did, to finish up the days work, and the intruder finding this man buried in his books had met an unexpected opposition. The paper further stated, that after the accounts had been balanced, five hundred dollars was missing from the safe.

The morning before the tragedy occurred, Helen, Johnson's wife, had said to her husband at the breakfast table.

"Dear, you seem so worried of late, you seem so restless and thoughtful. I believe you are working too hard. It worries me to see you this way."

"No, Pet, I am just getting to be such a business man," said Tommie with a smile, "Then too, you know its getting toward the end of the year, when we have to finish up our work."

"Well, Tommie, I am so glad to hear that, I was afraid it was something more serious. I thought probably you were still worrying, because you didn't think I had all those petty trifles, that I was accustomed to, before we were married. Then I thought maybe—"

"Thought what dearest?" inquired the husband quickly.

There were a few moments of silence, and then Helen said

teasingly, and blushing prettily, "a wife is awfully expensive, isn't she dear?"

At this unusual question, Tommie laughed heartily, and assured her that she was the most delightful expense he had ever known. Then he went to the office with a smile, something that had not happened lately, thought Helen.

There was one person, on the fateful morning of the murder, in a dimly lighted and very untidy room, who read the morning paper with great interest. All of the other readers of the paper had shuddered at the news of the horrible murder, but not so with "Red" Morgan, for that was this lone person's name. On the contrary, he read every detail calmly with an expression of something like amusement on his face. Now had the police known exactly where Morgan was located, perhaps there would have been an arrest made, for "Red" Morgan's name was often on the lips of the officers of the law. At present these men were on the watch for him, because the mystery of the Hargrave diamond necklace had not yet been cleared, and he was strongly suspected by them. But Morgan, here in his seclusion, put down the paper and a smile crept over his face, as he slowly drew from his pocket a much becrumpled note, that read as follows.

"My dearest Helen,

This month, I have taken five hundred dollars from the safe, which I have in charge, to buy your Christmas present and to pay for the reception we gave a few nights ago. The accounts at the store are to be balanced tomorrow and the shortage will then be discovered, since I am unable to replace the money I took. Rather than suffer the disgrace, I have found a short way out of it all. Take my life insurance money, and pay back the stolen money, and and then go back and live with your father and mother. May God bless you and forgive me.

Tommie."

The night before the discovery of the murder, "Red" Morgan had made his way with difficulty into the office of Trent's Department Store. After getting, into the office he cautiously turned on the lights, and to his bewilderment saw a dead man lying on the floor, with a pistol by his side. "Red" was indeed amazed and turning around he looked at the room. Seemingly, everything was undisturbed, the desk and safe were locked, but a piece of paper, proped against the knob of the safe door, caught his attention. He walked over to the safe and found the above note and read it. At once he understood the whole story.

Morgan was deeply touched by this occurrence, because he knew of both Thomas Johnson and his pretty wife, Helen. Helen had been reared in a wealthy home, but she had loved Thomas with all her heart, even if he were only a poor clerk, and had married him. They had been very happy in their short married life, and Thomas had made a brave attempt to give Helen the things to which she had been accustomed, but alas, the poor man had failed.

Then the would-be thief, knowing what an awful shock all this would be for Helen, determined to make things easier for her to bear. Accordingly, after he had slipped the note into his pocket, he prized open the safe, as he had originally intended to do, but for an entirely diffrent purpose. Then going over to the man he had torn loose his collar, torn his coat and finall bruised his neck, in order that the dead man migh present the appearance of having been in a fight. After these things had been done and the chairs disarranged or turned ever, the thief quietly left the room.

* * * *

No wonder "Red" Morgan smiled as he read the note and then tore it up. Had he not accomplished his purpose? Had not Thomas Johnson, in the eyes of the world, died nobly at his post of duty, and had not Helen been saved from a far greater trouble than her husband's death?

Such, then, was the heart of a thief.

Those Lessons

Mary Frances Rankin '21

"I'm busy, please don't bother me.
I have a theme to write
About—about—Oh I don't know,
I'll think of it tonight.

"And what do you think? My history lesson
Is *twenty-four* pages long.
I've read three pages in just ten minutes;
But my Math. is every bit wrong.

"Oh dear, I forgot that Chemistry test
We're to have a week from today.
I'll begin right now and cram all I can.
I think that's the very best way.

"That French! My dear it is *dreadful.*
She gave us *more* sentences to do.
I'm sure if I work until midnight,
I'll never, no *never,* get through.

"I have so much—oh what did you say?
You've been sent a box *that* high?
You wish I could come to the feast tonight?
Don't you worry—*I'll come*—goodby."

The Messenger

Ell Bee Aitch

The afternoon was cold even for Boston in November. The young man, standing at the intersection of Winter and Tremont streets, turned up the collar of his fur-lined coat and buried his chin in its depths with a grateful feeling of warmth. It was growing dark. Lights were already beginning to twinkle down the long thoroughfare. There was a sparkle still a-top the glided dome of the old State House, but below all was shrouded in shadows. In the sky above the Commons a long reef of crimson light hung motionless, a band of flaming color, brilliant, intense, against which the leafless trees lifted their gnarled, weird silhouettes in bold black outline. Even as he watched, the crimson gave way to cream, to violet, to black.

The sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians. Every type was there. Men, hale, hearty, well-fed, well-dressed, symbols of prosperity. Beautiful women, quietly though exquisitely gowned, extravagantly befurred and bejeweled, with glowing faces and eyes dark with mystery and promise. The business men and the business women were there in throngs. Men and maidens there were of every rank and station, women with the glint of the devil in their eyes; others with the uneasy sidelong glance that betoken the member of the city's underworld.

In the attitude of the dispassionate bystander the man watched with hungry eyes. He flattened himself suddenly against the wall of the building, however, as a particularly well matched couple passed hurridly, completely engrossed in each other. They were plainly of the wealthy class. He watched until their figures became lost in the surging crowd. The sight of the two seemed to deepen the shadows in his mood, and knitted a care-worn frown into his brows. His lips and eyelids twitched spasmodically and a deeper pallow settled on his face, giving to his thin patrician countenance an un-

earthly light. A thin ragged figure siddled up to the man suggestively, a hint of pleading in the furtive, uneasy, sidelong glance. For a moment he watched the man speculatively. But at the sight of the burning eyes which the still figure turned on him, he dived precipitously into the crowd and was immediately lost.

Suddenly the man breathed an incredulous exclamation, started forward to the curb, and stood there with wide eyes. In the exit of the subway opposite, the figure of a girl, her slender form outlined by the light that streamed out behind her, stood poised uncertainly on the threshold. As he watched she began to pick her way haltingly across the teeming street, and, gaining the opposite side, started slowly up the crowded thoroughfare. For a moment the man stood watching with all his senses, every nerve and fiber of his being in an uproar; then stifling a cry of wonder, he set out quickly in pursuit. Every trace of indicision had vanished, he was completely alert now.

When just back of the girl he slackened his pace, keeping her always in sight but remaining far enough behind her in the crowd to escape detection. On up Tremont street he moved slowly, stopping as she stopped, moving on as she moved, ever keeping just behind the slowly moving figure. Once as she stopped in front of Huylers and pressed her face close to the frosted glass to see the Christmas display in all its bravery, he was so close that he could have touched her. He noticed then with surprise that she was thinly clad, her round arms glowing through their diaphanous covering of chiffon. The firm white column of her throat rose uncovered from the V-shaped neck of her filmy blouse. The wind wrapped her clinging skirts tightly about her slender form. But the girl seemed absolutely unconscious of the chill air. Before the Tremont theatre she halted again, hesitated a moment, then entered the lobby. A smile curved the corners of her full red lips as she looked about her. She gazed long at the pictured faces of the actors, humming a gay little tune softly to herself. The man was watching her with

ever-growing wonder and bewilderment. An involuntary exclamation escaped his lips as the girl stooped suddenly, steadying herself with one white, blue-veined hand, to look long and earnestly into the deep-set eys of the man in the picture at the lower left-hand corner of the stand. It was *his* own face that gazed back at her so gravely. He took one uncertain step forward, as if he would touch her, but drew back hastily at the curious, questioning glances of several bystanders, whose eyes had become riveted on his face. It was strange, he thought hazily, that they took no notice of the stooping girl. But she was leaving the lobby now.

For a moment, when they reached the corner, he thought she was about to cross to the Touraine Hotel, but no, she had turned into Boyleston, and he quickly followed her across the street. She hesitated a moment in front of Cook's brilliantly illuminated resturant—a favourite place of his, and formerly, as he knew, of her own—and again he thought she was going to stop, that their strange journey had come to an end, but the girl seemed suddenly to quicken her pace, and proceeded hurriedly on.

A jam of automobiles held him back at Copley Square, and he lost sight of her. He looked about him anxiously, searching the crowd ahead. Ah, there she was, across the square and ascending the steps of the Public Library. Hastily he sped across the street and up the steps. She was not in the lobby. At the top of the steps he found her, standing with rapt attention before the new panel by Sargeant. The wonderful painting claimed her; she was oblivious of all else. The man watcher her with memory haunted eyes, seemingly profoundly perturbed. Into the great delivery room he followed her silently, not daring to speak. It was his favorite room of all the wonderful building. A connoisseur of rare armor plate and everything pertaining to the Middle Ages, he had spent hours before the marvelous series of paintings depicting the search for the Holy Grail. The girl had stopped before the great painting of the battle with the Black Knights, the struggle between the powers of light and dark-

ness, and with head thrown back, slender figure poised, she stood in silent adoration.

Never taking his eyes for a moment from the still figure, the man stole across the room and laid his hand lightly on the arm of an attendant, a highly decorative official.

"The girl there," he whispered. "Who is she? She comes here often?"

The official looked about him absently. "What girl? Where? Of whom are you speaking?" he questioned.

"The girl in blue," he murmered, insistently inquiring. "She that is standing before the picture there. Do you not see her? See, she is turning this way. Ah!——"

A look of blank inquiry came to the official's face. He looked at the man queerly.

"You're mistaken, Sir. I do not see her. There's not a woman in the room."

"I was certain," muttered the man hesitatingly. "A moment ago—" He rubbed his hand roughly across his eyes. "She was there. Ah, she is on the stairs!" And he turned hastily and passed down the long room, out, and down the stairs.

A man standing near the official sidled up to him. "Who is he?" he inquired wonderingly, following the disappearing figure with amazed look.

"Mr. Phillip Mann, the actor. There's something strange here," he muttered. "The man is ill."

"He did look queer, didn't he," acquiesced the bystander. "Funny business I call it. Somnambulism, or something close akin to it, I'd say. He had better watch himself or he'll be getting off his trolly," he added, shrugging his shoulders as he turned away.

"He did not walk like a somnambulist," objected the official, still looking toward the door. "No, I'm afraid he is ill," he muttered turning back toward the desk. "He has been lookink wretched for a year or more."

Outside, the icy air struck Philip's brow with grateful chill. He raised his hat for a moment and let the wintry

wind play havoc with his thick brown hair. A few scattered flakes of snow were sifting lazily down. The girl was crossing the square again, returning the same way that she had come. He followed her still. This time she turned off and started through the deserted Public Gardens. She seemed to wander aimlessly in the black labyrinth of paths. On the bridge over the lake she stopped, leaned against the rail, and seemed to be gaizing into the depths of the waters so gay in summer when the swan-boats ply their trade, now all silent and deserted. It came to Philip sharpely that it was just here that he had seen her for the first time;—so many years ago it seemed! He watched her wonderingly. It was snowing briskly now.

Just beyond the bridge, in an out of the way spot, the girl seated herself carelessly on a deserted park bench. She was humming again, the same gay little tune. Philip approached with hesitating step, eyeing her speculatively. The girl seemed not in the least surprised at his presence. She merely moved to make room for him, and with a gesture of graceful capitulation, invited him to a seat beside her. In the flickering light of a near-by street lamp her face glowed radiantly. The gossamer gold of her hair underneath her little hat made a halo about her face. A cry of mingled joy and amazement escaped his lips as he slipped into the seat.

"Then it is you," he breathed incredulously. "And you are no longer angry, *Mon Coco?*"

The girl gazed at him steadily, a tender smile curving the corner of her lips. She nodded slowly.

"Oh Emily, Emily, the joy——"

She moved back sharply, and with a gesture repelled him, as he made as if to seize her hand in his. "Don't touch me," she murmured softly.

He thrilled at the sound of her low pitched voice. Again he attempted to take her hand, and again she drew back.

"Not yet, Philip! You must not touch me, you know, Dear."

He hesitated, a trace of reserve and constraint in his manner.

"You have not yet forgiven me," he cried passionately. "But—oh, my dear, since you went away to France, I have suffered so. And then, Sweetheart, news came to me that you were ill, dying. And I was mad with the desire to go to you. I was eating my heart out. But you had told me that I might not come—could never see you again. I suffered—— But then, when I saw you tonight, alive, well,—it was too much. I threw all my hateful, arrogant pride to the winds and followed you. And I am here to ask you again to forgive me, Emily. Although I swore I would never ask it again, yet I do. I love you so, Emily. Will you forget and forgive? Will you love me again, my Sweetheart?"

The girl covered her face with her hands. For a moment all was silent. Then she raised her head and looked at him fearlessly, and in her eyes, dim with tears unshed, he saw his answer.

A long shivering sigh of joy escaped him.

"I have never ceased to love you, Phillip; can *never* cease," she said softly. "I knew that I could not when I left you, and the knowledge forced itself upon me more and more each day. I, too, have suffered. I was ill. I prayed that you would come and take me before it was too late." She gazed dreamily down the shadowy reaches of the windy walks.

"Had I but known. Had I just but known"—his voice broke in a dry sob. "I would have crossed the world. I, too, have been ill, but I shall be well now. Thank God you have returned to me. Emily, dear, you will come to me now. Let us leave heartache and misery behind. It is not yet too late."

The slow tender smile again lighted her pale face. But she looked at him, her eyes dark with pity. "Oh, my dear, you do not understand. It is too late——for earthly happiness."

He gazed at her in amazement, a growing horrow in his

heart. His stiff lips could barely frame the words. "Too late! What can you mean!"

"You do not yet understand?"

He shook his head dumbly. A chill of apprehension sent a shiver down his spine.

The girl turned to him a face eloquent with suffering. "Look at me, Philip," she whispered.

He gazed at her silently. She was radiantly beautiful, her figure resplendent in some dim illusiveness. Her eyes were full of a deep unfathomable light. His heart stood still as he looked upon her.

"Do you know now, Dear Heart?" she questioned. "You heard that I was ill, dying. It was true, Dear. I died three months ago. You understand now why it is too late for earthly happiness."

His face was white with misery. For a moment he was reeling in a bottomless abyss of black despair, the heart in his bosom as heavy and cold as though it were of stone. His head dropped forward in his hands, and he was sobbing out the dumb, sick anguish of his soul in long, dry, racking sobs. "Oh, God! Dead! Oh Emily, my Emily."

Above them the wind sighed in the bare branches of the gnarled old trees. Behind them the snow flakes hissed as they struck the angry waters of the lake. The roar of the city sounded for away.

The girl watched him wistfully. "Philip, Dear Heart, love is stronger than death. Love conquers all,—is all powerful."

The man raised his head, the tears still wet on his white face. "Stronger than death,—stronger than death!" he repeated to himself in a whisper.

"Death is divine!" she murmured, her burning eyes on his.

"Death is divine," he repeated wonderingly.

"Ah, Dear Heart, do you not understand why I am here? Too late for earthly happiness—yet love is eternal, death

divine. I have come to you, Philip. Are you ready for me?''

He gazed on her with wonder-filled eyes. Her face, her figure, was growing more luminously bright, was shining with a soft radiance. She leaned toward him lovingly.

''Are you ready for me, Philip?'' she questioned gently.

A warm, pulsating glow surrounded them. ''Love is all powerful—death divine,'' he repeated again in awestruck tones, his eyes on hers.

She leaned closer. Her fingers brushed his face.

''Is it death?'' he questioned drowsily.

She leaned still closer. He felt her cool cheek against his.

''Is it death?''

''Yes, Dear Heart, it is death.''

* * * *

The early morning passer-by gazed back curiously over his shoulder at the figure of a man in a rich fur coat seated on a park bench half covered with snow, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his hat pulled low over his pale face. At first they thought he was asleep.

IF

(WITH APOLOGIES TO KIPLING)

Ella Mae Packer. '21

If you can study well when all about you
Girls are talking, not caring what you do;
If on your Math. you can spend hours two,
And learn those Geometry theorems thru and thru;
If you can write and not be tired by writing
When taking notes,—don't leave out any;
Or writing themes don't dare to think of slighting
Those rules of Woolley,—oh so many:

If you can read German and keep your temper,
Or learn Latin and still retain your mind,
If neither gym nor basket-ball can hurt you,
If teachers scold you, and you don't whimper;
If you can fill the quickly passing minute
With sixty seconds of studying done,
Yours is Education and all that's in it,
And—What's more—you'll be a scholar, dear one.

SKETCHES

BUSY PLEASE ! !

D. Mented. '21

Come on, Dorothy, let's go on an inspecting tour. Just because we are new girls who came in after Christmas is no reason why we should sit here and mope. The girls don't mean to neglect us. They just forget that we don't know everybody and haven't been everywhere, and besides, they are having their mid-term exams., and we don't have a single thing to do while they are going on. I'm dying to see the inside of Fitzgerald Hall, especially second floor. I've heard lots about it.

Ah, here we are. Yes, this is the second floor of Fitzgerald Hall. Don't you just love to watch girls fly up and down these halls? Let's sit here on this trunk and see what happens.—Here comes a peach in silken negligee. Wonder where she's going.—Why is she looking at that door? I don't see why she doesn't knock and go in. She must be reading some notice posted there. Well, she went in without knocking! ! That's funny, though it may be customary. But what's all that racket and commotion? Oh, a bunch of girls in middies, with books and notebooks tucked under their arms.—And they all stop in front of that very same door! ! This is certainly interesting. The tall one is knocking. I didn't hear any answer from within, did you? There they go, all six of them into that same room. The notice must be very attractive. I shouldn't think they would be having a feast during mid-term exams., and besides, books are not needed at a feast, so it just can't be that. Here comes a

bunch upstairs. Surely did make a lot of noise for only four girls. How on earth can other girls study with all that racket going on. Well, I'll be — — —! ! ! Did you see that? ? ? Every single one of them went into that very same room. I can't stand the suspense any longer. I just simply must see the notice or invitation on that door, so come on. ——W-Wh-What's this? ? ! ! Thunderation ! ! !

BUSY

PLEASE

THE KNITTING BAG

Izetta Edwards '21

With the advent of knitting came the knitting bag. It became all the vogue, and was usually worn on the right arm. Though some times the happy possessor of one would let her best girl chum carry it for her, were she so unfortunate as to be unable to knit.

A volume could be written about the usefulness of the knitting bag, not only as a bag for the yarn, but as a hiding place for the many different things college girls like to store away, but still have near them.

No college girl's knitting bag is complete unless it contains besides the yarn and knitting needles, a few hairpins, a powder puff, two or three handkerchiefs, a very recent letter or two, pencils, notebooks, and two or three pieces of gum, some of which has been preserved from the day before.

The popularity of the knitting bag is assured, for it is indispensible to college girls, knitters, and non-knitters.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AS SEEN THRU A FRESHMAN'S SPECS

Perplexed '21

To begin with, the title is all wrong. Of course I am a Fresman—tho I have seen some Sophomores that I don't think—never mind, that is off the subject. To continue, I am a Freshman, but I don't wear "specs," and I have'nt seen much Student Government yet. At least not what I call Student Government. Maybe those turn-up-nose Seniors that walk the halls so much can recognize it—but I can't. I thot if we had Student Government up here I could do as I pleased. I am a student, and it's perfectly logical. So I thot, "I'll give myself permission to stay with Lelia to-night." Lo and behold! another student—who called herself a proctor—saw me thru the door, and—well, the next week I enjoyed the natural beauties of the campus.

Lots of things were explained to us at the Student Meetings, but I was thinking so hard of John, that I could'nt listen to it all. But I caught the most important thing said by Miss Hubbard. (I wonder if she is called Catherine in private life?) It was that we were to sign, when we left our rooms, in a little book. So when John telegraphed me he was coming to see me, I signed in my little German book and walked down the east walk to meet him———.

Well, maybe you also have had troubles. If so you will understand my unwillingness to write more on that subject. I only have the heart to add that Student Government is still a blank and meaningless expression to me, so I am unable to write a sketch about it for the "Message."

EDITORIAL

DR. CHARLES W. BYRD

The College Message takes this opportunity to express the sorrow of the Student Body over the death of Dr. Charles W. Byrd. From 1911 to 1915 he was not only pastor of the church which we attend, but was chaplain of our College. In both capacities he won the love and admiration of the girls. Dr. Byrd, as the college chaplain, held the Chapel services on Tuesday mornings, and very few were the times that he failed to come. These chapel services are remembered among us for Dr. Byrd's spiritual messages, his sympathetic talks, and for the love of Hymns as real poetry, that he ever strove to inspire in us.

Dr. Byrd was always cheerful, but during examination weeks he was fairly merry. Before our hardest tests he could make us laugh with him, for he knew from experience that a good laugh could clear up many difficult points.

His life was one upon which we can look back for guidance. His energy, in spite of ill health, his trust in his Creator, and his earnest, yet ever cheerful, disposition, are traits we might all strive to imitate.

We feel that, though Dr. Byrd has passed from us, he left behind the love he bore young people, which may ever be a blessing to our college.

COLLEGE IMPROVEMENTS

Lately G. C. W. has seen several improvements take place on the College Hill.

The greatest is our new dormitory. Of course everyone has heard of this, but the Message takes pleasure in formally announcing the opening of the building. Observe we did not say the *formal opening*, for, alas!, an unexpected blow of authority prevented a house-warming which had been rather secretely planned by the occupants of the new building. This splendid edifice stands by the side of Fitzgerald Hall, and, with the exception of some necessary changes, is similar to it.

The Main Building, as well as the new dormitory, has been receiving especial attention lately. The chapel was greatly improved during the holidays by the erection of a new stage. This stage is about twice as large as the old one, and is worthy of the concerts and Lyceum numbers which will grace its architectural beauty.

The parlor, too, has not been neglected. Its rather small electric lights have been replaced by the brighter glow of several Brasolite fixtures which add greatly to appearance and comfort. Several unnecessary articles of furniture have been removed from this domain,—among them the faculty,—no harm meant. We are glad to state that the teachers have been so fortunate as to regain their old sitting-room, and thus leave the parlor undisturbed. No one is more glad than they.

The greatest improvement in the eyes of the Message staff, however, is the recent acquisition of an office. Although we do not have undivided possession of this, it is a great convenience, and affords a place for the numerous manuscripts and papers which would otherwise keep the editor's room in a continual state of disorder. This office, room 312, is open to visitors, especially those who bring contributions to the Message.

P. S. This year a shining new "gridiron" has taken its place in Mr. Hurley's heart and hand.

FRESHMEN.

"We won't have those colors," was the statement which the confident Freshmen made upon coming to G. C. W. Alas, for white and gold. Their day was over, and in their place the iconoclastic Freshmen flaunted blue and gold.

The Freshmen have not only revolted against their inheritence from the class of '17, but have broken scores of the most rigid rules of the college. They have actually had the audacity to walk across the circle. (Beware Miss Pegram!) What's more, they conscientiously arose at the first sound of the rising bell, and were punctual at meals. Imagine a Sophomore or Senior committing such an offense. They went so far as to mistake Seniors for members of the faculty, and to give them the appellation of "Miss." They dared not skip a practice hour—but why say more. They've done many things they should'nt have done, and left undone many things they should have done.

ALUMNAE

Mrs. Metta Folger Townsend

Author of "In the Nantahalas."

RUNAWAY JIM

The Doctor was leaving the store. A few men who were lounging about had followed him and were standing outside having leisurely last words with the young physician.

"Hello!," Dr. Young looked back after he had gone down the steep embankment to the sidewalk. "See that fellow? You've got keen eyes for an African, Squire. I'll bet that's a runaway nigger. What do you say?"

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated. Far down the street that stretched tortuously upward and still upward, a dusky figure was dragging its way.

"Your eyes are younger than mine, Doctor. I couldn't swear that's a nigger at all—at this distance. But if it is one, you're right about the runaway business. Any nigger in the neighborhood wouldn't be comin' into town by himself this time o' day, an' not able to drag his feet."

The Doctor waited on the sidewalk. The storekeeper had come to the door. The men grouped about watched in indolent half-interest while the figure toiled upward.

"I reckon he thinks this is the longest hill he ever struck," remarked one of the onlookers.

"Hill?," lazily answered the Squire. "You don't call this a hill, do you? The Lord didn't have any pattern to go by to make one hill as long as this one so he piled five of 'em on top of each other."

"A regular Pelion upon Ossa," suggested the Doctor.

When the figure came nearer it proved to be that of a

young negro not more than eighteen or twenty years of age. He lifted a ragged hat and came up to the Doctor.

"Good even', mahster. Is dis yere de co't house?" He looked up at the substantial brick building with white pillars, the pride of the town, its one claim to the better sort of Southern architecture.

"Yes, Sambo, that's the courthouse."

The darkey smiled: "I'm Jim, suh."

"All right, Jim. But what do you want with the court house? I'll bet you're after the jail, instead."

The negro's smile broadened; "Yes suh, but they stay close together. Ain' dat so, Mahster?"

"First time I ever saw anybody, white or black, lookin' for a jail." This from the man in the door. "You must have done a mighty mean job if you're trying to find peace in a lockup."

A sullen look came over the tired young face: "Run away."

"An' got tired of it?" queried Doctor Young.

"Broke down, suh." The boy held out his arm and pushed back the ragged sleeve.

"You see that, Mahster?" There was little more than skin and bone. The gaunt figure, the wasted young face told of long walks when hunger must have stalked beside the runaway.

There was pity on the Doctor's face.

"You're hungry now? Come with me, Jim."

The negro looked at the gentleman. In the tired eyes, on the worn face, wordless gratitud shone. He fell behind his new friend and toiled up the hill toward the Doctor's boarding place which was opposite the jail and kept by the jailer. When they reached the house Doctor Young bade the negro go to the back door while he should find the landlord and have a meal sent to him.

When Milly, the assistant cook, came out with a well filled plate, it was a pathetic object she found. The boy had

sunk down in a heap near the back steps and gave no sign of life when spoken to.

The girl set down the plate with a suddenness that scattered its contents, and ran screaming into the kitchen.

"He's dead, Miss Lou, he sho' am dead."

The physician, with Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, was soon by the lad's side. After proper efforts were made, he gave signs of life.

A light fluttering of the lids, a look into the face bending over him, then a closing of the eyes again, and a murmured, "All right, Mahster."

For days they tended the boy, caring for him in kindness till his strength came back. Meantime Milly's heart warmed toward the stranger. This bringing his meals, making an extra broth for him by the Doctor's direction, thinking, and planning for him, drew her mightly to him. She began to dread the day when he would no longer need her care. As he grew stronger and offered to help her about the kitchen, she would make much of his former weakness.

"No, suh. You don't carry this here bucket o' slop for me. How you reckon I'd feel if you wus to fall down 'mong dem hawgs, Jim? You jus' stay 'roun' here an' get fat an' sassy."

Jim followed Milly's injunction. At last there came a day when Bowles and Dr. Young agreed that something must be done. North Carolina laws did not allow one to harbor runaway nogroes. The two men would gather with the crowds about town, discuss heatedly the sins of the Yankees who dared to meddle with slavery, then come home to "pomper" Jim, as the storekeeper expressed it. Finally, after a few hints from outsiders, Mr. Bowles sent an advertisement to the Greensboro Patriot in which the negro was rather vaguely described, and the master called upon to relieve the county of his keep.

For Jim this prison life held small terror. After the advertisement was inserted the young fellow was shut in for

a few days while Milly brought his meals. The Doctor came in for a pleasant word, and Mr. Bowles scolded because he wouldn't tell his master's name and have done with it.

"Tell the truth, Doc, he's a likely nigger, an' I wish he belonged to me. Maybe his master'll sell 'im. My wife says Millie's foolish about 'im. If I owned 'im I'd let 'em marry."

"Good. If the master doesn't turn up, sell him, and you or I will buy him. It wouldn't strain my feelings to pay the price and give him his liberty, if he wanted it."

When Jim learned that he was being advertised he told his new friends that his master was Major Bethel of Virginia. Acting on this, the two men called off the advertisement and wrote to Virginia.

The love affair between Milly and Jim grew apace. Days lengthened into weeks. Then suddenly an imposing looking gentleman came upon the scene. Major Bethel of Virginia, in his carriage driven by his coachman, caused a ripple of excitement in the little town.

The Doctor with some others was coming out of the post-office when the conveyance paused.

"Gentlemen, can you direct me to Mr. Bowles who has charge of the jail in this place?"

"Certainly, sir." The Doctor stepped out from the group.

"I am Major Bethel of Virginia." There was dignity without pompousness.

"And I am Dr. Young."

"Happy to know you, sir." The Major leaned out and extended his hand. "I am under obligations to you for information concerning a servant of mine who ran away from my farm in Mississippi some time ago."

"I think your slave will be very glad to return with his master. He seems to have found his liberty a troublesome thing. The truth is he was almost starved when he gave himself up."

"Ah, I am sorry. We've never had a negro to run away from the home place. Will you get in, sir, and allow us to drive you up the hill?"

Dr. Young seated himself beside the traveller. "You'll not be likely to find Jim in jail. He has been having a good deal of freedom. He seemed so determined to stay."

"He likes his quarters, does he?"

"So much we had begun counting on his marrying one of the Bowles negroes."

"Indeed, perhaps we can arrange things satisfactorily."

When the negro came into the Major's presence he seemed overjoyed: "Howdy, Mahsr Major, how you do? Come to take dis runaway nigger home?"

"Are you my negro, Jim? I don't remember your face." The Major looked puzzled.

"Lawdy, Mahster, how you gwine know all the niggers on yo' big plantation? Three hundred left after you sent sebenty five down to yo' Mississippi farm, besdies mor'n two hundred already there, suh."

The Major looked at Mr. Bowles, then at the Doctor. "He's telling the truth about the number of slaves. I don't know all the younger negroes on my home place, but I had no idea a boy could grow up there without my having some faint recollection of his face. See here, Jim, why would you tell me a story? When did you go to Mississippi?"

"Last fall in cotton-pickin' time, Mahster. Miss Ann's husband went along in de carriage, an' Mr. Ben Ellis, he rode horseback, an' dere was two wagins fo' de rations an' de women an' children, suh."

"That's true. And how long were you on the road?"

"Twenty fo' days, suh."

"Right. And can you tell me the kind of house you found on the plantation down there?"

"Big low house, suh. Po'ches all around de front an' one side. A big yahd, Mahster, wid wide walks an' big oak trees, an' roses all abloomin' yit, an' cape jessamines,

an' magnoliums, an' no frost in de mornin'. It sho' was a putty place, suh."

"Then why on earth did you run away from it?"

"Dat lowdown white man what calls hisse'f overseer, he puts us in de treadmill, Mahster."

"Put one of my negroes in the treadmill? The scoundrel!"

"Yas suh. An' I lef' thinkin' maybe I'd keep on to Ohio. But a runaway nigger has a hard time, Marshe Major. He's afraid to move in the daytime an' at night he can tramp, but where's he gwine git anything to eat, suh?"

"Why didn't you go right home to Virginia, Jim?"

"I foun' out my strength warn goin' to last, suh, an' I come here to rest in jail."

"Why did't you tell these gentlemen whose negro you are?"

Jim looked sheepish.

"He didn't want to leave because he was makin' love to Milly," suggested the Doctor.

"You rascal. How old are you?"

"Bout twenty, suh."

"Perhaps Mr. Bowles will sell Milly," suggested the Major.

"My womenfolks wouldn't allow that. My wife thinks as much of Milly as she does me. Suppose you sell Jim to me, if I can afford the price."

"Or to me," said the Doctor.

"Well, gentlemen, I'll have to verify all he says before I think of selling him. It looks as if he is bound to be my property, but I can't swear to him. Get ready, Jim, and go with me. If you are my negro, and if you and Milly don't want to give each other up, we'll arange some way. That's a matter I don't like to interfere with."

* * * *

In less than two weeks the Major sent back a crestfallen darkey. The slaves on the plantation, the over-

seer, and even Mrs. Bethel were positive that this was not the Jim who had left Virginia the fall before and, later, had decamped from the Mississippi farm.

The men who discussed town affairs from the goods boxes decided that Bowles and the Doctor had a right to the negro now. He had been advertised. They had followed his lead and tried to turn him over to a master.

"A good bargain," remarked the Squire, "he's worth a cool twelve hundred of any man's money. Just watch him get around, an' he seems as happy as a lark, ever since the fust few days after he got back. He was sorter down in the mouth then, like he had let a bird go."

It wasn't long till the colored preacher in the community was called on to marry the two young negroes.

The Bowles family had a bride's cake. Milly wore a long veil. The Doctor had given Jim a black silk waistcoat with red spottledots in it. Altogether there was a fine wedding which became the envy of the other negro girls in the town.

Weeks, then months passed. Jim's cheerful industry never failed. He made himself invaluable to Bowles. One of his duties was to wait on the Doctor, attend to his horse and run errands for him. Between the young men grew up that staunch friendship which was not uncommon in the old days. But no amount of love or gratitude for the white man could induce Jim to confess the truth about his real master.

He was always on guard. Sometimes his friend, "young mahster," as the negro called him, would throw in some unexpected remark that might lead to an unguarded admission. But always there was the smile, the quick answer: "I'm jus' Jim, Mahster, Jim Bowles or Jim Young, suh."

A year passed. War clouds had gathered and were about to break. Still the negro's brisk service did not abate. He was happy with his young wife and tiny pickaninny named in honor of the Doctor and familiarly known as "Dock."

Late one October afternoon, two strangers rode up to the Bowles Hotel. The proprietor called Jim, but getting no answer, he turned the horses over to a younger negro. Later, inquiry was made for Jim but he was not to be found. Search was instituted throughout the town, still no Jim.

When the latest report was brought to Mr. Bowles, one of the strangers turned on him in a fury.

"This is a put-up job sir. I was told that you are making use of my slave. If he's not found I'll know the reason why."

The Doctor stepped in front of Mr. Bowles: "I am ready to answer you. Everything necessary has been done to find the negro's master. We will turn him over to you when he is found, but there's something rotten when a good boy like that is forced to run away."

The brutal face looking into his own was purple. The stranger lifted his fist.

The Doctor smiled: "All right, sir."

The man slowly lowered his arm.

"Maybe I'm too hotheaded, but the rascal has given me a heap of trouble. Run away when he wasn't more than twelve years old. His daddy before him did."

During the days that Hall, Jim's real owner, stayed in town, excitement ran riot. The negro, whose true name was not Jim, was nowhere to be found. A light rain had fallen the night of Hall's arrival and washed out the tracks that might have meant something. On the following day parties scattered in various directions. The hills along the Yadkin were searched. Each day found new assistants to scour the woods for miles around, but no trace of the fugitive was found.

"I tell you, boys," the Squire spoke with emphasis, "that nigger's in the Double Creek hills. We've gone over these woods till there's just no chance for him to be hidin' here. Across the Yadkin, it's too open. He's in the Double

Creek woods or else he's lit out for Ohio or some other Free State. An' our best chance will be to hunt 'im in the night when he's out to find potatoes or something else to eat."

* * * *

The search-party had scattered. There were groups of twos and threes about in the thick woods that covered the hills along the creeks.

The Doctor had fallen into a little foot-path that led across the hills. He looked about him as he reached the top of the ridge, and found that he was alone so far as sight or sound could judge.

Just over the ridge was a small cleared space. On this the moonlight fell with unbroken clearness. As he stood there in the shadow of the wood, undecided about his movements, he heard a faint noise. Perhaps the motion of a startled bird, perhaps a squirrel. Agaain the noise. A step it was, light as that of a cat, stealthy as a panther's. Step— — —step— — —step— — —Nearer — —nearer— —Into the moonlight not more than three feet away walked Jim. There was the hunted look in the eye, the gaunt face again. He had been without food these days, the Doctor was sure.

The white man stood motionless. If he reached out he might seize the slave. The negro looked around, then moved forward as if to cross the clearing.

"Jim." The Doctor's voice was hardly more than a whisper.

The slave turned as if to spring into the woods but he was held by a force that could not be repelled.

"Jim."

"Lawd have mercy, Doctor. Let me go. If you knowed that man you'd let me go."

He stood passive in the white man's grip.

"What is it, Jim? What has he done? I know he is a brute."

The slave tore open his shirt and bared his chest to the moonlight.

"You see dat, suh?"

The flesh was pitted and seamed. The skin was drawn and scarred.

"How, Jim?"

"Pinchers, Mahster. Red-hot."

"You swear that? Before God, Jim?"

"Fore God, suh."

"When?"

"Fust time I warn more'n twelve years ol', Mahse Doctor. Heap o' times since. When he git mad— —'bout anything. Kill me.—Do jus' anything with me but don't let that man have me."

"Come here, Jim * * * * Soft * * * There are men in these woods hunting you. Lie down in this clump of bushes. * * * Now * Be perfectly quiet. I'll get them away.—There's a little cabin over on that next ridge. Look it up. Free George used to live in it. There's a stick chimney. You can roast potatoes. I'll bring you something to eat to morrow.

Jim caught him around the knees and broke into sobs: "God bless you, suh. God bless you. I saw 'im 'way off when I was down in the hollow He was against the sky. It was most dark, but I'd know dat man—I run to the house. Milly was in the kitchen. I grabbed up little Dock an' kissed 'im, tol' Milly he'd come for me an' I must be off—God bless you, Mahster, God bless you."

At last the search was given over. Hall went back to the eastern part of North Carolina. Winter came on and Jim was still in hiding. In the spring war broke out. Then back went Jim to Milly and the little pickaninny, familiarly known as "Dock."

The war had ended and peace was established when Jim and his friends again met Major Bethel who had come to R— on business.

"Jim yet, are you sir?" inquired the Major. "Did you know my Jim had come back? He's one of the best tenants on my plantation now."

"Yes, suh. Did he tell you how he come across this yere runaway nigger? an' tol' 'im 'bout yo' fahm an' that trip' an' Miss Ann's husban'? He say you an' his mistis mighty good to him but he'd die befo' he'd stay with that ol' overseer. I rekon he don' min' if I did take his name. It sho has been a lucky name."

LOCALS

Thelma Harrell Annie Long

Well, here we are—at least most of us. Not even the unusually severe weather could keep us from coming back to our dear old Alma Mater. We enjoyed the holidays, which meant seeing only a *part* of the homefolks again; for "John" was not there. A feeling of sadness crept into our hearts as we thought of the ways in which our boys were spending Christmas *here* and *over there.* May they be free when the next Christmas rolls round!

* * * *

Thanks to the powers that be, the terrible ordeal of examination is past, and, we hope, passed.

* * * *

To the new girls who have joined our ranks, we extend a hearty welcome. We are glad to have you with us, and want you to make yourselves at home.

* * * *

Mrs. Cara Siler of Siler City was one of our recent visitors.

* * * *

The old college hill is not soon forgot, for it continually draws the scattered alumnae of G. C. back to their Alma Mater. Among those who have visited their friends lately, are Misses Grace Bowen, Louise Franklin, Hixie White, Lillian Brendall, Mrs. Grover Bedford, and Mrs. J. W. Spruill.

* * * *

We are glad to have Miss Carolyn Stearns, one of our loved music teachers, back in our midst. She spent a very "measly" Christmas at her home in Boston, Mass.

On the evening of December 10, we enjoyed a piano recital which was the first number of our Lyceum course. Mr. Edward Morris, the young pianist, delighted his audience with a splendid program. He made such a favorable impression that he has been engaged for next year.

* * * *

The greatest sensation (examinations excepted), since our return, has been caused by school statistics. Every girl has been looking her prettiest, talking her sweetest, and acting her best, with the hope of gaining some distinction which will set her apart from the "common herd." Too bad this lasts for such a short while, because all will fall back into their usual habits when the last vote is cast.

* * * *

Quite a little excitement was caused on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth when the report was given that the house was on fire. This fire proved to be in the floor of the kitchen, and was soon extinguished by ready firemen. The cook "lowed" he'd been smelling smoke for two or three days. In behalf of public safety, will the next person who smells smoke let it be known?

Y. W. C. A.

Lyda Nichols Carrie Erwin

The girls of Greensboro College for Women are very grateful to Mrs. Siler, our dean, who so kindly dedicated the beautiful "Hymn of Youth" to her girls.

A HYMN OF YOUTH

Our youth to Thee we bring,
O gracious Savior, King;
  Guide thou our feet.
Then all the coming years
Shall know no dismal fears;
And though it bring its tears,
Life will be sweet.

Our minds to Thee we bring,
O glorious Christ our King;
  Help us to learn
The truth that makes men free,
The truth that leads to Thee,
The truth that is to be
For which men yearn.

Our hearts to Thee we bring,
O loving Jesus, King,
  To crown Thee there.
Beside thy blood-stained cross
Life's pleasures turn to dross;
We, too, would know the loss
That Love must share.

Our wills to Thee we bring,
O mighty Christ, our King,
To make them Thine.
We dare not chose our way,
Lest we should miss the day,—
O hear each as we pray
"Thy will be mine!"

—Emily Allen Siler

Sunday night, November 18, a very impressive service was led by Miss Kennedy, Secretary of the elementary department of the Sunday school. Misses McMichael and Harrell and Mr. Bates very beautifully sang "Out of the Woods my Master Came."

The Sunday evening Vesper service November 25 was led by Miss Carrie Erwin. At this service, Attorney T. C. Hoyle gave us a splendid talk on "World-Wide Missions."

Miss Fuess, a deaconess of our church who was visiting the college December 2, led our service. Her subject was "Finding Your Place." She brought the girls a loving message of service. Although this was her first visit to our college, Miss Fuess, who has a most charming personality, won the affections of all the girls.

Sunday, December 9, 1917, the service was led by Miss Carrie Harris. Mrs. Siler read a Christmas story, one of deep thought. At the close of the service she asked for personal experiences from the girls. This was one of the most impressive services of the year.

Our Christmas service was held December 16. The chapel was appropriately decorated for the occasion. The programme was as follows:

CHRISTMAS SERVICE. Y. W. C. A.

December 16, 1917.

Processional Hymn: "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."
Bringing of Gifts.

Reading: The Magnificat. Nellie Muse.

Hymn: "While Shepherds Watch their Flocks."

The Story of the King as told by Matthew: Part I. Annie Long.

Duet: "Silent Night! Holy Night!" by Charlotte McMichael and Mary Louise Harrell.

Hymn: "It Came upon the Midnight Clear."

The story of the King: Part II. Elizabeth Derickson.

Solo: "O Little Town of Bethelehem." Maurine Brittain.

The Story of the King: Part III. Elizabeth Merritt.

Hymn: "There's a Song in the Air." Choir and Echo Choir.

The Story of the King: Part IV. Lucile Todd.

Hymn: "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning."

Solo: "Slumber, Lord Jesus." Miss Chasten.

Reading: "The Little Christ." Mrs. Siler.

Prayer: Mr. Curtis.

Hymn: "Joy to the World."

Lighting candles on tree.

Christmas Benediction.

Mrs. S. L. Alderman and Miss Hennerly spoke in our meeting January 27, 1918. They brought before us the plan of the "Patriotic League." The girls were unanimously in favor of organizing such a league in the college.

The Thursday evening services during this quarter have been led by Misses Pegram, Stearns, Erwin, Hubbard, Fuess and Howie.

Thursday evening, December 6, 1917, was in the form of a business meeting. Reports from the different committees were read and the "budget" was discussed. The Y. W. C. A. is becoming more wide awake. Everybody get busy! There is something that each one can do!

EXCHANGE

Mary Exum Snow Elizabeth Merritt

We read the January number of The Wake Forest Student with great interest. The short story, "The Nom de Plume" is especially good. The college vernacular makes it extremely interesting and the predicament of "Shorty" arouses the keenest sympathies of all would-be literary artists.

The other short story, "Sand and Sea" is well written, but it has little plot and the reader anticipates the climax.

The poem, "The Young Soldier," is up to the minute in patriotism, and its perusal gives the feminine heart a delightful thrill.

We find the "Aurora" for December-January an exceptionally good magazine. The essay "The Influence of Nietsche on German Thought" is well written, and is on a subject of universal interest. Among the stories, all of which are decidedly above the average found in college publications, we consider "Brown Silk Stockings" unusually good. Phoebe is such a human little mountain missionary, and her trials make a very appealing little story. The sketch department is bright and entertaining, and the verse is the concluding touch to a well-balanced and interesting magazine.

In looking over the October number of the "Focus," the Virginia State Normal Magazine, we recognize an old friend—"There's Many a Slip." We are glad that the Virginians appreciate the literary value of the theme of our former Sophomore.

We wish to acknowledge also, The Concept, The Tattler, The State Normal Magazine, The Chathamite, University of North Carolina Magazine, The Radiant, The Sage, The Wesleyan, The Princess, The Isaqueena, The Acron, The Shamohin High School Review, and Louisburg Echoes.

"JEST" FOR FUN

Madge Sills Sarah Cole

EVOLUTION OF BIOGRAPHY

(as defined by '21)

Biography is the history of books.
Biography is a "pamphlet."
Biography is a list of books on a certain subject.
Biography is the science that treats of the history and life of man.

Prof. N: Miss ——— what animal is satisfied with the least amount of nourishment.
M. M.: The moth—it eats nothing but holes.

Wanted: To know how the Belgians can eat stamps.—B. N.

Fresh: Oh! Miss ——— I'm so anxious to hear your recital.
Miss ———: I hope you'll come.
Fresh: Oh! yes, I wouldn't miss it for anything. I've been sleeping for a week so I could stay awake.

FACTS AS LARNT AT G. C.

Homer was an English poet and wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
Plato was the God of Music.
Thackeray wrote "The Breakfast Table" and "Hiawatha."
Plato wrote about the negro question.
Babylonians were lead in Captivity by the Romans.
A bull is a book kept about land dispensation.

Prof. B: (to member of sight singing class) How do you sing, "Close to Thee?"

D. McK: I can't sing it, but I can show you.

Miss W: Why did McCaulay not speak of Ben Johnson's mother?

Prep: Because she died before he was born.

The Latin Prep. Class was discussing the longitude and latitude of the Helvetian territory.

First Prep: Did they have latitude and longitude in Caesar's time?

Second Prep: Oh yes they had that when Columbus discovered America.

A letter proposed by a member of the faculty to explain the reports upon mid-exams:

Dear Father:—When you get my card
You'll realize that I've studied hard.
At last I think that I can state
That I have learned to concentrate.
Now A means Awful:—arn't you glad
That not a single A I've had.
And B means Bad; I hope you see
That no such shame has come to me.
C is Careless, I will admit
I'm proud no C appeared on it.
But D— Delightful! Isn't it fine
That all those splendid D's are mine!
And E means Excellent. If you knew
How hard those came, I'm sure that you
Would send a check, and that's the truth.
Adoringly, your daughter,
Ruth.

COLLEGE FRUIT

Faculty	Lemons
Freshmen	Green Gages
Sophomores	Peaches
Juniors	Cherries (Cheerys)
Seniors	Prunes

E. B.: How was Bible Examination?

L. H.: Awful! why she asked us about two men I've never heard of.

E. B.: Which ones?

L. H.: Sodom and Gomorah.

Fresh. (rising from unusually lengthy prayers): "I be doggone, if these old examinations arn't enough to make anybody cuss."

Old Girl: "Get your fare ready because this is a pay-as-you-enter car."

M. W.: "It's not either, it's a Pomona car."

ATHLETICS

Maurine Brittain Ernestine Lambeth

Athletics for the past month have been of an unusual nature. Owing to the unprecedented frigidity of the weather we have temporarily abandoned our regular drills in the gymnasium, and tennis and basket-ball are impossibilities. But it takes something more than zero weather to dampen the athletic ardor. In fact such weather has only heightened the enjoyment of sports, both indoors and out of doors. From early morning till bedtime we "go to it." First, we awaken to the reveille of a bursting waterpipe; then we skid merrily across the frozen walks to breakfast. At 8:15 we rush back and concentrate all our physical powers upon the task of keeping the furniture from floating out of our rooms and down the halls. All who are lucky enough to have no classes or exams have a glorious time coasting down the campus hill with the high school boys, and with utter disregard for the stern disapproval of the Faculty and Student Council. At night, we exert the remnant of our energies in Marathon races up and down the halls, just to keep body and soul from eternal "freezation." As a whole athletic activities are quite unique and are fully enjoyed by the entire student body.

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Wise buying in general is difficult. Wise Jewelry buying is particularly so. Know the store and you will know the jewelry it handles. Jewelry buying is largely a matter of confidence. The future of this store depends on the confidence that we can inspire. We are confidence builders. We want your confidence and if we ever betray it, tell us about it. If we ever deceive, we are ready to make friends.

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"On the Square" You will find

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Where every customer gets what she wants. They carry the best assortment of Toilet Articles in the city

AND THEIR FOUNTAIN DRINKS and ICE CREAM CANNOT BE SURPASSFD

Vol. 28 No. 2

The COLLEGE MESSAGE

ALUMNAE NUMBER

Greensboro, N. C.
December
1919

NCC
NcU

Those slender footed daintily shod feet that you see in college and on the streets of Greensboro are wearing

Dobson-Sills'

footwear. No other kind so pleases those Daughters of Cinderella.

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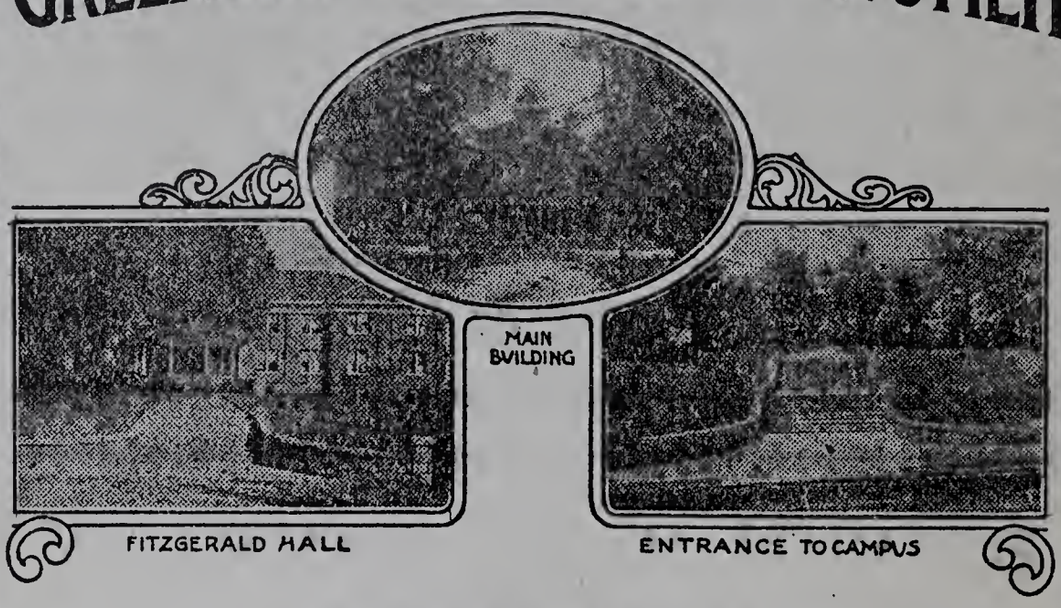
GREENSBORO COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



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Chartered 1838. Confers the degree of A. B. in the literary department and B. M. in the music department.

In addition to our regular classical course and preparatory department open to students having completed the eighth grade, special attention is called to the departments of Home Economics, Expression, Business, Art, Education, Sunday School Teacher Training, Piano, Pedagogy, and to our complete School of music which has steadily grown into one of the highest excellence in our country.

Spring term opens January 15, 1919.

For further information apply

Rev. S. B. TURRENTINE, President,
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FOREWORD

The aim of "the Staff" in making this number of the Message an Alumnae number of the Classes of 1917, 18, 19, is to give the readers an insight into the work of those who have gone out from our College Home, and to show the influence that Greensboro College has had upon them.

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THE COLLEGE MESSAGE

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PUBLISHED SIX TIMES A YEAR BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF GREENSBORO COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

Subscription, $1.00 *per Year* *Single Copies* 25 *Cents*

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

The Message will be published in November and December, February, March, April, and May. All material must be handed in by the first of the month prior to publication.

Advertising rates made known on application. All advertisements are due after first insertion. HAZEL CARLYLE.

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Kate Warlick
Carrie McNeely } ..... *Humor Editors*

THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

Letha Brock, '17.

Thou who watched by night o'er fair Judea's plain
  Didst flee in fear toward Egypt's burning sand
To save from murderous hand the babe that once had lain
  In Bethlehem's manger in thy Holy Land;
How pure and sweet thy trust; how high its reach
  That God could stoop to give through thee His Son
To earth's lost race and through that Son to teach
  Love's sacrifice to right what sin has done.
How sharp the sword that pierced thy heart when death
  Did take Him far beyond thy mortal ken.
Knowest thou not that in one cannon's breath
  A thousand sons are slain through sin of men?
O, Mary, what dost thou know of sacrifice?
  Earth's motherhood sits under leaden skies.

ROLL CALL OF '17

Marguerite Tuthill and Letha Brock '17

On the glorious day in June 1917, when our Class of twenty one girls, full of hope and joy of living, left this dear old college home, little did we dream what would come to us in three years. In the loss of one our number, who gave her life in helping others, we have been drawn closer together. Louise Franklin in her death has given us the true meaning of service—she has lifted our ideals to a higher plane—she has enobled our thoughts and enriched our lives.

We find in some cases that there is a great difference in what we were to be and what we are.

Temperance Aycock, of Pantego, N. C., still believes that to be in love is a blissful state, and still wonders how women can be such ardent suffragists when there are such wonderful men in the world.

Ruth Barden Pippin, formerly of Goldsboro, N. C., who used to be so fond of mathmetics has given up the idea of teaching this subject to begin the profession of home-making in Fremont, N. C.

Sarah Lee Brock and Letha Brock, of Richlands, N. C., are still preparing to be "The World's Famous Toe Dancers"—although they have deriated somewhat from the path.

Gaynelle Calloway, of Mt. Airy, N. C., instead of thrilling vast audiences with her power of song has decided to teach the youth of the land.

Myrtle Bruton Fitzgerald, formerly of Biscoe, N. C., who was destined to loose her power of reasoning because of too eager aspirations of musical fame has taken unto herself a partner so that she may not forget the rules of harmony.

Sallie Ruth Chappell, of Edenton, N. C., has given up the idea of being Miss Calloways accompanist for the more deligtful role of a Prima Donna. All Edenton is continually thrill ed by her melodious voice.

Lillian Cozart, of Stem, N. C., has found that "The Educa-

tional World'' is entirely too slow for her and she finds in ''The Business World'' a greater opportunity for observing punctuality.

Frances Farrell, of Leaksville, N. C., has been drawn aside from her life calling—''Editor of the Daily News''—to help Uncle Sam in adjusting the affairs of the nation—believing in doing so she will be a world benefactress

Ila Harrell, of Gates, N. C., has forsaken the hope of being a stump speaker, and desires to devote her time exclusively to the problems of the Methodist Parsonage.

Eleanor Horton, of Wadesboro, N. C., ardently believing that teaching expression would be too confining, has taken up banking. Much to her surprise she finds that holdidays are not so abundant as she had hoped for.

Ellen Jones, of Hillsboro, N. C., has abandoned her calling of selling hair dyes to take up the more lucrative profession of teaching.

Edelweiss King, of Willmington, N C has defied fate in that she prefers to train minds with reasoning rather than without.

Grace Osborne, of Durham, N. C., is now planning to carry out that long cherished hope of hers—after the ceremony she will reside in Durham as prophesied.

Rena Perry, of Duke, N. C., formerly known as ''policeman'' is exercising that authority most vigorously in behalf of her pupils and fellow teachers.

Bessie Pulliam, of Alton, Va., who was foretold to be the artist of the class has given up the idea of using the brush preferring rather to paint word pictures.

Mignon Smith is carrying out her dearest wish of being a model, but in quiet ways, and is now devoting her time and wit in entertaining soldiers.

Eastport, N. Y. is a thing of the past. Marguerite Tuthill's guiding star of destiny at present is standing still over G. C. W. Fate has decreed that this is one of the stationary stars thus proving that she shall be one of the ''Land Marks''.

Grace Wallace Taylor, of Morehead City, N. C., has long since abandoned the idea of being a missionary in India and prefers to devote her time exclusively to Morehead City and its inmates. Her domestic tastes have led her into the home field.

We Tsung Zung, of Soo Chow, China, after remaining at Smith College two years has returned to her native country to help promote the idea of higher education in China.

CLASS SONG OF 1917.

The Daisy.

Wide o'er the meadows
Grows our flower with heart of gold;
Snow white its petals
That to each day unfold.

CHORUS.

Daisy, loved daisy,
Everywhere is known thy face;
Daisy, dear daisy,
Lowly in thy grace.

"Day's eye" thou art in truth,
Seeking beauty everywhere;
Poets have sung thee
More than blossoms rare.

Loved thou shalt be ever,
Bringing dreams of years gone by;
Friendships sweet and tender
Daisy chains will tie.

THE GIFT.

Frances Farrell, '17.

Christmas Eve—and tomorrow would be Christmas. But such a Christmas! The glad time of the year with all the gladness gone, and most of all it would be necessary to assume conventional cheer of the season when all the joyousness was gone and the very desire to recall it almost benumbed. Jane Roland Ashmore resolutely set her mouth in a harsh straight line and listlessly continued to address the gaily decorated packages of all shapes and sizes, which were piled on and around the table near her. This was for Aunt Jane, whose name she bore. Would Aunt Jane be pleased—was the gift proper? Did it measure up to Aunt Jane's standards of "prunes and prisms?" And here was Mrs. Ridgeman's present. Had she collected the right thing? What if Mrs. Ridgeman were to send her a more handsome gift? Moralizations on the follies of the world in general with particular reference to those of Christmas time filled her mind. Why wasn't she happy? She had chosen as every one chooses, that which had looked best to her. The trouble was that the flesh-pots sometimes scald the hand that reaches too deeply into them. Not that Jane wished for Dick again—oh, no, that was all settled with her long ago. The New Year would bring the divorce on grounds of non-support, and he would be forever out of her mind. But would he? Could any one of the gay, flippant, cynical, fashionable men of her set ever make her forget? Nonsense! Of course they could—all of them. Just because they were not like a certain Richard Ashmore was no reason they were not men. He was not the only creature who possessed the virtues peculiar to male-kind, even if he had once seemed to. Three years can do much to change a College Senior's view point.

But she was to be allowed the doubtful pleasure of her own assurances. The footman appeared at the door with the

morning's offering of parcels, letters and invitations.

"You may place them there, James," she said wearily. "But wait, I will take the letters."

She glanced at the postmarks and mentally catalogued every one except "Havana, Cuba." What did it mean? Surely she knew no one there. Yet the handwriting was strangely familiar, and the letter was bulky. Quickly she picked up a little paper knife, and with no care for its delicately carved handle, ripped the envelope.

"Dearest Jane"—and the last sheet was signed "with love, as of old, Clara." Surely she remembered her old friend and classmate, although she had not heard from her since the first summer after graduation. The letter told of all the events in Clara's life since she had last written in a hurried sort of a way. It told how she had carried out her intention of studying for the foreign field, but how "Joe" had spoiled all her plans. In fact, the whole letter seemed to be Joe, Joe—how happy they were together, how hard the fight had been, how glowing was the horizon of the future. and "Little Joe"—what a remarkable baby he was! Yes, no doubt, but—

"I am sending this to your old home," the writer continued, "because you and Dick are livnig there now. To think I haven't heard from you since the first month after your wedding! Will you ever forget the old days in College when we used to walk together under the big oak trees that guarded the campus and discuss 'Joe and Dick'? We talked of many things from many different angles, but somehow we would always end with 'Joe and Dick'. You remember how brave Dick thought you were that you were willing to give up your luxurious home and surroundings to which you had been accustomed for him—and how he said it was a true test of your love, that it might be years before he could give you the things which you had always considered necessities, and he would not hear of you living on your own income. No, he was young, proud, ambitious, and he loved you. No one else had the right to give you. Remember how you glorified in his

love although your mother wanted you to marry that "Monocle Clothes hanger" Otto von Strudwick, or some one else of his type?

"We used to sit in your room in the twilight before time for the supper gong and talk of how happy we would be, but we never knew, we could never know until now. Of course, it has been hard. You need not tell me it has been harder for you than for me, because I had never known the life you were accustomed to, but it has been so sweet. It is wonderful to fight hard all day if there is someone fighting by your side, and if there is a bright light waiting from a hearth-stone of a home that belongs to you and the someone who was by your side in the heat of the conflict.

"You probably wonder why I have spent all this time over the memories which are as real to you as to me. I don't know myself. Three years ago we were packing to go home for the holidays. I was to visit you in Boston, because home was too far away, and the money was too scarce for me to go there. We made some kind of foolish promise to write to each other every year at this time. I had forgotten it, as you doubtless have, until today when I happened to run across an old diary which had the promises written out, and some unseen power seemed to force me to leave everything and write you. Tell me sometimes of yourself and Dick."

The letter dropped to the floor. Jane had risen and nervously walked around the room while finishing the reading of it. What could Clara mean, why had she opened the floodgates of old memories? Had she, soon to be once again Miss Jane Roland, had she not learned the lesson? For nearly a whole year she had been perfectly happy with Dick. She and Dick together—and they were happy. But she was not used to the life. The people in the little town which Dick had chosen near some valuable mines as a suitable place for a young civil engineer to begin his life work, were not her kind. She had tried hard not to feel as she did, but their lack of culture grated on her. She missed the luxuries, the amusements,

the friends she had always known. Dick had his work, but she had nothing except to think and to wait—two very good things for a certain time, but two very disagreeable things after that period. Then the letters from her mother who had at first opposed her marriage, and later had done all in her power to bring her back home. She thought of all ill tempers and the little quarrels she tried to raise, of how patient Dick had always been, and how sad he looked when he thought he was unobserved. Then came the visit home, and since then she had disregarded his letter. She had grown cold and now she would soon forget him altogether.

But no, a new light dawned in her face, and Jane saw the selfishness of her nature, the cowardice, the distorted views, and above it all she saw the love that Dick had for her—the love that she knew was waiting, just because he was Dick. And she wanted his love as she never wanted riches or flesh-pots in all her life. She would leave the glitter, glare and falsity of a sham life and go back to atone.

"Are there any more Christmas presents to be addressed?" she asked herself. "Yes, Dick's." She picked up a telegraph blank and wrote:

"Tonight I am coming back to my little gray home—and you!"

"Jane."

It's what you give, not what you get,
You can't give much, perhaps, but yet
Smiles: give them and don't fret
'Bout Merry Christmas.

—Selected.

CLASS OF '18 ROLL CALL.

Jessie Reeves, '18.

Since the spring of 1918 when we, the class of '18, left our college home, vast realms of work have been opened to us; and by the following class-roll of '18 you can see into what realm each one of us has entered:

Reube Alley—Although still living on "the college hill", and using her influence for the betterment of athletics there, Reube is Technician for the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Maurine Brittain—Making good use of both her A. B. and B. M. degrees by teaching voice and grade work at Parkton, North Carolina.

Kathleen Conroy—Teaching somewhere in Alabama.

Myrtle Caveness—Myrtle is also teaching, but we have not been able to find out where she is teaching.

Thelma Dixon—Better known as "Y. W." because of her active work in the Y. W. C. A. in Greensboro College for Women, is now teaching at LaGrange, North Carolina, and is perhaps imparting to her children not only her knowledge of books but of Y. W. C. A. work as well.

Elizabeth Derickson—Elizabeth has dipped into the future a little deeper than her other classmates. She is now Mrs. R. J. Spearman, of Lynchburg, Va.

Minnie Garrett—Teaching Domestic Science in Rockingham, N. C.

Thelma Harrell—How we envy her, because she is still living within the college walls of her dear Alma Mater, no longer as a student, but as the accompanist of Mr. Benj. S. Bates, voice teacher.

Claire Harris—Teaching in the High School in Norwood, N. C.

Catherine Hubbard—Although Catherine is taking a

"breathing spell" this year, by staying at home, she has not forgotten her power as a poetess.

Annie Long—Annie has followed in the footsteps of her classmate, Elizabeth Derickson, for she is now Mrs. Ramsey Buchannan.

Elizabeth Merritt—Elizabeth, too, is staying at home this year, but this does not mean that she is idle, for by staying at home, she is learning a lesson in Home Economics.

Mattie Register—Teaching grade work in Greensboro, N. C.

Sadye Trollinger—Sadye, after one year's training at Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, Md., is now teaching music in the High School in Cary, North Carolina.

Marguerite Wilson—Teaching at her home in Woodville, North Carolina.

Jessie Reeves—Teaching school in Morven, North Carolina.

The inner half of every cloud
  Is bright and shining.
I theefore turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
  To show the lining.

—Selected.

CLASS SONG OF '18.

Words by Ruben Alley. Music by Thelma Harrell

Class of nineteen eighteen—eighteen strong we stand;
Looking to the future, marching hand in hand.
As the days are passing, we will strive to give,
The spirit of our motto "While we're living—live".

Within thine ivy colored walls
G. C. whom we love,
Within thy memory crowded halls
Our ideals soar above
And thruout all eternity
G. C. We'll turn to thee
And thru all the days may we
Ever give praise of thee,
O, dear eighteen!

Loyalty to college, loyalty to land,
Faithfulness to duty for all this we stand.
To our Alma Mater—we will strive to be
Truest of thy daughters that have gone from thee.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Jessie Reeves, '18.

Doris was nervous—terribly nervous; she was almost at the breaking point, and had a train been departing from the big terminal which could have carried her back to the tiny village among the New England hills whence she had come, she would have in all probability boarded it. But she knew there was none until evening. Long before that James would be here! As this thought flashed again across the mind of the timid-looking woman at the grand central station, the hot color mounted to her face, which had but now been pale from fatigue and excitement.

Directly on leaving the train, on which she had been traveling since early morning, she had found her way to the stall where cut flowers were on sale. Here she purchased a single white rose. She pinned it on the front of her pretty new traveling suit, then passed through the big general waiting room and entered that reserved for women. Here she was to remain during the time which must elapse—two hours, nearly—before the arrival of the train from Chicago, bearing the man who was that day to become her husband, the man whom she had never even seen—James Phillips.

Doris settled back to waiting, and was beginning to think over what she had done—nothing less than to deliberately break up her little home, bid farewell to the friends and neighbors of a life time, and journey to this big strange city to wed a man whom she would not recognize any more than he would recognize her, if they stood face to face.

As she sat back in the busy room she turned back in thought to the beginning of her strange adventure into the unknown. She thought of the time, five years ago, when to her little home town had come the news of a disaster, with its subsequent details of suffering and want among its survivors.

In Doris' village the Young Woman's Christian Association

had decided to collect donations and send off a box at once. Doris' chief contribution was a suit of clothing which had been the "Sunday suit" of her father, the Rev. Frank Stroud, now deceased these many years. Before packing the suit, Doris, yielding to a sudden impulse, had hastily written a little note addressed "To the receiver of this suit." The words were right from her heart. "It may comfort you," she wrote, "to know that there's a woman somewhere who wishes you well and will pray our dear Lord to prepare and care for you at this time and in the future." Then she had put her initials, D. S., at the bottom, and tucked the note into the breast pocket of the coat.

It was a memorable day two years after this incident, that the monotony of Doris Stroud's daily life was broken by the receipt of a thick letter addressed in a masculine hand and postmarked from a town in Colorado. It stated in a manly way that the writer, James Phillips, had been among those who met misfortune and loss at the time of the great catastrophe which had overwhelmed so many. He had escaped with but a slight injury. Financially, he was completely wrecked! He told of receiving the suit and a pair of shoes, both of which were a "mighty close fit", and of his finding Doris' note. "Somehow," he wrote, "that went right to the spot. I had needed the clothes pretty badly, but, God knows, God knows, I needed encouragement more than anything else. And what you wrote seemed just like a friend speaking to me." He went on to explain that, very likely unknown to her, he had found wedged down in the waistband pocket of the trousers, a little slip of paper containing some notes. On the reverse side of the paper was the name of "Rev. Frank Stroud, Foxhall, Vermont."

This slip Phillip had kept, with the hope that sometime it might enable him to communicate with the writer of the comforting words. At last he had written to the postmaster at Foxhall inquiring if there was a Miss or Mrs. D. Stroud living in the village. In reply had come the information that

Miss Doris Stroud was the only one of that name in Foxhall. Feeling that she would pardon the liberty he had taken in addressing her, would she accept his heartfelt thanks for them? If he, the undersigned, could render her any service he would feel honored.

At the end he very diffidently hinted that Miss Stroud might possibly feel inclined to write him sometime in the future, and if so, it would afford him much pleasure to receive any word from her.

As may be imagined, this epistle created a great deal of excitement in the quiet, uneventful routine of Doris' life. It was after much anxious thought that Doris at length yielded and wrote a short but kindly note to Phillips, which she had posted at a town some five miles distant.

Thus was begun a corresponednce which had brought to the lonely young man at least a curious amount of happiness. As the time passed there arose between them a very real sense of friendship, which continued until well within the third year of this strange situation.

Then, into the usually bright letters of James Phillips there crept a subtle note of restlessness with the outdoor life he was leading.

This letter acted as an awakener to Doris. She came to a sudden realization of the loneliness of her own life at present, and so it happened that her next letter to James was written in a strain of sadness.

Then came the news, conveyed in a hurried message from Phillips, of the death of his friend and partner. After this a break occurred in his letters which covered some three months. During this time Doris had time to realize what the letters of this man meant to her.

There came James' letter. As soon as she had opened it Doris knew that a new element had been brought in. It stated that the writer had been ill, but was now well again, and that he had been working day and night to get his affairs in shape.

He found it would be necessary to make a flying trip to Chicago the following month.

"It has been my thought for sometime now," the letter read, "that I would shortly be able to manage things out here so that I could come east. I want to meet face to face the woman whom I have grown to regard more dearly than anything in life. Can you believe that, Doris? It is true. Now I find I must put off this plan indefinitely. Doris, do you, I wonder, care just a little for me? Would you be willing to come to me as my wife? It sounds absurd, I know, but surely we've grown to know something about each other. They say marriage is a gamble, anyhow. Shall we two chance it? Will you risk giving yourself to me just on my word that I will never fail you? I'm not a young man, dear. I'm forty, and I've lived a hard life—that is, what's called a man's life—but I'd know how to treat a good woman like you. I need you so! Will you come?

Would she dare to go? Would she dare to leave the safety of these hills, the companionship of her childhood friends? The thought of these things and of placing her confidence and faith in this stranger filled her with dismay. But after brooding over it she decided she would go. So she sold her home and most of her possessions, spent one excited day madly shopping in Boston, and finally she actually found herself in New York awaiting the arrival of her prospective bridegroom, whom she had never seen.

Phillips, journeying from Chicago to claim his bride, had planned every detail of their meeting, even to a white rose which was to be worn by each as a means of identification.

Doris felt cold and sick from sheer nervousness. Do what she would her fears were getting the best of her. Suppose he should not come? or suppose he should be disappointed in her! She felt she would be sure to know it and die of mortification. Or suppose he were not—not—oh, what had she done?

Absorbed in her own thoughts, she had lost track of time.

Now her eyes fell on the face of the clock opposite, and she realized that it was past time for Phillips' train to arrive. Placing her things upon the seat, Doris went over and, standing just within the doorway, looked out into the big waiting room.

Almost directly her eyes fell upon a man advancing toward her through the throng. In the lapel of his coat there was pinned a white rose. Doris, thinking it was James looking for her, ran up and placed her hand on his arm. The man looked down into her face with a somewhat puzzled and amused expression and said, "You must be mistaken in me, for I am sure I never saw you before."

Doris' face was a picture of confusion as she replied, "Aren't you James Phillips?"

Before he had time to answer, another man, wearing a white rose, who was watching the scene with a quizzical expression, seemed to understand the whole situation when the name of James Phillips was called, for he advanced and said, "Doris, I am afraid you are mistaken in that man; this is James Phillips."

Doris turned and saw a man just in the prime of life—big and broad, and handsome—who was returning her gaze with a kindly pair of blue eyes. Without saying more, she took James' arm and walked away, leaving the strange man in a confused state of mind.

James stooped so that his face was on a level with her own, his eyes gazing tenderly into hers, while his lips murmured the words, "Doris, little woman! Dear little woman!"

Then he straightened himself and signalled for a porter.

"Gather up those things and get me a carriage", he ordered. Turning to Doris, he said, "Don't be afraid, dear. There is nothing to worry about now."

Doris drew a long breath of relief. It seemed to her as if it was the first time since she promised to become James Phillips' wife.

"We are going to a little church where a clergyman is wait-

ing to marry us. Then we start for home tonight; home, dear —your home and mine—and if you are not happy it will be a sorry thing for your husband, James Phillips."

UP-LOOKING.

Catherine Hubbard '18

Yet after all there are the stars
You didn't think of them.
The wonder of it is
That after all you can look up
And they are where they were
  The wonder of it is
That they still shine just as clear for you.
If you had spent a thought upon it you would have said
What if they still are there for me,
  What are the stars?
You found the answer
When you chanced to break
Up from the trampled bit of earth
Your heart,
And there they were
The calm, calm eyes
Of some far visioned friend
Seeing the whole of what
Seemed all today
Saying: I've looked in eyes
Darker by far than yours,
And they have brightened
Looking into mine.
So, after all, there are the stars.

THE BUBBLE.

Catherine Hubbard '19

I saw a bubble floating
And as I looked at first
Its colors were all green and gold
And rose and dazzling blue—
Then life seemed good.
And dreams were more than dreaming
But as it drifted like a circling sphere
Somehow it changed.
And as I saw it in the changing
The heart of everything seemed dead
With death that never would be life.
All sombre purple, blue and red
These blotting out its brightness—
And then I think it broke—
I dared not look.

Oh, may a shaft at random sent
Finds the mark the archer little meant!
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

—Selected.

A PHILOSOPHICAL TREATMENT OF THE MEANING OF THE PLAY "OTHELLO"

R. G. A. '18

The play "Othello" contains many lessons which are applicable to life or only appeal to the intellect. The play is founded upon staunch philosophies, but they are of many different sorts; some of character and others of the future life. Thomas Rymer even went so far as to present the meaning of "Othello" in an almost humorous way.

He wrote:

"First, this may be a caution to all maidens of quality, how, without their parents consent, they run away with blackamoors. Secondly, this may be a warning to all good wives, that they look well to their linen. Thirdly, this may be a lesson to husbands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical."

This quotation brings out a few meanings of the play which are hardly philosophical. At least, as one writer said that the philosophy of a thing was a "thotful consideration" of it, and it hardly took deep thot or careful consideration to bring out these points.

As fate plays such an important part in most of Shakespeare's tragedies, let us first see what it meant to the play "Othello." It was certainly directed against Othello and Desdemona, while had Iago himself been guiding the golden thread it could not have played into his hands more perfectly. The slightest mischance would have betrayed Iago's plots. Had Othello chanced to meet Cassio and question him, if Cassio had not come up when Othello was in a trance, if the handkerchief had been discovered upon Iago's person before he carried it to Cassio's home, and Desdamona possessed intellect enough to require proof of Othello, or any such small things, Iago's well laid plans would have been exposed, and he would have been at the mercy of those he sought to wrong.

But from all that, we conclude that it is as true for Othello as Hamlet that "There is a divinity that shapes our ends-rough hew them as we will." And in the end good will triumph against any odds. Here it seems that with Desdamona's death all good dies, but no sooner is the deed committed than the workings of nemesis are evidenced and in little time the diabolical scheme of Iago, the innocence of Desdemona, and the hasty, rash actions of Othello are laid bare. So the play teaches in spite of such educated, complete wickedness as Iago possessed and the favorable conditions under which it thrived, that right and justice will prevail in the end.

But each person had just punishment meted to him—even Desedemona. She deceived her father, married against his wishes, and a man whom it was against all laws of nature and civilization for her to love. Not only did she wrong her father and her husband, but also her lover Roderigo—and we are told that "the wages of sin is death."

Othello was wrong in believeing too readily what was told him, in too little attention to a possible motive in Iago's tale-bearing. His credulity and lack of logical thinking, and ungovernable passion leads to his ruin. Snider sums it up in this way:

"Man cannot escape his own deed; hence Othello is the author of his own fate, since by his guilt he has called up the avenger who will destroy him and his family."

Then we have Iago. Punishment comes to him, punishment well deserved, but it fails. Iago's character is so complex and contradictory that rules applicable to others are too simple for him. Iago's courage, dexterity, insight, self control, and his intellect are the qualities of the perfect man; but his egotism and lack of human feelings make him instead, the perfect devil. His sins are as much greater than Othello's as his nature is superior. Othello is a negro, typical of night and Iago typifies evil—it is as Victor Hugo said: "Othello is night—Iago is evil. Night is but the night of the world while evil is the night of the soul."

But can we think that because Iago was so far above his tortures that their punishment could not touch him, that he passed his whole miserable diabolical career absolutely unpnished? Such a thought is out of keeping with man-made laws of justice and how much more with God's laws! So we are bordering on the step from this world to the next. If Iago was neither physically nor mentally punished for his sins on earth, must we not believe that there is a punishment hereafter? Such a character as Iago presents to the logical "comfirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." After considering his superiority in mind and conceit—no further proof is required to believe that sometime, somewhere, his punishment will be meted by One to whom he cannot feel equal or superior.

So we conclude that Desdemona and Othello received their punishment here, as did Emilia and Roderigo, while Cassio received his reward. But Iago with one exception accomplished what he worked for and brought upon himself future punishment—for it is as Goethe said:

"Never yet was the voice of conscience silenced without retribution."

CLASS OF '19 ROLL CALL

Mary Exum Snow '19

Father Time has made rapid strides and wrought many changes since June, 1919. It seems aeons and aeons ago since the Last Roll Call of the Class of '19 on that memorable Senior Class Day. On that day we stood in solemn array, striving to uphold the dignity and honor of our newly-acquired caps and gowns. Now send forth the call once more, and let us see how the Class of '19 is striving not only to uphold G. C.'s high ideals but to instill them in the youthful hearts and minds of Today's children.

Miss Agnes Chasten: First and foremost of all; we are so glad to know that she is in her old place waiting to give of a cherry welcome when we visit our Alma Mater.

David Nicholson, Jr: The little moscot of the Class of '19 continues to scatter sunshine all along College Place.

Esther Aycock: Teaching English and Mathematics in Belmont High School, and in all probability giving private lessons in "sass."

Gaynelle Barnes: Teaching at Lumber Bridge, not far from her home; she seems to be enjoying life there.

Ruth Bell: Teaching a "Huckleberry Finn" set of boys in her home town, Belhaven—boys who probably take advantage of Ruth's inclination to sleep while holding study periods.

Maurine Brittain: Our musical Kewpie is endeavoring to impart her knowledge of trills and melodies to five voice studens at Parkton—to say nothing of her grammar school class of thirty-eight children.

Lucy Brothers: Teaching a little bit of everything to the children near her home (about six miles from La Grange). We hope she is preparing them for useful citizenship as active Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. workers.

Edna Caviness: Rumor has it that Edna is teaching in

Asheboro—but she must be trying to keep it a secret; we have been unable to secure details.

Flossie Denny: Teaching the fourth grade of Pomona Grammar School. How we envy Flossie living, as it were, in the very shadow of our Alma Mater!

Carrie Erwin: If numbers count for merit, then Carrie with her 89 pupils at Trinity, N. C., outshines us all.

Elizabeth Gibson: Teaching at Grifton, N. C., and in all probability acting as treasurer of all the firms and organizations in that town.

Nell Groome: For the time being Nell is teaching music in the High School of Matthews, N. C. Knowing Nell, we prophesy a wedding invitation from her in short order.

Carrie Harris: Dispenser of sparkling diamonds and sparkling glances across the counter of Oxford Jewelry Co.

Anna Holshouser: Teaching a fine set of little third grade tots at her home, Salisbury.

Myrtie Humble: Teaching with Lucy near La Grange—teaching "everything to all kinds of children in every grade," so Myrtie says.

Kate Hutton: Teaching the second grade on West Lee Street, only a short distance from G. C. We would like to have her location, if not her "job."

Attrice Kernodle: At Smith College; And guess what! Attrice entered with 62 hours credit, and Smith requires only 64 for graduation. So Attrice is working for an M. A. Isn't that a booster for the Class of 1919 and for G. C. W.

Ernestine Lambeth: "Mr. and Mrs. John Walter Lambeth request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Daisy Ernestine, to Mr. Thomas Austin Finch on Thursday the sixth of November at eight o'clock in the evening at the Main Street Methodist Church, Thomasville, North Carolina." This needs no explanation!

Martha Moore: Teaching or married? We cannot discover which.

Jessie Pillow: Our business lady, is working at the Southern Life and Trust Co.

Lillie Gay Shaw: Teaching the sixth grade in Weldon, and inspiring her youngsters to brave attempts in rhyming.

Mary Exum Snow: Historian of Watts Hospital, West Durham.

Verdie Trollinger: Teaching French and History in the Belmont High School, and likes it fine. Of course she does, because Esther is her constant companion as of yore.

Gladys Whedbee: Teaching the seventh grade at Bailey, N. C., and having a wonderful time along social lines.

Ammie Wilson: Teaching Home Economics in Lillington Farm Life School, and of course Ammie is bound to make a success.

Marjorie Worsham: Teaching music at Bailey, N. C. A little bird told us a secret about Marjorie, but we can't tell it now!

Does it seem possible that five months could scatter us like this? and does it seem that we are forever disunited? Let us assure you that the Class of '19 will ever be united in love and loyalty to our Alma Mater.

Easily gained things
  Are easily lost.
That obtained without effort,
  Is worth what it cost.

—Selected.

CLASS SONG OF '19

Lillie Gay Shaw

Ye daughters of G. C., awake to glory,
Your Alma Mater bids you rise;
Oh! Class of '19, tell the story!
Oh! sing her praises to the skies!
Behold thy daughters, Greensboro College!
Thy dear name we will uphold;
Within thy walls we have gained knowledge,
We have toiled and labored for the goal.

Chorus

We'll sing, we'll sing to Thee,
Alma Mater, dear G. C.
Thy name, thy name,
Fore'er renowned
From sea to sea shall sound.

SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS

Lillie Gay Shaw '19

The fall, a sad time? For some reason, it seems unusually sad this year. I wonder why?

"You wonder why?" replied the stately oak, as it stood in its resplendent glory. "For four years there have dwelt among my branches twenty-four friends. They would come every fall to make their winter quarters with me. Their lives, their good times and their sorrows were closely interwoven with mine. 'Tis fall now, and Jack Frost has come to rob me of my beautiful green dresses. Many of my leaves he has painted with his silver brush, and now my golden-brown raiment is being scattered to the four winds, never to be reclaimed. My friends have not forsaken me, but they will come no more to dwell among my branches. They have promised to return, and I shall anxiously await them. For though they are not here, yet my protecting wing hovers over them. What welcome guests they would be! "Come back, ye classmates of 1919," whispered the stately oak.

EDITORIAL

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Sadie Jenkins '21

What is there when the world is covered in snowy white, and the winds moan and tremble in the tree tops, that brings to the heart of a man a feeling of hope and cheer, that shows him a neighbor in distress, a friend in want or a wanderer who needs to be shown the way? What is it that prompts kind words, cheery smiles and the best of wishes? What is it that makes even the most dismal of surroundings grow more cheery, and seem brighter, that gladdens the heart of a wandering waif in the street, the prince in the palace? It is the spirit of Christmas, the time when kindness is mutual, and a feeling of love and good will spreads abroad among men, the time when, after the example of the Magi, we offer gifts to those whom we love, and adoration and praise to Him in memory of whom the Yuletide is celebrated.

Over all there seems to shine a gentle radiance as though the Christ-child, in His mother's arms, had opened His eyes anew on the world. 'Tis the spirit of Christmas, the memory, reverent and holy of that first Christmas in the lowly manger of Bethlehem, in far away Judea.

PROCRASTINATION

Ruth Cotton '22

Procrastination is the act or habit of putting off to a future time, or as the old proverb goes, "Procrastination is the thief of time." Next to our mental and physical ability to do things

time is our most valuable possession. A moment lost or used in an unprofitable way can never be regained; and for that reason, every girl should use her time to the best advantage possible while she is in college. Often while a girl has hard lessons assigned to learn or difficult tasks to perform, she puts them off, and her duties gradually become a burden instead of a pleasure. Sometimes, too, if her lessons are not learned at the right time, unforeseen things occur which perhaps prevent her from ever learning them. On the other hand, many girls, who have worked their way through college, have also taken a full course of study and passed off their work with honor. This fact simply proves what can be done if time is rightly used. If every girl in school would so systematize her work that each moment might be used to advantage and if she would prepare every lesson thoroughly every day, when examinations come, the nervous strain and so much "cramming" could be avoided. But "all work and no play makes Mary a dull girl." Every student needs to relax. Otherwise, some day she and her work will seem futile in the light of the world's great course, and college life will seem abnormal, shut in and removed from reality. College girls should enter heartily into the social life and the athletics of the school in order to have strong, healthy bodies and clear visions for their work. But just remember that there is a time for all things, and do the right thing at the right time. "Sieze the present time, leaving as little as possible to the future."

BE SOMETHING

Be something in this living age,
And prove your right to be
A light upon some darkened page,
A pilot on some sea.
Find out the place where you may stand,
Beneath some burden low;
Take up the task with willing hand,
Be something, somewhere, now.

Be something in this throbbing day
Of busy hands and feet,
A spring beside some dusty way,
A shadow from the heat.
Be found upon the workman's roll;
Go sow, go reap, or plow;
Bend to some task with heart and soul—
Be something somewhere, now.

—Selected.

Y. W. C. A.

Bessie Clarke Ethel Bost

The Thursday evening Vesper Service on October 9, was led by Miss Pauline Blalock, assisted by Miss Hazel Carlyle, who made an interesting talk on the peculiar subject "Feeding the Family Cat." Miss Carlyle told the story of an old woman who resolved to give some extra food to the family cat every time she had a kindness shown her. In applying the story to our every day life, Miss Carlyle based her talk on the exhortation, "If you have a kindness shown you, pass it on ." Be willing to share your joys with others, and when they are discouraged lift them up by a cheerful word and a helping hand.

On October 12 the Vesper Service was conducted by Miss Emma Bailey. A special musical program, consisting of solos, duets, quartettes, and chorouses was rendered. We were glad to see the new girls so willingly lending their service to the Y. W. C. A.

The regular Thursday evening service on October 16 was conducted by the Social Committee, Miss Margaret Martin, Chairman acting as leader, assisted by Miss Bessie Clark, Chairman of the Social Standing Committe. The subject of the evening was, "How To Be Attractive." Miss Lula Fay Clegg discussed the wrong ways to be attractive and a discussion of the right ways to be attractive was given by Miss Ruth Cotton. Emphasis was laid on the fact that real attractiveness comes from within, and that she who would be attractive must develop, through unselfish service for others, a personality that will appeal to those with whom she is associated without the use of cosmetics or extravagrance in dress.

On Sunday evening, October 19, our entire college household, both faculty and members of the student body, met in service for the first time this year. The program was prepa-

ratory to the revival services for which plans were being made. Dr. Turrentine, leader of the evening, made an excellent talk, and special prayer was offered for the success of the revival. The music rendered by Mr. Browning, Mr. Bates and the Glee Club was greatly appreciated.

Our Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in having Miss Katherine Hawes, Secretary of the South Atlantic Field, to talk to us on Wednesday afternoon, October 22. Miss Hawes has recently spent several months in Japan, and her experience in this country and the needs she found there formed the basis of her interesting talk. After having discussed the first of her impressions of the oriental people, relating a number of amusing incidents which occurred soon after her arrival, Miss Hawes took us, in her vivid descriptions, to the Japanese factories, where we saw examples of servitude led by the women and children of Japan. Then we went with her into the Japanese homes, where we learned of their methods of living, their customs and evil practices. We also saw the Japanese at play, but we could not realize that these children with their little brothers and sisters strapped to their backs would really play. Finally, Miss Hawes gave us a glimpse of the religious life of this heathen nation, and as she told us of her visits to a great Buddha temple, describing the fervence of the prayer life of these people whose god can neither hear nor answer, we were made to realize more than ever the deep need for Christian leaders to carry to them the message of Salvation.

We had the unusual pleasure of having with us in our Sunday evening service on October 26, two distinguished visitors, General Julian S. Carr and Secretary Daniels. General Carr, after a few words of greeting, introduced the speaker of the evening in a very unique manner. Secretary Daniels made an inspiring talk on The Sphere of Woman, giving us a vision of the new duties of the women of the twentieth century.

On October 28, Rev. G. C. Hounshell, Educational Secretary of the Methodist Board of Missions, began a series of revival services which lasted until November the 4th. The

introductory discussions were along the line of the world's great needs and the power of Christianity to meet its needs. These general discussions were very helpful, and they served well as the foundation for more personal messages, given on subjects such as "Repentance" and "Confession." Dr. Hounshell's experience with college students has given him an understanding of their needs, and his work among us was very effectual. Miss Helen Hardy, Dr. Hounshell's Assistant, won the heart of every girl, and her influence in personal conferences and in daily association with us can not be over estimated. Preparations for the revival had been made, group prayer meetings had been organized, and we were expecting great things, but the results of this series of meetings were far beyond our expectations. There has been a deeper religious awakening in our entire college household. This fact was wonderfully manifested on the last evening of the revivial. The message was one that gave us a vision of the crucified Christ, who calls us to follow Him, promising His presence and power with us. Almost every girl expressed her willingness to take up the cross and follow Him wherever He might lead us, and as a result of this willingness to serve, we have several new Student Volunteers, and there has been organized a large Life Service Band, composed of those whose purpose it is to do Mission or Y. W. C. A. work at home or abroad.

On November 6 in our Sunday evening Vesper Service, the Y. W. C. A. Budget was presented by our president, Miss Naomi Howie, who explained the various expenditures of the Association for the year 1919-1920. Immediately after the service, a canvass of the school was made, which resulted in raising a larger amount of money than that demanded by the Budget. This year our budget covers not only the regular expenses of the Association, but also funds for the support of a Missionary.

The Vesper Service on Sunday evening, November 9, was led by Miss Emma Bailey. The speaker of the evening was

Miss Clarke, who gave a very helpful message that can be applied to our daily life. As this was the night on which we had planned to begin the Red Cross Campaign, the service was concluded by remarks by Mrs. Alley, Miss Ricketts and Miss Clarke, who emphasized the importance of the Red Cross as an institution necessary to the welfare of the world in times of peace, as well as in time of war.

Miss Louise Quinn was leader of the service on November 13. The feature of the evening was a very interesting story told by Miss Foster Shaw. From this story we received a lesson of service—the beauty of service and its rewards.

LOCALS

Edith Ader Ursula Boyd

The Freshmen were entertained by the Sophomores on Saturday night, October 18. It was hard to believe that the little girls in their short frilled dresses, bows, socks, and curls, who assembled in the gymnasium were college Freshmen; and that their nurse maids in caps and aprons were only Sophomores. Here these little girls were entertained by such games as "Ring around the roses," "Farmer in the Dell," "Go forth and face your lover," etc. The witty Sophomores led the Freshmen to think that the gym. was where they were to be entertained, but after every one had assembled, the nurse maids suggested that they take their little charges for a walk. In a very runabout way, these bewildered children were escorted to the "Gee Whiz Carnival," which was held in Room L, Hudson Hall. First, they were allowed to visit the side shows of the carnival—scenes in Greece (Post cards in a bowl of lard; Trained Fleas (a toy train flying around on the floor); and the Trapeize Show (a mouse trap covered with garden peas). All who wished to have their fortunes told entered the little tent of Madam Eromohpos, the celebrated palmist. Mutt and Jeff were causing much enjoyment by throwing handfuls of confetti on the children, and playing numerous jokes on them. Then when the two clowns dashed into the midst of the carnival and began their pranks, the children's joy knew no bound. Pink lemonade (punch), lollypops, apples, oranges were all enjoyed by the carnival crowd during the evening. Music was furnished by the "Big Four," who were seated on an elaborately constructed platform above all the rest—and by the "squakers" of the children as they danced around the room. The prizes of the Better Baby contest went to Misses Aleen Lowrance, Katherine Bacon, and Mary Gidney, who were fine specimen of better babies.

The last feature of the carnival was the Snake Dance remarkably given by Miss Ruth Balsam. The carnival broke up with cheers and yells by the two classes and all declared that the "Gee Whiz Carnival" had been an enormous success.

* * * *

Every one was asked to bring twenty-five cents in pennies and nickels to dinner on Friday night, October 17th for an unknown purpose. When in the dining room that night, it was announced that this was to be a "Mum Party." Every one who laughed during the meal must drop five cents into the bowl in the center of each table, and in the same way three cents for a smile, and one cent for a word. Then the Sophomores came marching into the dining room in single file, and such fastidously dressed creatures you have never seen in all your life. It would be impossible to describe their costumes. Every one in the room gave vent to their feelings by loud clapping instead of laughing—they thought they were going to save those quarters. But the Sophomores served their purpose well, for soon the tinkling sound of pennies and nickels, as they dropped into the bowls, could be heard all over the dining room. Evidently a good deal of fun must have been had by all present during the meal, as the proceeds of the evening amounted to over forty dollars, which the Sophomores gave to the Athletic Association.

* * * *

On Saturday afternoon, October 25, a concert was given in the college chapel by members of the faculty and college Glee Club, complimentary to the Western North Carolina Conference, which was in session in Greensboro. The audience showed its appreciation of the well selected program by frequent and hearty applause.

* * * *

On October 26 at 5 o'clock Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, addressed a large crowd in the chapel. In addition to the students, the audience included many visitors from the city. Dr. S. B. Turrentine, president of our Col-

lege, presented Gen. Julian S. Carr, who introduced Secretary Daniels. "The Glory of Womanhood" was the main theme of the Secretary's talk. He pointed out the large opportunities to women in this sphere of increasingly active governmental agencies. He referred to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, and paused to voice the conviction that women will be given the ballot everywhere. The opportunities for public service will, naturally, be hailed joyfully by women, who will, however continue to reign in the home. Secretary Daniels was sure that not any of their fine woman qualities would be lost because of equal suffrage. After the address special musical selections were rendered by the college glee club. We were delighted to have Secretary Daniels visit our college.

* * * *

Mrs. H. A. Dunham, of Asheville, and Mrs. W. G. Penry, of Lexington were the guests of the college during Conference week. We had the privilege of having Mrs. Dunham hold our chapel service for us one morning, in which she brought us a beautiful and impressive message. We were delighted to have both these ladies with us this week.

* * * *

Halloween night was celebrated at dinner in the dining room on October 31st. The Sophomores had given to all the tables a Halloween aspect with autumn leaves, red apples and Halloween souvenirs, and they themselves wore pretty little aprons suitable to the occasion. The Eve of All Saints was made a joyous occasion by the yells, cheers, and songs that rang through the dining room all during the meal.

* * * *

The first number of the Lyceum course was a piano recital given by George F. Boyle on Friday, October 31. The program, which included many of the pianist's own compositions, was an excellent one and enjoyed by many city visitors as well as the college students. The audience was appreciative as was shown by spontaneous applause following each number.

On Monday, October 10, the music faculty assisted by Miss Dixie Robinson, head of expression department, appeared in a well-balanced and most satisfactory recital. The program opened with a Beethoven Sonota in E Flat, by Miss Viola Tucker, who played with technical accuracy without sacrificing her beautiful tone and depth of feeling. Mr. Lasher's number for the flute was a novelty. Miss Ida M. Bridgeman, a new member of the faculty, played most excellently Chopin's Schergo in B. Flat Minor, following which Mr. Roy, violinist, played Mendelssohn's Concerto in E. Minor. He displayed great virtuosity and was graciously received. Miss Robinson gave as her reading "The Courage of the Commonplace," which she read in excellent style, holding her hearers to absolute attention. The program closed with the Liszt in E Minor, played by Miss Agnes Chasten, who interpreted the difficult composition in fine style. The audience was large and appreciative as was evidenced by hearty applause.—Greensboro Daily News.

* * * *

On Friday morning, November 21, our Freshmen received the following invitation written on a white elephant, cut out of white paper:

"O, Freshmen, dear,
We sadly fear,
You think we have forgot
To make a date with you this year.
So come with us on Saturday night
And please forget it not."

It was this night the Juniors and Freshmen, all dressed as Puritans, gathered in the gymnasium at a Thanksgiving party which the Juniors were giving their Freshmen Sisters. Progressive Conversation was enjoyed for sometime, during which, punch was served. Then there was a debate—"Resolved that Thanksgiving is better than Christmas. This was very interesting and amusing. Following, the Freshmen were

all given a telegram blank and were told to write a telegram of ten words expressing their thankfulness for something. Immediately after this a salad course was served.

At one corner of the gymnasium was placed a pumpkin from which the Freshmen drew their big sister's name. Yells were given and songs were sung to the Juniors by Freshmen, and to the Freshmen by Juniors. The evening's enjoyment closed with a toast to the Freshmen by Miss Rachel Mae Taylor, president of the Junior Class. Then the Juniors sang the following song to the Freshmen:

"Now run along home, and jump into bed,
Say your prayers, cover your head
The very same thing I say unto you
You dream of me and I'll dream of you."

ATHLETICS

Ruth Balsam Winifred Sundean

Field Day was probably more interesting this year than ever before. Both the veteran athletes and the unexperienced afforded many surprises and thrills.

The most exciting feature of the day was the struggle between the seniors and sophomores for the inter-class basket ball championship. The Sophomore team won with a score of 20 to 12, although the Senior team held an unbeaten record.

The lineup for the sophomores was as follows: Misses Lois Fry, Ruth Balsam, Eveleyn Burton, Irene Ormond, and Hazel Carlyle. The senior lineup was the Misses Mabel Young, Blanche Erwin, Naomi Howie, Kate Warlick and Mary Louise Harrell.

The second event of the day was the tennis singles which was also won by the sophomores.

The running broad jump was a particularly exciting contest. The winner was Miss Bonte Loftin, a freshman, who jumped twelve feet, 1 inch. Second place went to Miss Minnie Woodard, sophomore, her distance being 11 feet, 11 1-2 inches, and the third place went to Miss Marguerite Ring a freshman with a distance of 11 feet 11 inches. The standing broad jump was also a splendid contest and Miss Margaret Craven, of the sophomore class, won first place, jumping 6 feet, 2 inches. Miss Marguerite Ring, freshman, was second jumping 6 feet 1 1-2 inch and Miss Kate Warlick, a senior, third, her distance being 6 feet.

A freshman, Miss Helen Morgan, because of her uncontested skill, won first place in vaulting. Miss Vriginia Phillips freshman second and Miss Rachel Mae Taylor, Junior, third.

The best time for the 100 yard dash was 19 1-2 seconds and was won by Miss Aileen Lowrance, a freshman; second place was won by Miss Myrtle Barnes, senior, in 20 seconds.

The results of walking for grace and ease were as follows: Miss Lucille Johnson, junior, first place, Miss Nell Davis, senior second place.

The lineup for the tennis doubles was Misses Nell Davis and Nellie Muse senior team; Misses Ruth Balsam and Winnefred Sundean, sophomore team. The result 6-; 6- in favor of the sophomores.

Walking for speed, a most amusing event was won by Miss Naomi Howie, first, Miss Emma Bailey, second. Running for grace and ease went to the seniors Miss Nell Davis taking the first place, Miss Helen Morgan and Miss Marguerite Ring, freshman, won the second and third places.

For most track-enthusiasts the crowning event of the day was the relay. No one was disappointed this year. The freshmen team took first place, seniors, second place, sophomores third. The final point score was:

Seniors 30.
Juniors 13.
Sophomores 40.
Freshmen 42.

EXCHANGE

Ethel von Cannon Odelle Peacock

The exchange editors are gratified to learn from a study of a few representative college magazines that our college students are developing a greater interest in literary productions. The great activities of the past and present periods have given us newer and higher ideals. Let us, students of America, seek to express them in real literature.

The first page of the Trinity Archive is given to an alumnus who has commemorated our fallen heroes in a very beautiful little poem, "To the Men of the Golden Star." It is most fitting that one of the present students has contributed to this same magazine a strong article, America's place in the War, in which is presented in an effective way the burning question: "Will America prove true to the sacred trust of mankind, or, will she reject the League of Nations?"

J. H. Shim's story "The Sale," which also appears in the Archive is to be congratulated for the due honor given it by the Southgate Story Contest.

We were especially glad to receive the Acorn which was not published last year on account of the Influenza siege at Meredith. "The wide influence of Popular Music," the best articles appearing in the Acorn forebodes a successful year for this magazine. Its sketch department, moreover, is clever and typical of college life.

The Wake Forest Student has a very dignified tone. "Southern Literature," by Aurett, and "America, Missionary of a New Civilization," shows depth of thought along two distinct lines.

AW, G'WAN

Kate Warlick Carrie McNelly

A GLIMPSE INTO THE CLASS ROOM

Lucille Johnson '21

In walks Mr. Nicholson about ten minutes late. He waves his hand about, and shuts and opens his eyes and—"Aha! just eighten present! One absent! One absent! Who is it now, Miss Taylor? No, let's see—Bailey, Boyd, Boyd, Bailey, Cole—ah! Cole, Miss Mary Leta Cole."

"All right now, let's close our books right tight, and get this lesson right down to a fine point. Miss Lane, what are the three kinds of attention?"

"Ah! now, Miss Lane, I'm sorry you don't know that. Won't somebody help her right there? It's to bad for her to fall down on that."

"You know, young ladies, David—ah! half hour bell's rung, hasn't it?—David, when he was a baby, actually tried to reach up and grasp the ceiling. Remarkable, isn't it?

"And this?"—Well, this is Polit."

At four minutes after eleven Miss Clarke comes hurriedly in. "Has the bell rung?" "Yes ma'm."

"Well, I hadn't heard it. I was in my room waiting for it to ring. I hope that you have been profitably spending your time while waiting for me."

"Miss Adams, Buckner, Denning—"

"Miss Clarke, that's the wrong roll—that's history IV."

"Oh! well, Miss Bailey, Boyd, Buckner."

"Miss Clarke, may we have some fresh air in here before we start?"

"What is it, Miss Warlick? A little louder please."

Looking straight at Miss Harris: "Miss Johnson, what is the law of diminshing returns?"

And Miss Harris kindly answers, because she is looking at her. And so on—

"Was that the bell? Oh! Pshaw!"

This, of course, is French III.

Before the twelve o'clock bell stops ringing Miss Ricketss begins to call the roll.

"Ma'Moiselle Carlyle, Mlle. Cotton, Mlle Clegg", etc. I don't see where these girls can be. They should be on time. Three are absent or late."

"Here's Miss Howie now, Miss Ricketts."

"Yes, come in, Miss Howie. I was talking of the girls being late. Will you please try to be on time better?"

"Well," pushing up both sleeves and carefully getting the book poised well up before her eyes, "We begin today with Acte Deuxieme, I believe. All right, Miss Smitherman, will you begin?"

Miss Smitherman, with a passage that is over a page n length, begins. She reads ten lines—and then pausing and looking up, "Shall I read any further?"

"Yes, well, no, let the next one take it."

Meanwhile everyone else has been counting up her time, but Treva has stopped too soon, and they all must count over.

Miss Ricketts, at the end of the hour: "I am glad to see you all doing such good work lately."

Dr. Turrentine—"Miss Adams, as we sit in this upper room, do you in reconnoitering today's lesson, recall to your mind anything relative to the death and burial of Moses after his itineraries (?) in searching for the strip of territory promised by our Almighty Maker to the people after his own choosing?"

F. Adams—"Ah—er—uh—He had quite an elaborate burial, didn't he? (when she should have said, He was buried by two angels, we know not where.")

Little drops in water
Little drops on land
Makes the avaitor
Join the heavenly band.
—Exchange.

Clare Moore (Wise Soph)—"Mrs. Alley, I want a book on Government on a ship of Railways." (Meaning, "Government Ownership of Railways.)

Advice to a Freshmen:
When your room gets too warm, open your window and see the fire escape.

A soph. saw something green
She thought it was the freshman class
But when she nearer it drew
She found it was a looking glass.

Madge Sills (At telephone)—"Will's Book store, please."
Young man (at Will's)—Hello! Will's Book store.
Madge Sills (forgetting to name author)—"Do you have A Pair of Blue Eyes? If so, send it up to G. C. W., C. O. D."
Young man (dumfoundedly)—"Why—er—er—no, ma'm! I have brown eyes."
He leaves the 'phone immediately.

Mr. N. (On Physics)—"Could you get a shock by holding on to the receiver of a telephone?"
N. Muse.—"It depends upon who's at the other end."

Miss Robinson—"Annie Lee, don't forget to come to practise at 9:45 to night."
A. L. Atwater—"Why, Miss Robinson, I thought I did'nt have to come until a quarter of ten."

A little holly, now and then,
Is relished by the married men;
But tastes of maidens—well, you know,
They lean toward their mistletoe.

—Exchange.

DRAMATIC CLUB DEPARTMENT

Nellie Muse

The Literary and Dramatic Club had its first meeting, November 9th, 1919 in the Irving Society Hall. The chief business of the meeting was the annual election of new officers. Annie Griffin was elected president in place of Nellie Muse. Ineze Edgerton was elected vice-president in place of Louise Dixon, and Lucy Clapp to fill the place of Rachel Mae Taylor as secretary. Nellie Muse was elected critic, a new office which the club thought would prove beneficial. It was decided to continue the regular time of meetings, which is every two weeks at which time debates, readings, etc., will constitute the program. Much interest has been taken in the proceedings of the Club so far and there is no doubt but that the year will be a very successful one.

On Friday night November 14th, 1919, at 8: 30 the School of Expression presented "The Masque of Pomona." This was the annual autumn play which precedes Field Day, and it was a splendid affair.

The cast of characters were:

Pomona—Goddess of Orchard, Miss Nellie Muse.

Bertumus—Guardian of the Turning Year, in love with Pomona, Miss Annie Griffin.

Camilla—A Mortal who knows how to contend with fate, Miss Lucy Clapp.

The Masque opens with the entrance of November, who beckons for the other months to come and make glad, for they too have helped to bring forth the harvest. The chorus en-

ters singing to the Goddess, followed by the Chrysanthemum Maids, who bring grapes; Shepherds, with their offerings of fleece, and the Spanish maidens, who bring autumn leaves. The beautiful dancing along with the costumes of brilliant hues made a beautiful showing.

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